THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A° D° … Benj. Franklin

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JULY 19, 1924

5cts.

Ben Ames Williams — Harry Leon Wilson — James Hopper — Elizabeth Frazer
Garet Garrett — Ellis Parker Butler — Dana Burnet — Frederic F. Van de Water

For really cool refreshment any hot day

FREEZE DEL MONTE FRUITS

right in the can

SEE HOW EASY IT IS!

It's so simple to do! And so truly delightful for almost any summer service.

For instance, on those carefree picnics that make hot weather so really enjoyable, for dainty al fresco luncheons, afternoon teas, or any occasion where cool treats are welcome. This is the way to enjoy them easily.

If it's a day in the open — slip outdoors with the world before you. But before you go, take just a few minutes' time to pack a can of your favorite DEL MONTE Fruit in any ordinary bucket, between equal layers of cracked ice and coarse or ice-cream salt. Then stow bucket and all in the back of your car — and forget all about it for three hours.

After that, it's simply a matter of taking out the can, cutting off the top and turning out, all ready to serve, one of the most delicious fruit ices that ever helped make hot days cool.

That's all there is to it, whether you take it on a picnic or serve it at home. Once you try freezing DEL MONTE Fruits in the can, you'll be delighted with the many hot-weather needs that this simple method most happily meets.

1
Pack one can DEL MONTE Fruit in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice-cream salt
2
Let stand three hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water. Open by cutting around side closely under top.
3
Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit—ready for service in many new hot-weather dainties.
Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.
CANNED
FRUITS

Still a new idea

It's just a little over a year since this idea of freezing DEL MONTE Fruits in the can was first advertised to the women of America. Since then we have received thousands upon thousands of letters from housekeepers all over the country, asking for more information, or telling us how much they have appreciated the suggestion and giving us new ways in which it has saved them useless summer work.

What one woman wrote

"Last year I summered on Cape Cod with a group of nieces and nephews and no help in my kitchen," writes one grateful housekeeper. "At this time I saw your delightful suggestion for freezing fruit in the can. My Cape Cod groceryman carried your products. Once tried, we never made ice-cream again during the summer. For suppers on the beach, we take it along. Many, many times the pail with a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches packed in it has been tucked in the back of our Ford and the remaining space filled with young people.

"At mid-day or at sunset on the beach the can is removed. No fear of salt getting in. The delicious cylinder is cut up on any clean bit of board that has washed ashore. Imagine a group of young people each with a paper plate, a thick circular slice of frozen peaches piled high with whipped cream, watching the sun go down and shouting not for the sunset over Buzzard's Bay, but for DEL MONTE Frozen Peaches in the desert sands of Cape Cod."

You, too, can enjoy them

Next to the ease of preparation, perhaps the best summer recommendation for DEL MONTE Fruits frozen in the can is the wide number of uses to which they apply. As a frozen salad for lunch — a simple dessert at night — or when guests drop in for the afternoon, the same advantages — ease of service and refreshing appeal — make them the most appropriate suggestion.

Try freezing DEL MONTE Fruits on any hot day and for almost any occasion. You'll find them truly delightful. For variety, freeze any of the following: — DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries or Loganberries. All are delicious, all freeze perfectly.

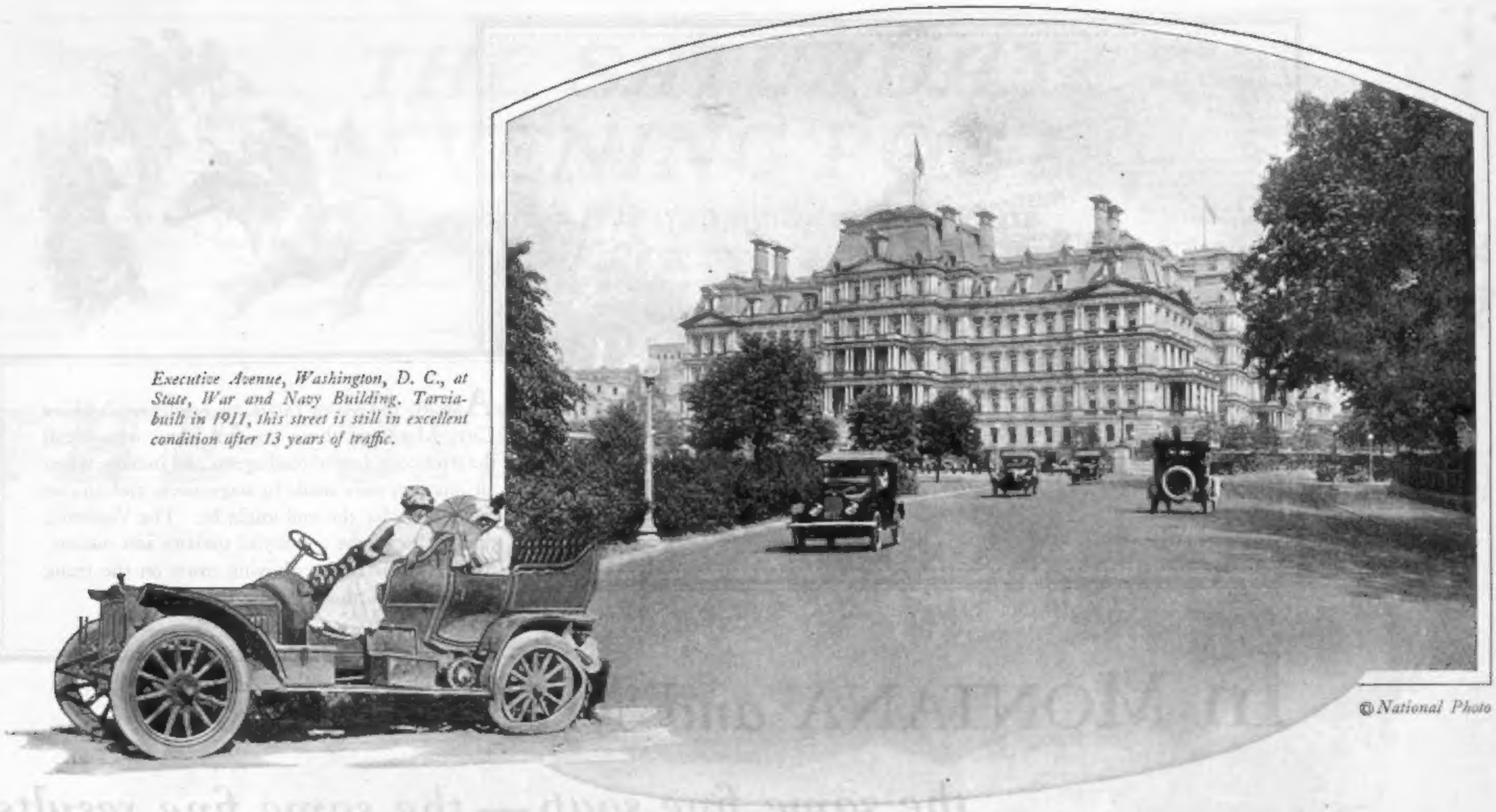
Be sure you say Del Monte

Be careful only to observe this precaution. Remember that freezing fruits in the can is distinctly a DEL MONTE idea. It's the uniform high quality and consistency of all DEL MONTE Fruits, together with the fact that each DEL MONTE Fruit is packed in just the proper richness of syrup, that make it possible for you to freeze these fruits so successfully right in the can.

NOTE—Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer, less salt and shorter freezing.

Send for this Free Book

Besides several hundred other simple and attractive ways to serve canned fruits and vegetables, our latest edition of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor" contains several pages of attractive ways to serve frozen dainties. Send for free copy today. Address Department 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Executive Avenue, Washington, D. C., at State, War and Navy Building. Tarvia-built in 1911, this street is still in excellent condition after 13 years of traffic.

© National Photo

This oldtime "thunderbus" is rust —but the street is still good

THIRTEEN years ago—when William Howard Taft was President—the Tarvia pavement was built on Executive Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Motorists were quick to take advantage of the new pavement—smooth, mudless, dustless. Soon a steady stream of cars, lumbering old-timers like that shown above, chugged along this famous street past the White House.

Those oldtime cars are junk long since. But the Tarvia pavement on Executive Avenue—after 13 years of continuous traffic—is in perfect condition.

Tarvia streets can be kept good indefinitely at little cost—with only the most economical maintenance.

And in addition:

A Tarvia pavement will not wave, roll or rut. A Tarvia pavement is skid-proof because of its granular surface.

Thousands of Tarvia streets and roads have proved to taxpayers that—for the money spent—your money—Tarvia gives more miles and the most years of satisfactory highway service.

On request we will gladly and promptly send you interesting booklets.

Tarvia
For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

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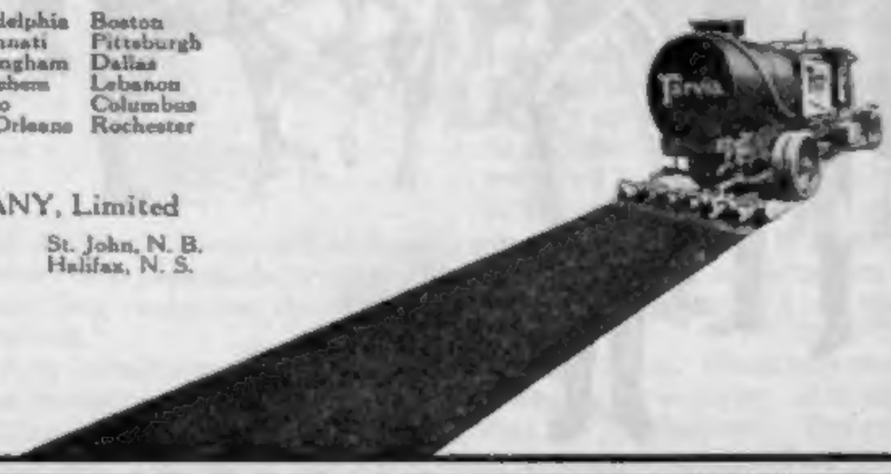
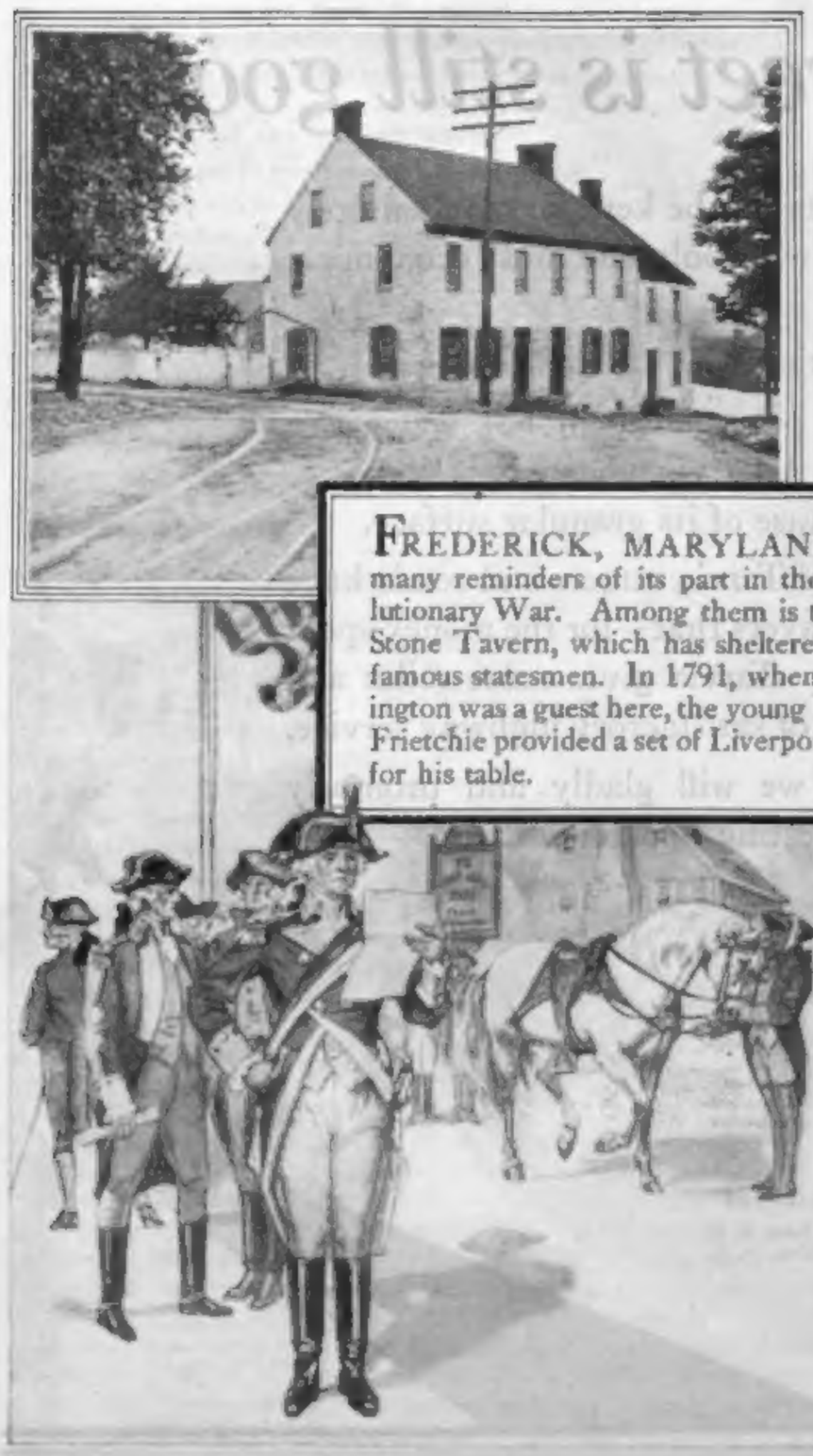


AMONG the seven thousand residents of Miles City, Montana, there are still some who recall the strenuous days of road agents and Indians, when all journeys were made by stagecoach, and no one could tell what the end might be. The Vigilantes finally cleared the country of outlaws and rustlers. Miles City is now a thriving town on the trunk line of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

In MONTANA *and* MARYLAND

the same fine soap — the same fine results



FREDERICK, MARYLAND, has many reminders of its part in the Revolutionary War. Among them is the Old Stone Tavern, which has sheltered many famous statesmen. In 1791, when Washington was a guest here, the young Barbara Frietchie provided a set of Liverpool china for his table.

IT IS not so many years since the people of Miles City, Montana, traveled by stagecoach to Deadwood.

Yet today Miles City women agree with those of Frederick, Maryland, whose traditions date back to pre-Revolutionary days, on the standards of good taste and the comforts of life.

Good taste and real comfort accept no substitutes for clean white clothes, snowy linens, and immaculate households. To help them maintain these standards the women of these towns have chosen P and G The White Naphtha Soap. In both Miles City and Frederick, as in the United States as a whole, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry soap.

Why?

Because experience has proved that P and G is no common soap. It is white—it removes dirt quickly, with a noticeable saving of strength—it preserves the whiteness of *white* clothes and the original freshness of colors—it rinses out easily, leaving no soapy odor or yellow tinge.

Women who do their own laundering, as well as those who employ a laundress, have told us that the change to P and G has produced an amazing improvement in results and helped to save clothes.

The nation-wide adoption of P and G is a sure sign that American women recognize the *extra* washing value of this fine, white, quick-cleansing soap.

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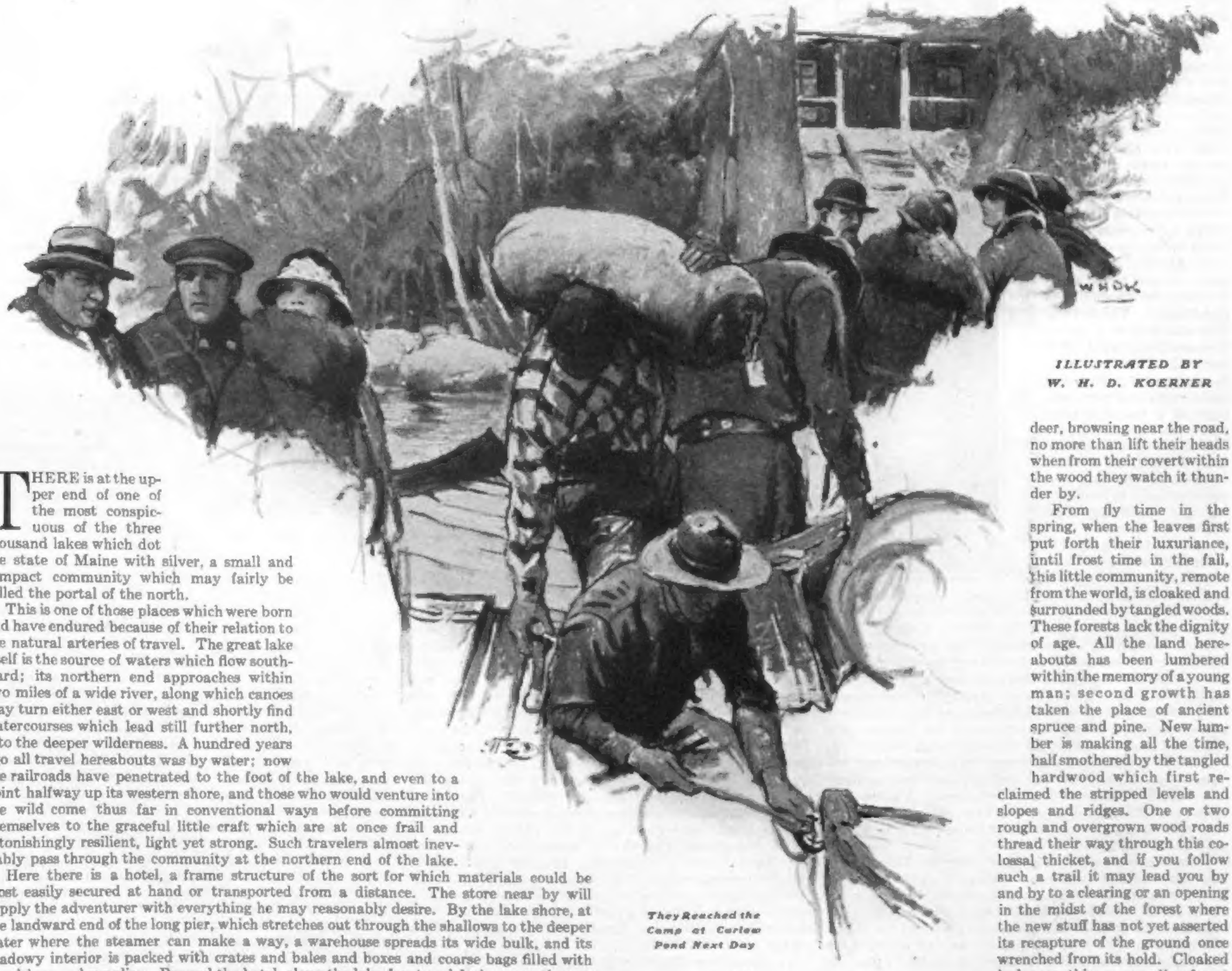
THE SILVER FOREST

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS



They Reached the Camp at Carlow Pond Next Day

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THERE is at the upper end of one of the most conspicuous of the three thousand lakes which dot the state of Maine with silver, a small and compact community which may fairly be called the portal of the north.

This is one of those places which were born and have endured because of their relation to the natural arteries of travel. The great lake itself is the source of waters which flow southward; its northern end approaches within two miles of a wide river, along which canoes may turn either east or west and shortly find watercourses which lead still further north, into the deeper wilderness. A hundred years ago all travel hereabouts was by water; now the railroads have penetrated to the foot of the lake, and even to a point halfway up its western shore, and those who would venture into the wild come thus far in conventional ways before committing themselves to the graceful little craft which are at once frail and astonishingly resilient, light yet strong. Such travelers almost inevitably pass through the community at the northern end of the lake.

Here there is a hotel, a frame structure of the sort for which materials could be most easily secured at hand or transported from a distance. The store near by will supply the adventurer with everything he may reasonably desire. By the lake shore, at the landward end of the long pier, which stretches out through the shallows to the deeper water where the steamer can make a way, a warehouse spreads its wide bulk, and its shadowy interior is packed with crates and bales and boxes and coarse bags filled with provisions and supplies. Beyond the hotel, along the lake front and facing a continuous walk of boards, there are cabins built of peeled spruce logs and fitted to accommodate four or six or eight people each. In a small octagonal pavilion with a pointed roof there is sometimes dancing of a summer's evening. Between the warehouse and the store a road runs away from the lake, straight as a string, up the slight rise of ground and down again to the river, two miles away; and along this road for half a mile, in log cabins built to suit the owners' tastes, live a group of shrewd and skillful men accustomed to woods ways who will guide the neophyte anxious to set foot in the wilderness beyond the portal. Fifty years ago squared timbers laid along this road served as rails upon which ran a heavy wagon drawn by oxen, which transported boats and canoes and duffel from the lake to the river or back again. Now this transport is done by a motortruck, vast and noisy, whose racket resounds so continually that even the timid deer, browsing near the road, no more than lift their heads when from their covert within the wood they watch it thunder by.

From fly time in the spring, when the leaves first put forth their luxuriance, until frost time in the fall, this little community, remote from the world, is cloaked and surrounded by tangled woods. These forests lack the dignity of age. All the land hereabouts has been lumbered within the memory of a young man; second growth has taken the place of ancient spruce and pine. New lumber is making all the time, half smothered by the tangled hardwood which first reclaimed the stripped levels and slopes and ridges. One or two rough and overgrown wood roads thread their way through this colossal thicket, and if you follow such a trail it may lead you by and by to a clearing or an opening in the midst of the forest where the new stuff has not yet asserted its recapture of the ground once wrenched from its hold. Cloaked in leaves, this surrounding forest has a velvety look, as though it were soft and easily penetrated; but when frost strips off the velvet greenery it is possible to perceive the harsh bare trunks and branches of the trees like prison bars, containing the remote community and preventing any easy access to the hinterland.

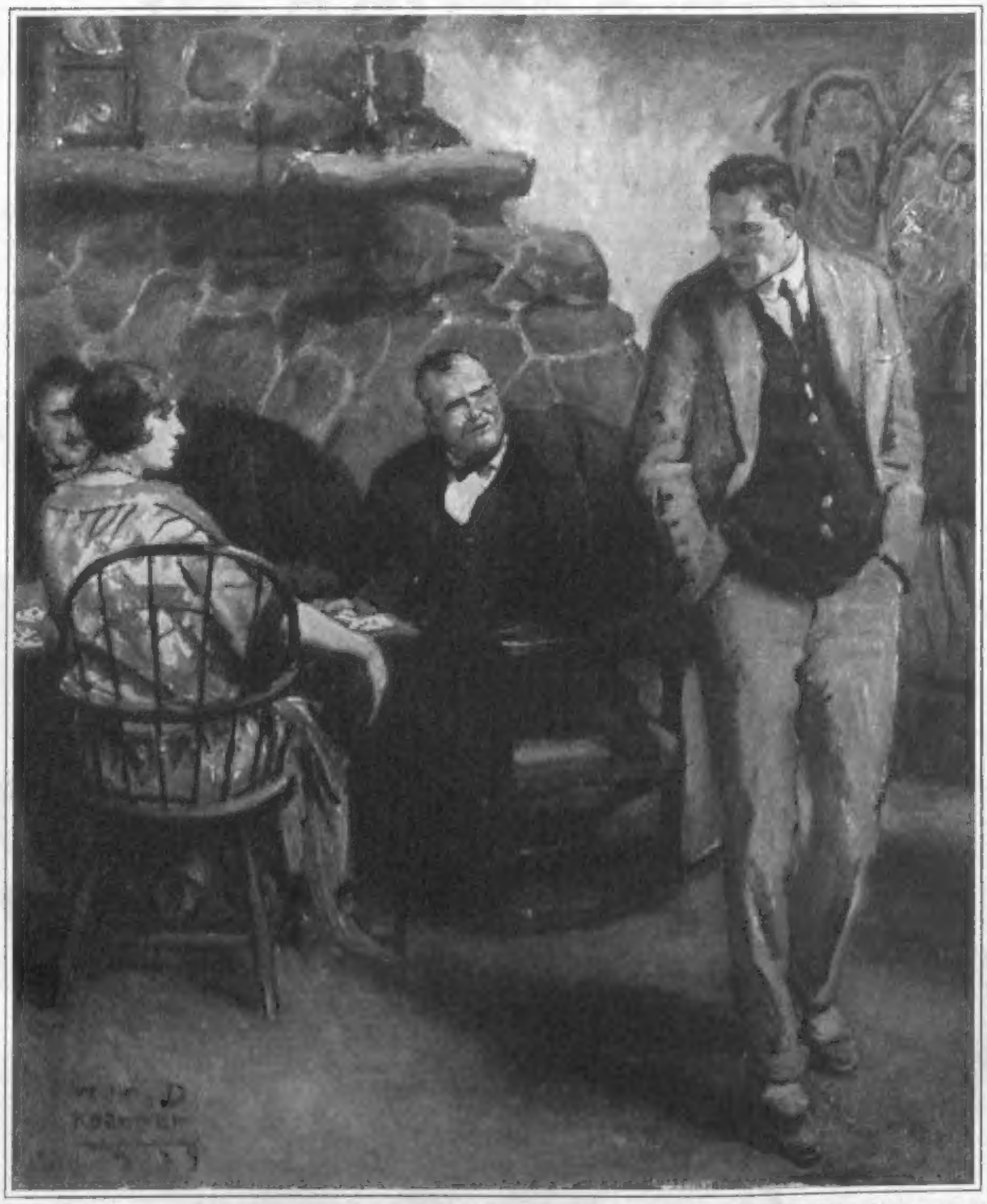
Winter comes early hereabouts; comes impatiently and abruptly. Sometimes snow falls before the last leaves have turned from green to red or yellow or brown, as though the scurrying and impatient flakes could not wait for frost to clear their way. But such early snows seldom last. The earth, still warm from summer's sun, receives them meltingly and they soften and disappear. After such an early flurry, a day or two like summer often follows; but this relief is only apparent. Silently, all day and all the long night, the leaves detach themselves from the trees and flutter to earth until at last

every twig is bare. Then when snow comes it is more apt to stay; and ice forms in the shallow coves along the lake shore, reaching lancelike fingers out across the surface of the water to feel the way to a more complete conquest. The open lake, fretted by winds, breaks off these icy fingers and destroys them for a time, but in the end yields to their persistent encroachments, and beneath the ice upon which snow lays a white coverlet the waters rest at last in their long winter sleep.

Until the ice thus forms, a steamer makes daily trips up and down the lake and people come and go. The deer, so friendly and so easily discovered in the summertime, learn wisdom now and retreat into remote coverts before the stabbing guns.

There is a flurry of haste in the air, as though many things must be done before the cold locks all in immobility. Beneath skies dull or bright, men work with feverish hurry; and even the stuffy little steamer seems more brisk and businesslike in keeping its engagements.

Upon a certain afternoon in late fall a group of men stood or sat upon the veranda which runs across the front and side of the hotel, watching for the coming of this steamer. The day was dull and gray as a goose's wing and the air was hushed and still. Here and there, in sheltered or shadowed spots, remained some vestiges of a tracking snow which had fallen a week before and elsewhere melted in the sun. Faint blue smoke from the hotel and the store hung in a motionless and dissolving cloud above the chimneys from which it had emerged. The scent of wood fires caressed the nostrils. The day was, for the season, mild; but the gray skies had their warning for an accustomed eye.



"I'm Sure You Want to Take a Walk Before Dinner," She Remarked. "You Must be Tired of Sitting Indoors."
"Tired of Getting Licked," Wardie Amended

The men on the veranda of the hotel were dressed in that unostentatious yet adequate fashion which distinguishes persons accustomed to the woods. They wore by way of footgear either leather-topped rubber shoes or heavy rubbers over felt boots. Their stiff woolen trousers were stuffed inside wool socks. Their shirts, varying in design or pattern, were all of wool, sufficiently warm so that their coats were worn rather for the convenience of the pockets they contained than for the weight of the garments themselves. One or two of these men wore caps; the others had soft felt hats, sweat-stained, battered and old, each shaping itself in a friendly fashion to the owner's head. Their hands were bare. They smoked pipes if they smoked at all, and their talk, though it was persistent and continuous, was in tones steady and grave and low.

These men were engaged in questioning one of their number. He who was questioned was as old as the oldest of them; a small man with square shoulders held well back, and a small, well-shaped head upon a steady neck. His mustache was grizzled and uneven, and so were the brows which overhung his deep-set eyes. His nose was small, his chin well fashioned, and he smoked an old black pipe, its edges burned away or chipped off by impact with wood or stone when he had knocked out the smoldering dottle. This pipe he had filled with tobacco whittled from a plug. The rank smoke which drifted up in tiny threads from its bowl was blue; that which emerged from between his firm lips was less blue than gray. He drew smoke through the stem with each inhalation of his breath, expelled it with each exhalation. The pipe, firmly gripped between two teeth, seemed a part of his countenance and inseparable from it. When he removed it from his mouth his appearance changed as does the appearance of one familiar to our eyes when he removes spectacles habitually worn.

This man's name was Bob Coxon. He had been all his life a man of the woods, whether as lumberman, trapper, hunter, warden or guide. The forests had left upon him their characteristic mark. He wore like a garment a certitude and a confidence in his own powers; his eyes, slightly narrowed, were steady and keen, such eyes as can look without a change of expression on good chance or on bad. His cheeks were like leather, as was the skin of his neck visible above the collar of his shirt. His hands were square and strong, the fingers blunt, the nails broken, the joints somewhat gnarled. About his movements there was a certain square and muscular precision different from the almost indolent grace of his companions, who in any posture seemed perfectly at ease and relaxed. Their ways seemed effortless; when they paddled or poled a canoe it appeared to an observer rather as though they were themselves moved and controlled by some gentle power than that they supplied the impulse and propulsion. Coxon differed from his companions in this respect. What he did was done with a certain vigor, a suggestion of haste and effort. He never seemed a part of his canoe; seemed quite definitely to master and direct it as truly as he did the paddle gripped in his hands.

In repose now, sitting on the edge of the porch with his legs hanging, there was still something alert in his bearing. His cap brim was low on his brow, so that in order to see beneath it his head was tilted firmly back upon his neck. The effect was to hold his shoulders erect; he sat with an almost military precision. His feet hung as still as though they were pressed upon some solid footing. Such a bearing as his is often the mark of a self-important man without sense of humor; but this was not true of Coxon. He was competent and alert and fit for the tasks that faced him; he had a shrewd common sense, a definite fund of wit when he chose to let it appear, and that capacity for estimating character which men acquire who sit day after day in the stern of a canoe while strangers come and go in the forward seat.

He had, during the years of his wood service, seen every manner of man; had watched the backs of their heads, the set of their shoulders. He had answered their questions, innocent or sophisticated, interested or merely ignorant. Quiet men and loud, arrogant and modest, friendly and insolent, lazy and helpful; for years they had come and gone and sometimes returned again. And now and then a woman rode in Coxon's canoe; and the little man, who had never married, nevertheless acquired a certain insight into their mental processes. Since he sat behind them, they sometimes forgot he was there; forgot they had an audience. The man in the stern used to amuse himself by guessing, from what they did or the direction of their glances or the alterations of their position, what their thoughts might be. He never aired this ability; it did not occur to him to do so. But sometimes, if they had read his thoughts as he read theirs, his passengers would have been astounded and dismayed.

It is difficult to deceive such a man. Those who knew him best did not attempt it. He had somewhat of a reputation in the whole reach and extent of the northern woods, a territory two hundred miles across in any direction you might choose; and this had resulted, a few years before, in his being engaged by Warren Pring to act as caretaker and guide at Pring's camp on the northern shore of Curlew Pond, twenty-odd miles northwest of the little community already described. It was to meet Pring, coming on the steamer with a party of friends for a few days at this camp, and a chance at deer, that Coxon was here today.

He had been busy these six days past with preparations to receive Pring and his guests. It had been necessary to transport a stock of supplies to the camp; to make sure there was adequate bedding; to set up a stove or two. He had succeeded to his great satisfaction in enlisting the services of Jean Bruton as cook; and he had hired Mose Bullard and Ike Newry, to supplement his own endeavors, as guides. Past experience told him these would be enough, for though Pring's party would include seven people—Coxon had expected only six till he got Pring's telegram the night before, warning him that one had been added to the party—three of the number would be women, and it was unlikely that the men would all wish to go into the woods every day. Coxon was thrifty, even with Pring's money, so he had engaged only this minimum of guides.

He himself had put the camp in order, working tirelessly. Pring always left there a certain amount of fishing tackle and some guns and ammunition; and Coxon had put away the tackle and oiled and overhauled the guns.

"I meant to bring over that target pistol," he remarked now, in response to something one of the others had said. "Firing pin broke off last time Mr. Pring used it, and it ought to ha' been fixed before. Forgot all about it till right now."

"I saw him cut off a pa'tridge's head with that, much as twenty yards away, one day last fall," someone remarked; and Coxon nodded.

"He's a good man that way," he agreed.

"Ike and Mose gone up to the camp, ain't they?"

Coxon assented.

"They started right after dinner. There was some stuff to go, and they took their canoes. I kept the motorboat to take us over in the morning."

"Be some crowded, won't she?"

"If there's too much truck I'll send back, or ask one of you boys to paddle it over." He got to his feet. "Guess I'll telephone—see if they've got to camp yet." And he went into the office of the hotel.

While he was gone there was some talk of the weather. The others agreed that it promised snow; that another fortnight might well see the lake frozen up. When Coxon rejoined them the steamer was in sight, dull white upon the slate-gray waters of the lake, dark smoke trailing listlessly from her stack. Coxon said, "There she is," and they all went toward the pier, upon which a flat car on wheels, traveling on squared timbers which served as rails, and drawn by a plodding horse, was already inching its way out toward the pier head to bring luggage and freight ashore.

They moved slowly, small figures against an enormous background; their steps sounded lightly in the vast silence; the impact of rubber upon splintered boards was audible like a subdued whispering. One of the men kicked a stone aside upon the scum ice in the shallows, and the loud crackle which resulted accentuated the hush of the early evening. The steamer whistled in a subdued tone, the white cloud of steam giving them warning what to expect before the sound reached their ears. From one of the more distant shores, after an extended interval, a faint echo returned to them. It was so still that while the steamer was yet a quarter of a mile away they could hear the hiss of the water under her bows and the rumble of her engines.

When she made her landing, the necessary commands were given softly, as though those who spoke would not disturb this quiet. Coxon, his eyes searching the deck, discovered Pring and his wife side by side at the stern, and he tugged at the peak of his cap. Pring responded with a gesture and Mrs. Pring smiled.

Then the lines were fast and the passengers began to come ashore.

II

COXON met Pring as he stepped upon the wharf. Warren Pring was a man tall and robust, approaching forty years old, yet with the flat lines which go with good condition. His face had that firm roundness seen in men of such an age, smooth cheeks molded by the muscles on the jaws beneath, broad brows presenting here and there plane surfaces as though a sculptor's chisel had shaped them. His dark hair, streaked with gray, was cut short and brushed stiffly forward, innocent of any part, so that it lay with an effect like that of bangs across his forehead. It was cropped so close as to reveal the perfect circular curve of his head from brow to nape, testifying to intellectual capacity. He was brown, as though accustomed to be much out-of-doors; and his blue eyes, so light they seemed pale, were curiously conspicuous against this dark background of cheeks and brow. There was in his countenance, except when he spoke or listened, something stern and almost sorrowful. When he spoke, interest lighted his eyes; when he listened, attention lent his features a certain rigidity. He was a lawyer; his utterance had that measured and careful tone which his work in court reflected, and when he asked a question or made a statement it was in terms precise and clear.

While he exchanged a clasp of the hand with Coxon he inquired, "You had my telegram, I suppose?" Coxon nodded.

"They phoned it from the foot of the lake."

"You are quite ready for us then?"

"All ready. I've got Jean Bruton to cook."

"I remember him well. Jean is an excellent cook."

"And Ike Newry and Mose Bullard," Coxon continued. "Guess that'll be enough."

Pring glanced toward where the other members of the party were gathered, chattering together.

"Yes," he agreed. "We shall not be very strenuous."

"We'll go up in the morning," Coxon told him.

"It is too late tonight?"

"Yes."

"Well, we can be comfortable here."

Pring glanced toward the shore, where yellow lamplight now began to illumine a window here and there, as dusk thickened all about them. Mrs. Pring came toward them. She had striking personal charm, as much the result of some quality within herself as of her outward beauty. That combination of dark hair and blue eyes which is always effective was hers. Coxon had seen her half a dozen times, when she came with her husband to the camp on Curlew Pond; and sometimes she provoked him to unspoken conjecture.

Pring, at her approach, was momentarily silent; then said formally, "You remember Bob Coxon, Carlotta."

"I certainly do," she assured the old woodsman, extending her gloved hand, which he grasped firmly.

"He suggests that we stay here tonight," her husband explained. She nodded.

"I always prefer going up by daylight," she agreed, and with another smile toward Coxon started to rejoin her guests. "Coming, Warren?" she asked her husband, a curiously wistful note in her voice.

"I want a word with Coxon," he replied, and she and the others went away along the pier. Pring stood by, watching, while Coxon loaded their luggage aboard the flat car. Then he and the old guide followed it toward the shore. "Are many deer being killed?" Pring asked.

"They've brought in quite a few," Coxon told him. "One buck last week weighed over three hundred, but the horns wasn't any good."

"Doctor Moal is anxious to get a good head," Pring said; and when Coxon looked at him inquiringly, he explained: "Doctor Moal is the small man. He has done a good deal of hunting. A good shot. You will like him. He is one of my oldest friends."

"None of these folks ever been up here with you, have they?" Pring shook his head.

"The doctor and I planned to come alone," he explained. "But Mrs. Rotch thought she would like to kill a deer. She likes fishing and she has used a gun. Her coming meant her husband, too, of course. You will find him content to sit around the camp. Of course, if Mrs. Rotch came, Carlotta had to come along, and we invited Grace Taber more or less at Doctor Moal's suggestion. She's one of Carlotta's old friends."

"Who's the other man?" Coxon asked.

"Bill Wardle," Pring replied, and hesitated a moment. "He is my brother-in-law. He married my sister Elizabeth. You remember her?"

"Twins, wan't you?" Coxon inquired, and Pring nodded.

"I've known Bill ever since we were in college together," he explained. "He is one of these men who mean well; but he talks too much and too loudly. He and my sister did not get along, you know. They are divorced. Oh, they are superficially friendly enough still; and he and I never had an open break. Bill heard about our plans and invited himself. He is the added starter, the extra one."

"He carries too much extra weight to do much in the woods," Coxon commented. They had come ashore and paused by the hotel veranda.

"Oh, Bill can handle himself," Pring replied. "He's rather an able citizen, but he chooses to play the amiable idiot most of the time."

Wardle had attracted Coxon's attention on the pierhead. His voice was loud, as though he were unconscious of the hushing effect of early evening; and he had laughed boisterously at his own jests. Coxon, whose ears were attuned to the silence of the forest, resented this; he thought he detected in Pring's tones, behind the fair kindliness of his words, some of the resentment he himself felt.

His mild dislike of Wardle was intensified at their first encounter. When he delivered the bags and gun cases and other dunnage to the two cabins where the party would

(Continued on Page 117)

She Went Downstairs by and by and Found That Julie Had Departed With Coxon in the Guide's Canoe

AS CITIZENS THEREOF

PHOTO, BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Oath of Citizenship Being Given by a Justice of the New York Supreme Court to a Record-Breaking Crowd

By GARET GARRETT

POPULATION and people are separate terms. Population may be acquired—that is to say, mandated, annexed, kidnaped, induced by economic opportunity; in any case, it may be simply a grand Roman fact. But a people is compounded in a slow alchemic manner of common memories, common myths, common loves and hatreds, great transactions of the spirit. Nor is citizenship a true sign or pledge of people. That, too, may be a Roman fact.

As they were binding Paul with thongs, meaning to scourge him for having exhorted people in the Hebrew tongue, thereby causing an uproar in the street, he said to the centurion: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" The centurion was uneasy at this and went to the captain, saying: "Take heed what thou doest: for this man is a Roman." Then the captain himself was uneasy and came to Paul, saying: "Tell me, art thou a Roman?" Paul said, "Yea." The captain was astonished that such a man should be a Roman, and said, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." Paul said, "But I was free born." The captain evidently decided to take the apostle's word for it; he thought a second time and better of scourging him, and departed in wonder.

It was then that Romans knew not one another. There were many Romans. There was a Roman Empire. There was only the legend of a Roman people. A Roman was a legal and political fact. What is an American?

We are one hundred million in the United States who call ourselves American. We are Americans in legal and political fact. Yet few more than half of us are native born of native parents, which means merely to be of the second generation indigenous, to have had parents born in this country, to have had an ancestral relation to some historical American event no more remote than the Civil War—that kind of transmitted memory of the event which comes of having touched those who touched those whose experience it was.

Who are Americans?

THE other half—or nearly half—are either foreign born or the children of foreign born. The Bureau of the Census finds more than forty mother tongues among them. They fall into racial groups; and the legal American of one group is made strange to the legal American of another group, or to the native born of native stock, by those very signs, sounds, gestures and inherited distinctions whereby it is natural for people, as a people, to recognize their own.

What one hundred million of us have in common is a legal status. Some are born to it. Others acquire it; and the evidence of their having acquired it is a piece of paper bearing a court seal and a red file number, or a line of writing in some book of record. Not always that.

There is a difference between the American citizen in whom the cells of the pioneers are reproduced, and the American citizen who arrived five years ago from Southern Europe and cannot read the ballot he votes. But if you propose to establish this difference in order to classify the citizen population, where shall you begin? Suppose you say: "Native born of native parents—surely all these are something more than legal Americans. Let us try a rough line there." Well, in 1890 the census enumerators found native born of native parents more than enough to make a town the size of Scranton, Pennsylvania, who could not speak the English language.

Statistically, at least, it is impossible to say where a people ends and a population begins. The Bureau of the Census has solved the difficulty, perhaps by never having thought of it. At any rate, it calls none of us Americans. For its purposes we are a population, not a people. In the index to the great volume entitled, Fourteenth Census of the United States, 1920: Population, General Report and Analytical Tables, the word "American" appears but once. And in that one case it is a geographic reference, thus: "American Samoa, population," and so on.

It classifies the whole population of the United States according to "color, or race, nativity and parentage." And the citizens of the United States it classifies as:

(1) Native white of native parents;
(2) Native white of foreign parents;
(3) Native white of mixed parents;
(4) Foreign-born white, naturalized;
(5) Negro, native;
(6) Negro, naturalized;
(7) Chinese, native;
(8) Chinese, naturalized;
(9) Japanese, native;
(10) Japanese, naturalized;
(11) All other, native;
(12) All other, naturalized.

Citizens, those are.

Chinese and Japanese are legally ineligible to become citizens, on the ground that because they are yellow they cannot be assimilated properly by whites; yet according to the census of 1920 there are 29,672 Japanese persons who are citizens because they were born here, and 572 more who acquired citizenship by naturalization; 18,532 Chinese persons who are citizens by right of birth on American soil, and 1834 more who became citizens by naturalization.

Any human being born on American soil, except the child of an enemy alien or of a foreign diplomat, is by that fact alone an American citizen. This accounts for most of the Chinese and Japanese citizens; the remainder were either naturalized before they were declared by law to be ineligible or got in by military naturalization under wartime legislation.

Exit here the pronoun "we." It inspires confusion. Who are we?

One may say we are a population or a body of so many citizens. But if a person says we are any kind of people, that we have a common tradition or inhabit a common vision, it is either that he has a free, romantic way of speaking or that he puts himself somewhere to begin with. On the other hand, if he says we are a polyglot nation, a racial vortex, a cultural jazz with a lost background, you have to know first who and what he is in order to know what he means. One may say it cynically, exultingly, as an intellectual to whom the sense of country is a stupid medieval virtue. Another, like Theodore Roosevelt, may say it as an American, burning with that same sense and filled with dismay at the facts, particularly the fact of indifference to what obscures a continuous American scene.

Indifference on the part of whom? There it is again. Certainly not on the part of the population at large, for taking it throughout—every eighth person in it is foreign born, and hardly more than every other one in it had parents born on this soil. No. Only a part of us, inseparable from the total by any one line of demarcation, could be expected to care or might be intelligibly upbraided for not caring.

Or take it as to the potential voting population—that means to say, all citizens, native and naturalized, men and women, over twenty-one. If it should happen that all of us voted, the average composition of every ten persons at an American polling booth would be:

Six white persons who had parents born in this country;
One foreign-born white person, naturalized;
Two children of foreign-born white parents;
One negro.

If citizenship were the philter of assimilation, the patent formula whereby a population is transformed in spirit and made to become a people, it would be the modesty of truth to say "Behold! we are the people, and political wonders shall perish with us."

Citizenship on the Bargain Counter

CITIZENSHIP—it is here. Never anywhere in the world before was it so available, so accommodating, so cheap. The Congress, the courts, the politicians have imposed it, conferred it, merchandised and sold it. There is but one conceivable way in which it has not been disposed of. It has never been peddled from a wagon. But even that way has been considered.

This from a public document entitled, Progress and Processes of Naturalization: Hearings Before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, House of Representatives, Sixty-seventh Congress, Page 1072:

THE CHAIRMAN: We have had all sorts of propositions before us, one being to put the Naturalization Service on wheels and move it around among the factories.

MR. GORDON: I would be absolutely opposed to that. However, it is no worse than commercializing it by attorneys and its exploitation by runners.

Again, Page 1192:

THE CHAIRMAN: Would you favor having all these things on wheels, so that blanks could be carried to men in factories or in a coal-mining district?

MR. MILLS: Well, I must say that I had never thought of anything like that.

If it were necessary to show that citizenship has in itself no re-creative principle the proof would lie here: Taking the whole population, regardless of nativity, language or race, more than nine-tenths of it is citizen by birth or naturalization. Less than one-tenth is legally alien. Yet there is an alien problem. There is a country-wide Americanization task. Why? You cannot suppose that a self-knowing people would be greatly or at all embarrassed by the fact that aliens to somewhat less than one-tenth of their number had come to dwell and work and play among them. There would probably be found as great a relative number of foreigners in France or in England or in Germany, with no political consequences whatever.

It is not the alien that makes the problem here. The millions who are citizens, legally and politically Americans,

and yet foreign in speech, manners, thought and tradition—they make it. And they cannot help it. They represent no original sin of their own. They do represent every sin of neglect, omission, make-believe and absurdity of which a popular government is capable. They represent the petty sins of the ward politician, colossal in the aggregate. They represent the national sin of heedlessness and the lack of any theory or definition of what citizenship is or means. But above everything else, they represent the low esteem in which American citizenship has been held from the beginning. All this in many aspects. First the law—that aspect. How came the law as it is? And what is it?

Ezekiel received and imparted the original naturalization law, thus: "And it shall come to pass that in what tribe the stranger sojourneth, there shall ye give him his inheritance, saith the Lord God."

The law is perfect. But a perfect law, like the golden rule, lays down the principle abstractly and avoids the sordid particulars; whereas human conduct is one great sum of particulars. You will note that nothing in the law of naturalization according to the Lord God forbids the tribe to mind its own gate, to say who shall not come in and to make rules touching the stranger who sojourneth; and then of course it will occur to you to ask, "What is the inheritance to which he is entitled?" Well, that is what it may be.

Two Laws of Citizenship

HISTORICALLY, very far back, perhaps ever since the law was revealed to Ezekiel, there have been two kinds of citizenship, or the equivalent of citizenship by whatever name it was called. There was citizenship according to the law of blood, and there was citizenship according to the law of land.

In one case, you were born in a certain tribe or you attached yourself to it by marriage or lot and mingled your blood with its blood; and you belonged to that tribe. It did not belong to you. Your inheritance was a just share in its weal and woe. That was the law of blood.

In another case, you were born upon certain land or you attached yourself to it; and you belonged to that land. It did not belong to you. Your inheritance was the right of livelihood upon it, the obligation to fight for the lord whose land it was, and the privilege of demanding his protection. That was citizenship according to the law of the soil.

As the English law formed, it regarded the citizen—called always the subject—sometimes in one way and sometimes in the other; but the law of the soil at length prevailed. The man belonged to the land on which he was born or from which he derived his sustenance. He was the lord's man by reason of existing on the lord's land, and he was the crown's subject by gracious reason of existing or getting himself born on British soil.

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Examining Applicants for American Citizenship in the Naturalization Office, New York

American law derived from the English common law. It was natural, therefore, that the earliest American laws as to citizenship should follow the law of Great Britain. They did precisely—first the laws of the colonies, then those of the states, lastly the laws of the United States. And apparently no one was aware of how inconsistent this was. Here was no such thing as a man belonging to the tribe. There was no tribe. Therefore citizenship according to the law of blood could not be. Here there was no such thing as belonging to the soil, either, for it was intended that the soil should belong to the man. So, logically, citizenship according to the old law of the soil could not be.

What was the inheritance here? What would citizenship represent? Not the right to participate economically in this affair. That privilege has always been open to noncitizens, and many have prospered and do and may prosper in the enjoyment of it, wanting neither freedom nor protection. Then what? Obviously a new thing—so new that when the basic law of this country was in process of of writing, it had not been clarified in thought. And that was the right of participation in the experiment of self-government.

What is American Citizenship?

THIS being a new idea, with implications much more difficult to comprehend than those of either the tribal blood law or the feudal land law of citizenship, there was every reason why the meaning and obligations of American citizenship should have been clearly defined. But they were never defined at all. Nobody appears to have thought of it. There is not to this day a definition of what American citizenship is; and the idea that there may be a fundamental difference between economic and political participation is so unfamiliar that its first sound is theoretical. But is it rationally necessary to argue that the individual—that is to say, the alien—may be both an economic asset and a political liability, and by no fault or demerit of his own? If he is law-abiding, industrious and contributes by his labor to the wealth of the country, certainly he is entitled to his inheritance. But if he can speak only ten words of English, if he cannot read the Constitution and the laws, nor the newspapers, in which public questions are hammered out, if in his community he holds fast to the customs, speech and traditions of a foreign land, is he qualified to participate intelligently in American politics? Intelligently, no. Then unintelligently—shall he be entitled to participate unintelligently?

In the law there is but one mandatory provision touching the individual's ability to exercise American citizenship. That is the provision that to become naturalized one must be able to speak English. Even this condition was not put in the law until 1906; and how it shall be fulfilled is left

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PHOTO BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

New Americans Taking the Oath of Allegiance to Their Adopted Land in Brooklyn Borough Hall, Brooklyn, New York

There's No Such Thing as Luck

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

All the Way Back to the City He Told Lucy How Much She Meant to Him

ERNEST BUXTON was a clerk in a drug store in the little town of Daysville on the Ohio River. The people of Daysville thought Ernest would grow up to be a druggist, and smell like one, and wear gold-rimmed spectacles and a white vest on Sunday.

But Ernest had other ambitions. Secretly, he was writing a play.

He was a round-faced, ruddy, sandy-haired, pleasant-mannered lad. But his true nature was serious and superior. He despised Daysville; he felt instinctively that it was beneath him. It was so obviously a jay burg. He could not, for obvious reasons, indulge his sense of superiority in public. But at night, alone in his room over the drug store, he put his private opinions into his play.

He drew the characters of the town as he saw them, in all their simian absurdity, their hypocrisy, their poor, blundering, ignorant, pompous, groping humanness. He gloated over the antics of these Daysville ninnies. He hated them. Perhaps he loved them a little too.

He divided his play into short scenes, because that seemed easiest. He was convinced, then, that it was a great work; as good as Shakspere; perhaps better. He had no doubt of his literary ability. Hadn't he written a play?

He had read Horatio Alger as a young boy; his philosophical background consisted of Horatio Alger and the local newspaper. So he had a clear view of the seriousness of life and of its axiomatic essence. Strive and succeed, work and win; these were his guiding maxims. Success, when you understood it, was as simple as putting up Daysville's favorite cough sirup.

When Ernest was twenty-one years old his father fell off the wharf boat into the river and was drowned; no one ever knew quite how or why. He was just drowned.

Ernest's mother promptly eloped with a dashing salesman from Akron. The young man had one letter from her saying that she was a poor weak woman, even if she was his mother, and marvelously happy; and if he could get anything for that river lot his father so foolishly had bought ten years ago, to sell it and keep the money.

"I don't worry about you, Ernest," she wrote. "I know you'll get along; you always do, you're so lucky. I remember the time you were climbing the apple tree, and the limb broke, and the broken end caught in the seat of your pants and held you till I could come and unhook you with the stepladder. I am so happy living in Akron. They have large rubber factories here. Please forgive me for running away with Mr. Glutz. If you want a job in a rubber factory he can get you one; but I don't worry about you, Ernest, not you with your luck. Affectionately, your poor mother."

Ernest smiled grimly over this letter. His mother was a sentimental, flighty creature who had never read Horatio Alger.

"There's no such thing as luck," he said aloud and quite sternly. He would not have felt safe in a world where luck was a recognized factor.

Twenty-four hours later he sold the river lot. A man came into the drug store and asked for a chocolate milk shake. The soda-fountain clerk had just cut his finger on a broken glass, so Ernest served the customer. The latter told him that he was looking for a small factory site somewhere near Daysville. At five o'clock that afternoon Ernest sold the man the river lot for one thousand dollars cash.

The following Monday morning our hero left Daysville forever. He was bound for New York to succeed as a playwright; but in order to get there he had to go first to Cincinnati.

In Cincinnati he stopped at the Burnet House, under whose ancient roof General Sherman once had planned a certain historic march to the sea. But Ernest was not concerned with history. He stopped there because it was cheap. He was an economical young man.

In the lobby of the hotel he met a handsome, flashily dressed stranger who offered him a drink of whisky out of a pocket flask. Ernest coldly refused. The stranger didn't seem to mind. He took a drink himself and talked genially to Ernest, introducing himself as Charles Chalmers, the actor. In fact he was the leading man of the famous Love and the Limousine company, then playing at one of the local theaters.

Ernest was cautiously interested. He told Charles Chalmers that he was on his way to New York to get a play produced.

Mr. Chalmers laughed uproariously.

"My dear boy, you don't know it, but at this moment there are thousands and thousands of hopeful young geniuses rushing toward New York from all points of the compass expecting to get their plays produced. And that doesn't include the five or six million natives, each and every one of whom writes five or six plays a year."

"I intend to succeed," said Ernest.

"Oh, I know! It's useless to try to stop you. Go on, bat your young brains out against the ol' stone wall. Youth must be served, and the muse beckons. . . . Do you know where you're going when you get to New York? Well, I'll give you an address. My own boarding house, West Fifty-seventh Street. Mrs. Griffen—nice old soul. Tell her I sent you."

He gave Ernest the address. The latter thanked him. Mr. Chalmers talked some more, took another drink and ended by giving Ernest a pass to the play that night.

"Come and see my performance. You'll like it. The New York critics panned the show, but they said I was a wow. I don't think much of the critics when it comes to drama, but they certainly know good acting when they see it."

Ernest was surprised at the importance that Mr. Chalmers seemed to accord the critics. He couldn't imagine the critics having anything to do with the production of a play.

Love and the Limousine was the first full-length theatrical performance that he had ever seen. It was a revelation to him. It unfolded the story of a young man, a painter, who lived in a garret and who was loved by a pure young girl named Pansy. Pansy was loved in turn by a rich elderly man named Mr. Van Tassel, who wanted to take her riding in his limousine.

The second act was laid in Mr. Van Tassel's garden. It was beautiful. A bower of roses and moonlight and soft scrapings of music. Pansy was there, and Mr. Van Tassel talked to her passionately about his limousine. It was the symbol of his wealth, you see. But then Charles Chalmers—as the young artist—came in to see about painting Mr. Van Tassel's portrait. There was a hot scene, in which the two lovers declared that they would starve and die for love, and Mr. Van Tassel ordered them out of his garden.

But in the third act he, Mr. Van Tassel, came in and said that he had had a dream, and in the dream he had met the spirit of his dead sweetheart. She had told him that love was all, and that she was waiting for him on the other side of the great darkness; and he cried, and kissed Pansy, and gave the painter an order for a fifty-thousand-dollar portrait.

It was a wonderful scene, in which they all smiled through their tears, and were melted and made over, especially Mr. Van Tassel. Ernest cried too. He had never dreamed that anything could be so grand. His own poor play seemed in comparison wildly ludicrous and low.

He went back to the hotel, took the manuscript of "River People" out of his bag and was about to tear it to pieces, when he thought that to destroy so much good paper would be wasteful. He could write his next play, his new play, on the back of the old one.

His experience in the theater had not lessened his determination; rather it had increased it. He knew what to write now. All the way to New York, on the train, he thought about his new play. The plot was simple and deeply moving.

It was the story of a young man, a poet, who lived in a garret and who was in love with a pure young girl named Violet. Violet had a guardian, an elderly rich man who for base reasons forced upon her his unwelcome attentions. The second act was to be laid in the rich man's garden There would be roses and moonlight and soft music

By the time his train pulled into the Grand Central Station, Ernest had the plot of the play all worked out in his mind.

The moment he landed in New York he became, in spirit, a New Yorker. Clutching in one hand his suitcase and in the other the address that Mr. Chalmers had given him—he had fastened his wallet to the inside pocket of his waistcoat with a safety pin—he went from policeman to policeman, asking his way to the boarding house in West Fifty-seventh Street

Mrs. Griffen, the landlady, was, as Mr. Chalmers had said, a nice old soul She beamed at him in a motherly fashion and told him that by the merest chance she had a vacant room on the top floor

"It's at the rear; a nice, sunny room; small, but one of the best in the house. You're lucky to get it."

Ernest dismissed her comment. There was nothing lucky about it. If he hadn't got that room he'd have got some other.

He took the room. He entered it, unpacked his bag, took off his coat—this was in June—and drawing close to the window a small table and a chair, sat down to write his new play. He called it "The Light of Love."

He wrote it on the back of the manuscript of River People. It took him a month and a half. Sometimes he wondered whether it weren't rather like the play he had seen in Cincinnati, but that only convinced him that he was on the right track. He had never heard of such a thing as plagiarism. Strive and succeed! He finished "The Light of Love" by the first of August, and so carefully had he computed its length that it ended exactly on the reverse side of the first page of the earlier manuscript

It was a Sunday afternoon, hot and sultry. He had been working by the open window. About five o'clock, perspiring but triumphant, he wrote, "Curtain—The End," and getting up, went to the wash bowl to cool his steaming brow.

He was drying his face on one of Mrs. Griffen's harsh towels when an unexpected breeze blew into the room. It came suddenly, agitating the window curtains and fluttering the pile of paper on Ernest's writing table He lunged forward to save his script; but at that instant the breeze, turning capricious, snatched up the top sheet of his masterpiece and sucked it out of the window

He clutched at the sheet wildly, but it eluded his grasp Helpless, he leaned from the window and watched it tossing in the breeze. For a moment he thought it was going to come back to him; but no, it struck the wall of the house just below the sill, turned over two or three times and then

Good heavens! It had disappeared! It had blown into the open window of the room just below him

What a relief! It was saved, at any rate. He would go down and get it.

Ernest had been working in his bath robe. He threw it off and dressed hastily. Then he ran downstairs and knocked on the door of the room below his. A girl opened the door. Ernest didn't look at her closely, but his general impression was that of light yellow hair and good-natured eyes above a cool blue dress.

"Excuse me," he blurted out "I've come for a—a piece of paper."

"Yes, I've got it."

"Oh, have you? Oh, well, thanks. It blew out, and I saw it float into your window."

"I imagined it must have come from upstairs," said the girl, smiling. "Lucky, wasn't it? Here it is." And she gave him the wandering page of manuscript

Ernest seized it eagerly. Yes, there it was, a trifle crumpled, but unharmed. He sighed with relief and then looked at the girl. She was a pretty girl. He was surprised that he hadn't noticed it before. Her room, too, was neatly and prettily furnished. Inexpensive stuff, of course; but tasteful

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes; at least I room here. I go out for most of my meals."

He hesitated

"Well—er—thanks. I—er—my name is Ernest Buxton," he ventured awkwardly.

"Mine's Smith," said the girl; "Lucy Smith I think we ought to know each other"

She put out her hand. Ernest grinned fleetingly and took it. Her hand was firm and cool in his She was a cool sort of girl

"It's—it's hot, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" she agreed companionably. "I was just making myself some iced tea. Will you have some?"

"Oh! Why, I—thanks, I'd love to. I —— It's mighty warm, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?"

Lucy Smith asked him to sit down and told him to smoke if he liked.

"I don't smoke," said Ernest.

She gave him a curious, quick glance.

"I thought all writers smoked—incessantly."

"How d'you know I was a writer?" he asked, unable to conceal his pleasure.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I couldn't help reading —— I mean, it was perfectly natural to read what was written on that page of manuscript, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly natural."

"It was such a surprise to have it sail into my room that way. I just picked it up and read it."

"That's all right," put in Ernest politely

"And of course, when I saw that it was a play—I mean, part of a play—I was frightfully interested."

"Why?"

"Because I'm working in a manager's office."

"A manager?" said Ernest. "What sort of a manager?"

"Why, a theatrical manager—Howard Carrington. He's a young man; I mean, young in the producing game. Perhaps you've never heard of him; but he's frightfully clever, and really awfully modern.'

"Oh! You mean he puts on plays?"

"Yes, of course." She seemed rather puzzled by Ernest's question.

"Do you have anything—er to do with putting on the plays?"

"Oh, no; I'm only assistant to Mr. Carrington's secretary. Really, I'm just a stenographer. But I'm terribly interested. I mean, I love the work and ——"

Ernest suddenly had an idea.

"Why, you could take my play to Mr. Carrington, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I—I suppose I could. But of course it would have to go through the regular channels"

"What channels?"

"Well, it would have to go to the first reader; and if it passed her, it would have to go to the second; and if it passed him, it would have to go to Miss Peterson—Mr. Carrington's secretary; and if she liked it"

"But I don't see the use of all that," said Ernest simply. "All I want Mr. Carrington to do is to put my play on in his theater."

She looked at Ernest as if he had suddenly developed a strange rash; then she burst out laughing

"His theater? He hasn't got a theater."

"No theater?" queried Ernest. "But I thought you said"

"I said that he was a young producer," explained Miss Smith, "and young producers don't own theaters. They pray for them. Every night before going to bed they kneel down and say, 'Dear God, please send me a theater,' and in the morning they go and ask the man who owns one. And if they've been very good, and are favorably known to Broadway and the angels, and if they carry a rabbit's foot and a swastika and a four-leaf clover and a certified check for exactly twice their personal fortunes—well, they may be allowed to rent a theater; but it's doubtful."

Ernest understood that Miss Smith was being facetious. He smiled

"I guess I won't worry about that part of it," he said "A good play is bound to succeed, isn't it?"

"Well," replied the girl, "I wouldn't say bound. But it does happen."

"I know I'm going to succeed," declared Ernest, with quiet self-confidence

She gave him his iced tea, looking at him with a certain fascination. Was his naive faith in himself simply egotism? Or was it the devastating innocence of genius?

"You've never had anything produced, have you?" she asked

"No; I've written only one play. That is, I've written two, but the first one's no good."

"I'd like to read it. I mean, the other."

"I'd be glad to have you," said Ernest, happily tinkling

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"I've Got to Think," He Said Confusedly. "I'm Going Out Into the Lobby to—to Think"

RUM

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SHE had been many things to many men and had been known to them by many names. The shipwrights of Harbor Island in the Bahamas who built her, deep of hold and high of side, for the prosaic lumber trade evidently exhausted all their skill and originality upon her creation and had none left over for her christening.

When she rumbled down the ways into the glittering blue of the Main, no one ransacked mythology to find her a fitting title, though she possessed the gracious beauty of a goddess. Neither sea nor winds stood godfather for her, though the sweetly molded three-masted schooner seemed to blend and harmonize with both. She was named the Tully & Kane in honor of the firm that owned her, and so was given to the deep.

Thus she was known until times and cargoes changed and a revenue officer attempting to board her on Rum Row, off the harbor of New York, was kicked in the stomach by her skipper.

The officer fell back into his launch, gasping and retching, while his crew, under the muzzle of a rifle resting on the schooner's rail, kept their hands elevated until she weighed anchor and melted away into the fog.

Thereafter the Tully & Kane became the Arareek, and as such was the subject of much international argument following her capture off Atlantic City. Her owners sold her when, at length, she was returned to them, and she received from her new possessor a one-pounder gun, bolted to her forecastle, an auxiliary engine in her stern, and a new name, the Gull.

A ship is feminine not solely by grace of an arbitrarily applied pronoun. Her reputation, like a woman's, once blasted, is not easily retrieved. If she falls into evil ways, generally she remains there. The Gull became one of that dissolute sisterhood that slinks across the Spanish Main on dark affairs. Under a variety of aliases, she earned the wages of sin by smuggling liquor, Chinese, and sometimes drugs.

Eventually she fell into the hands of Hake & Hake, importers and exporters of Nassau, who reduced her visibility and the number of men required to handle her by taking down her lovely topmasts. They also gave her a fresh coat of black paint and renamed her the Iphigenia, blazoning that title on her much-repainted stern in lettering carefully blurred to make it indecipherable at anything but close range.

So she lay in Nassau Harbor, the once-honest offspring of a Harbor Island shipyard, battered and degraded by the life she led, but still retaining much of her native beauty. Her sides were inky black—black as the future appeared to Hake & Hake, lamenting the loss of an argosy and the five thousand cases of Scotch it contained; black as the too-large derby hat William Hake wore, in defiance of tropic heat, sixteen hours a day.

Drearily the schooner plucked at the rusting anchor chain holding her a dingy and deserted captive in waters of surpassing blue—bluer than the mood oppressing the Hake brothers; bluer even than the eyes that Norah Regan, their clerk, lifted now and then to her disconsolate employers; blue as those with which Capt. Sigurd Sundstrom, lounging by the boat landing, gazed at the disreputable namesake of the Greek girl, sacrificed with fire by her father, the king, before the Achæans went up against Troy.

"Hijackers!" the Mate Screamed. Seamen on the Schooner Raised Their Hands Above Their Heads and Professed Surrender at the Top of Their Voices

"A good name," said the stouter half of the firm of Hake & Hake, with a desperate cheerfulness, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Having spoken, William—known through jest laboriously evolved by the British-speaking conchs of Nassau as Bellyache—removed his large black hat from his small bald head and mopped the perspiration from his shining skull. Then he stared into the interior of his derby with the air of an augur reading doom. He saw nothing, however, but the curving felt and the flaring sweatband he had stuffed with paper to keep the hat from dropping over his ears. With another sigh, he recovered himself.

Edward—by another convulsing effort of the conch wits, Headache—twisted his body erect and his thin face into a grimace that might have been either smile or snarl. His protruding Adam's apple jumped spasmodically before he spoke.

"Nothing's so good," he said significantly, "that it can't be sold for a profit."

Bellyache folded chubby hands upon his broad girth and looked solemnly about the office—at the sample case in the corner, with its uneven ranks of liquor bottles; at the framed whisky lithographs on the wall. Alcoholic beverages were the sole materials in Hake & Hake's importing and exporting activities. The importing was all done quite legally.

The fat brother's eyes dwelt for a moment upon the slender, freshly starched figure of Norah Regan, busy with a letter file, and then swung back to Edward's face. William's lips were benevolent in their smile. His eyes were hard.

"Stop talking around the edges, Ed," he suggested; "come down to cases."

"We're broke," snapped his brother, scrubbing his sandy mustache with nervous fingers. "We're bankrupt and not worth a cent unless ——"

He hesitated, his Adam's apple pumping violently. William settled his derby more firmly upon his brow and then shook his head sadly.

"I've been afraid of this," he mourned. "We've lost big profits by playing the game square. Now it's dead and we're in a jam. We can't compete with Bermuda and St. Peer. The Diamond ——"

"The Diamond," his brother interrupted, "is gone and her cargo puts us fifty thousand dollars in the hole. If we didn't have a reputation for fair dealing, we could never have got that shipment on credit. We don't own a drop of liquor except that over there on the rack. We paid insurance on the Iphigenia yesterday. That leaves us just three hundred and fifty pounds in the bank, and that fat-headed Captain Hallbury who lost our ship for us keeps cabling for us to put up bail for him so that he can jump it. He can stay in jail forever as far as I'm concerned."

"'Course," William ruminated, "we agreed to bail him if anything happened, before he took the Diamond north. Our word's always been as good ——"

"—— as our bond," Edward completed; "and our bond, as our book stands now, is worth about fifteen hundred dollars minus some sixty thousand dollars, unless you count in the Iphigenia and our good name. We've got a fine reputation, and look at us! Honesty is a hell of a policy."

"A good name is rather to be chosen ——" William began again, but his partner broke the text in the middle.

"If you don't stop quoting Bible at me, I'll bust you one," he snapped. "If a good name is worth all Scripture says, it's time we liquidated."

"Hey?" William asked.

Edward scrubbed his mustache and looked under his eyebrows at their alluring clerk across the room. Then he dropped his eyes and voice and spoke rapidly:

"Our reputation's our only quick asset. If we stay here and face the music, we'll lose it anyway. We'll have more lawsuits on our hands than the government warehouse has bottles, and no more reputation than a sponge fisherman. We can swap our reputation for a stake and blow. If a good name is worth money, I say sell."

"For how much?" William queried after a pause.

"A hundred thousand anyway, if it works," his brother muttered, looking at the ceiling.

Bellyache drew a long breath and sat upright. His mouth was now as merciless as his eyes.

"I'll sell my half for fifty thousand," he announced briskly.

The members of the notoriously upright firm of Hake & Hake shook hands solemnly, but abandoned this gesture of mutual trust with a guilty haste when the screen door in front of the office slammed. The scowls they turned upon the intruder were manifestly sincere, though there might have been doubt concerning the frown with which Miss Regan greeted him.

Capt. Sigurd Sundstrom pulled his visored cap from crisp yellow curls, slung a leg clad in worn but scrupulously clean

duck over a corner of her desk, and beamed upon her with all the frankness of a friendly dog

"What do you want?" she asked coldly.

"You," he answered.

She felt herself blushing and was angry.

"I thought," she retorted, "that maybe you were looking for a job."

He shrugged his shoulders and showed his strong white teeth in a boyish grin.

"Will you marry me?"

"Certainly not." She compressed her lips to keep back a smile

"See then," he complained, "how can I expect to get a ship? That's a small matter. Until I get you, there's no use trying for little things." He leaned across the desk and spoke more earnestly. "Norah, please marry me. I'll make you a good husband. Some day you'll admit it yourself."

"I wouldn't marry a Scandihoovian rum runner if he was the last man on earth," she retorted. There was a mocking light in her eyes that led him to clutch at her hands. She drew them away.

"I'm a Canadian," he asserted, "and you know it. There's a berth waiting for me in Halifax, and you know that too. Once you marry me, and I'm off rum running for life."

Ever since, six weeks before, he had relinquished command of the rum schooner Typee solely, so he had told her, to see her daily, Capt. Sigurd Sundstrom had proposed to her with the regularity, ardor and shamelessness of the sun. His unabashed persistence had amused and flattered her at first. Now it woke vague alarm in her, for she thrilled to it against her will. She had tried to tell herself that it was only because she had been lonely since she had brought her ailing father from Ireland to die in the colony. She repeated this assurance to herself with little conviction as she met his dazzlingly blue eyes.

At the desk across the room, the firm of Hake & Hake had been embroiled in low-voiced argument, Edward expounding with a mounting exasperation at William's objections. These were inspired less by conscience than by caution.

"Sundstrom's a high-priced man," Bellyache wheezed. "You can't walk a block on Bay Street without bumping into a schooner captain who'll take half wages for a berth and no questions asked. And Sundstrom's a square shooter, Edward. Everyone in the game knows that.'

"You make me sick," his brother bristled. "Certainly he's honest, and a squarehead in the bargain. We want honest, stupid people in on this deal. You're always blatting about a good name. This is the time it's valuable."

He glared at William until his brother nodded reluctantly and then fixed his small granite eyes on the broad back of their uninvited guest

"Oh—er—Captain Sundstrom. Just one minute! Pull up a chair. We've a proposition that may interest you. Not busy now, are you?"

"Well, not professionally," Sundstrom replied with a wide grin as he sat down

"We're considering," Edward went on, rubbing his mustache industriously, "sending the Iphigenia north with four thousand cases. Not our own stock, captain. Montague & Jackson have a shipment they want to get rid of cheap. We're thinking of taking it north on commission "

"Shopping with the fleet or deliver to a customer?" Sundstrom queried.

"Deliver, of course. We have our own organization. One of us may accompany you to make arrangements. Usual wages, two-fifty a month and fifteen cents bonus per case."

"Three-fifty and twenty-five cents a case are usual wages."

Sundstrom braced himself for argument. The frugality of the Hakes was as well known as their honesty.

"That will be all right," Edward replied smoothly.

"Why me?" queried Sundstrom after a pause. "Weir usually commands the Iphigenia, doesn't he?"

"Now, of course," Headache confided, "we have nothing specific against Captain Weir, but it is this firm's rule to be free of even a hint of suspicion. We know what your name means, captain."

"A good name," William contributed sonorously, 'is better than precious ointment."

"Our motto," Edward conformed. "A short trip, captain, with nothing to bother you but navigation. How about it?"

"All right," nodded Sundstrom.

"Come in again this afternoon," Edward replied, rising. "We'll close the deal with Montague & Jackson and let you know. Of course there's little enough in it for us, but we like to keep busy."

Sundstrom paused for a moment before the desk of the arrogant Miss Regan, who was elaborately unconscious of his presence.

"It will be nice," he announced, "out on the harbor about sunset time. I'll get a boat, eh?" She did not reply at once. "Come on," he begged; "promote good feeling between the employes of Hake & Hake. I'm going to take the Iphigenia north for them."

"I thought you didn't need a job."

"'Tisn't that. It's just that I thought it would be sort of nice for you and me to be working together. Get us used to a lifetime of it. I'll stop at your boarding house for you at five. Right?"

"I don't believe " she began in a tone of severe refusal, and then, meeting his eyes, laughed at his expression of dismay

"All right," she agreed; "five o'clock "

A man entered the office, bulking big and black against the white glare of the street, as Sundstrom turned to go—a red elephant of a man, with fiery hair and great auburn-furred hands dropping almost to his knees

"H'are yuh?" he greeted Sundstrom with a conspicuous absence of cordiality.

"Thought you'd gone north, Brick," the other replied.

"Taking the Munargo today," Brick Horrigan grunted. "Game's dead in this hole. I'm through."

"Crooks from the States have killed it, haven't they?" Sundstrom agreed

Horrigan glared at him, then paused a moment, irresolute, turned toward the partners and uttered a truculent "Well?"

Edward rose, shaking his head at William, who started to speak. (Continued on Page 62

"Sigurd," She Reflected—"Sigurd Sundstrom. That's a Funny Name"

ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY

By Harry Leon Wilson

The Bund, Canton, China

JAVA is a well-ordered house where everything must be in place or the Dutch will know why. They are determined enemies of the spontaneous. Nothing can ever happen in Java except more Javanese. But forty hours away is a human hive where the spontaneous, even a sort of disorder, seems to be tolerated. Singapore's British rulers are not so fussily precise as the Dutch. Here are all the pronounced shades known to the East, from black to bleached yellow, with chromatic deviations into more delicate Eurasian tints, and all these stained ones are making a joyous noise that would get instant police attention in Java. Anything, one feels, might happen in Singapore.

Apparently it does. On the terrace of Singapore's best hotel—plumbing neo-Nebraska of 1875—we are diverted by home touches in the morning paper. A letter from Injured Visitor hotly inquires if the rickshas of this city are owned by a tailor's union, and whether, if you "perform the acrobatic feat of descending safely and with clothing intact from one of these antiquated vehicles abounding in rusty nails, screws, splinters and snags, the union has a case against you." He might be Indignant New Yorker writing about Fifth Avenue busses. Watchful Citizen says that mouth spraying is being committed by Chinese laundrymen and wants something done about it. Public Boon and Safety says that "Chinese gentlemen who receive orders and distinctions from our King should show more energy in helping the government when the peace of Singapore is menaced by Chinese ruffians." He says a Chinese towkay, once made a "somebody," should not be content to attend Government House balls and receive royal princes, "leaving every disorder to the police and editorial articles in the Straits Times." He should, instead, "gather all news and information from his own clansmen at clubs, associations, birthday and wedding dinners, where much chitchat is carried on to no benefit, and at once communicate it to the proper authorities." We are back to familiar menaces, a land where things happen un-Javanesely.

All the News of Singapore

SOLICITED by ricksha boys beyond the railing, entreated by venders who stealthily thrust up feather fans and carved ivory, we still linger over the entrancing paper. Here are things to be read as entertaining as anything to be seen, and we read on, to the accompaniment of high musical notes unceasingly struck on stone by passing wooden clogs. Nai Sieam, comprador of the Hong Choon Huat rice mill, "who was attacked in a dastardly manner in the motor launch outrage of September 28th," has died. While a Hokien, Koh Tee, was crossing the bridge from New Town to Old Town Monday night he was set on by three Chinese, "stabbed severely" and robbed. Mah Gin's illicit still for making samshu has been seized and Mah Gin "severely fined and sentenced to a rigorous imprisonment." Prompt action by a towkay, one of those Public Boon and Safety criticizers, causes the arrest of three Chinese roughs for attempted extortion. They get prison sentences and "twelve strokes of the cat." "A prominent Chinese business gentleman," name not given, taking a short cut through a back lane to the dwelling of his No. 2 wife, is the victim of "a shooting outrage" which he fails to survive. And, "we are informed by a gentleman who does not wish to give his name that the following incident occurred in Singapore last week: A Chinese was coming ashore in his sampan when five Hokiens came alongside in another sampan and took him prisoner. He was removed to a tongkang and held prisoner for a $100 ransom, which was later paid by his friends. The name of the victim was given to us and can be supplied to the authorities if they think it desirable to make inquiries."

Let students of journalism believe this or not—there it is, or was, in the Singapore Straits Times. Next a Chinese constable is accused by his inspector of taking a bribe. The bribe was forty cents and the inspector's name is Lanigan.

A Portable Candy Shop in Singapore

Josefina

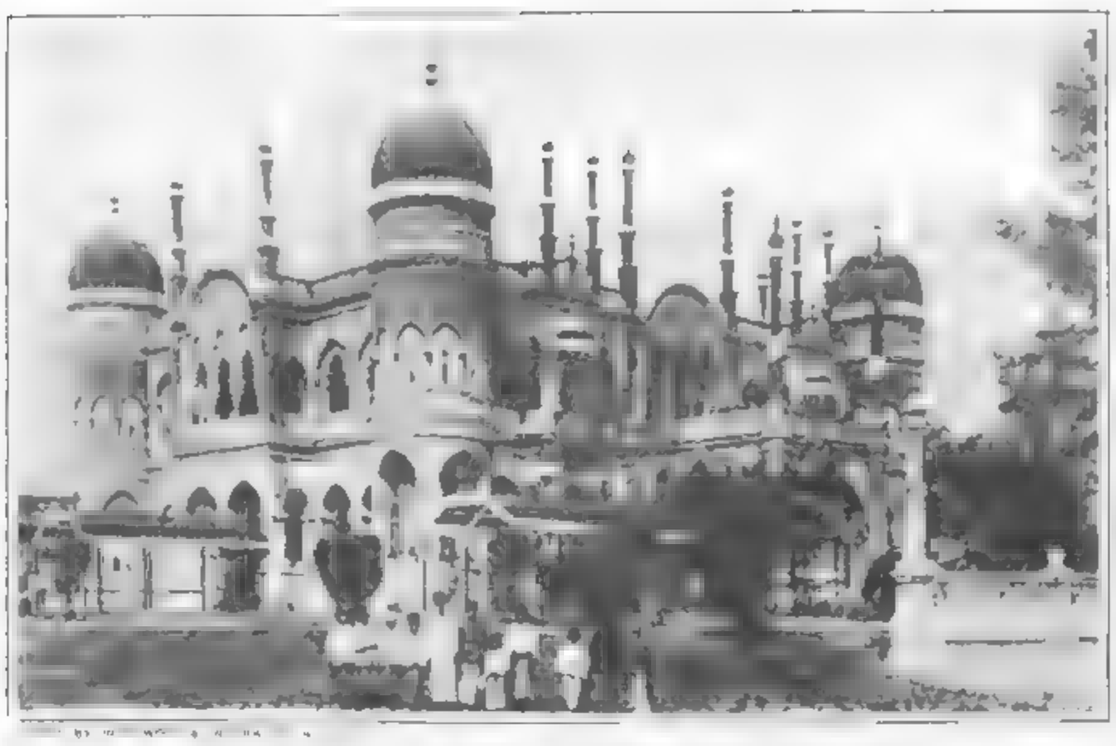
WE TURN from crime to advertisements. The Ritz Café, with augmented jazz orchestra, will have "a soirée de gala," and a Moslem missionary is proselyting; he pays for a quarter column of Koran excerpts in an effort to convert Christian outcasts, beginning easily with "Say ye, 'We believe in one God.'" In a neighboring column, "A strongly built American piano in good repair" is for sale, and we learn of a certain glad remedy especially recommended "For Princes and Rich Gentlemen." Close by, the teacher of a Malay school resigns her position in a letter to the director of education:

"*Dear sir:* I have the honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary are but few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many loving to me to which I only reply, 'Oh, not, oh, not!' Very respectfully, JOSEFINA."

Having garnered these informative bits, we may survey streets and their traffic with a knowing eye. And one American sits in his first ricksha with a very poignant embarrassment, trying to cover it with a pretense that he lolls at ease. He can't make it seem right that he should be drawn by a trotting fellow human who is much smaller and obviously lacking in the *élan* vital His first hardly conquered impulse is to get out and let the other man ride, especially when the other man's chest, after a mile over hot asphalt, begins to rise and fall a great distance, with catches and gulps in between. He probably doesn't know the right people and belongs to the wrong clubs, but still he has a jarringly human semblance.

But at the moment it is thought he must collapse between the shafts this beast of burden finds new wind. He crosses perilously in front of a speeding motor car and dashes freshly into another avenue. He has missed the motor car by so narrow a margin that the pursuing devil must have been squarely struck and taught a good lesson. With this danger cut out, he settles into an easy trot that takes a lot of nonsense out of his passenger, who now surveys with equanimity the jolting shoulders half hidden by the cart-wheel hat and the scuff-scuffing bare heels that tirelessly rise and fall

Plainly, the ricksha coolie is nothing to worry about even if one is overweight. One may sit back and coolly study his excellent hock action. And plainly the runner has no worry of his own after the pursuing devil has been bumped by the motor car. His troubles for the



The Palace of the Sultan of Selangor, Malay Peninsula

trip are over. He has nothing to do but trot over the nice pavement and wonder what amount of cumshaw his featherweight burden is going to hand him. Back at the hotel, he receives—his passenger still having foolish qualms—five times the legal fare. With a black face he demands cumshaw and is genuinely shocked when this is refused. He has five hours' pay for one hour's work, but he would have preferred, one gathers, to receive the legal fare, followed by a bit of cumshaw when he asked it. He is a stickler for orthodoxy. He mopes off with the air of one whose whole day has been spoiled.

We have traversed some of Singapore's liveliest thoroughfares, observing its shades of human color, its fashions of turban and its modes of hair and beard for gentlemen's wear; the womanly coifed Tamils and Madrasis, with long hair knotted at the back—from the rear indeterminate of sex, from the front, epicene; the Bengali Sikh in his tea-cozy turban, his fierce black whiskers like an explosion beneath it; an exquisite from some outer island who has pounded shell, burned it for a bleach and gone flash with ginger hair. We have passed Chinese restaurants exhaling a brazen cheerfulness of beaten gongs and a riot of cooking smells. We know they mean food; but, like Chinese music, the scale is so different. We have noted the clubrooms of the Mutual Good-Welfare Pig Roasters Association, and remarked the wares of the Great Prosperity Furniture Company; we have beheld a beautiful singing girl named Silver Eagle, and, having heard her sing, consider her name to have been thoughtfully chosen; we have caught the bedizened sign of Hoo Fong Form Shanghai, Special Washerman, and tarried at a temple of chance where the suave croupier of an unfamiliar game urged "Ten dollars you bet it, a hundred dollars you get it." We have memorized Lee Gwang Hoo, High Toned Coffee Parlor, and Lien Joe Pie, Best Only Liquor Restaurant.

The Brushwood Boys in Action

IT IS the Sikh policeman whose colors fade last from the picture. He is tall and straight and of a terrifying aspect. Seen close, his face is of softly rounded contours; but these are redeemed from girlishness by the ambush of reckless black whiskers. Surely they are invincible whiskers, and no human being has ever appeared to be quite so terrible. To the Chinese, who are short and beardless, these police are ones to be obeyed in their lightest whim. The Americans try to guess if they would be as devastating in a mix-up as the whiskers promise.

A bet is offered by one skeptic—who refers to them as Brushwood Boys -that they would not be. He reads his reasons from a newspaper under the heading Grave Steamer Fracas. On a Canton River boat the No. 1 Sikh watchman accidentally knocked over a stool on which a Chinese passenger had placed a cup of tea. The latter upbraided the terrible Sikh for spilling hot tea on his foot, whereupon the black fiend lost his temper, and picking up the stool, pounded it on the deck until he broke it. He then left, with a threat to the offending passenger that he would get help; but returned a moment later, intrepidly alone, though armed with a stick. The passenger promptly bombarded him with two tea bowls and fragments of the wrecked stool, "all of which found their mark, the last missile knocking off the Sikh's turban and causing him to lose his balance. The Indian then blew his whistle, in answer to which the other guards appeared with their arms." The No. 1 guard, thus reenforced, struck at the offender with his stick; but the latter "snatched it from the watchman's hand and delivered a blow which winded him." Recovering, the watchman took a revolver from his belt and "brandished it in a threatening manner."

A Street Corner in Hong-Kong

At this the "Chinese rowdy retired to the steerage," whereupon all the Indian watchmen drew their revolvers and flourished them so that "several passengers became so panic-stricken that they had to be held in their places."

"Didn't I tell you?" demands the American as he concludes the saga. "And look at that pair!" Two of the tallest, blackest bearded Sikhs in the Malay Archipelago saunter by, affectionately hand in hand. "One New York cop," he resumes, "not over five feet ten and with not a whisker on his map, could do any five of these lads with his bare hands."

We promise to have an Olympic Games committee take this up

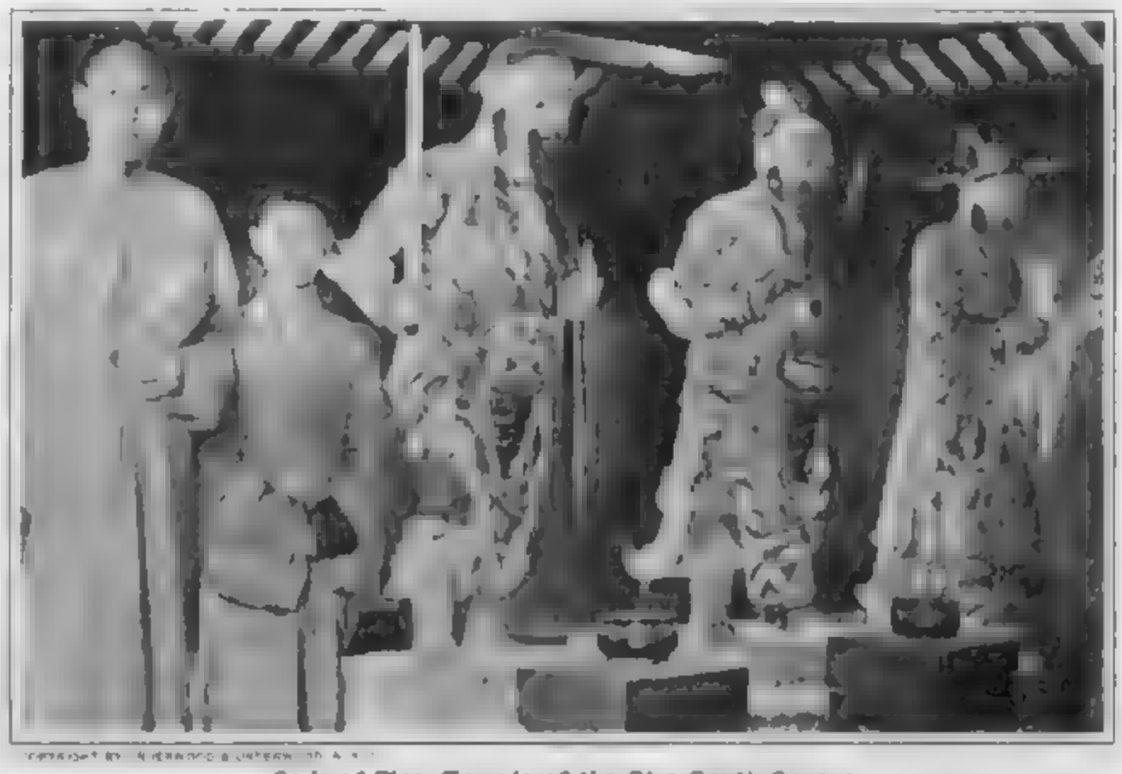
A card is brought—"Mr. Mortimer, License First Class Guide; Curios, Dryclinig, Live Panthers, Sightseeings, etc." Mr. Mortimer wears European dress, but is maduro in tint. He says our trip will not be complete without a visit to the palace of the Sultan of Johore, and he knows the sultan so intimately that any friends he may introduce will be assured a cordial reception. He rather plants an inference that the sultan is counting on us and will be vexed if we neglect him. So we go to the palace of the Sultan of Johore, guided by Mr. Mortimer. It is a splendid palace, built in the style of and furnished with the princely magnificence that rendered the better hotels of Long Branch so attractive in the early 80's. The sultan is out, after all; nor can we blame him as we regard his apartments, but his prime minister and the commander in chief of his army unbend to show us the wealth of royal center tables, umbrella holders, hatracks and knives and forks of real silver.

Chinese Cut-Ups of Singapore

MR. MORTIMER, whose honorarium was to include all tips, tries to put off the prime minister and the commander in chief with a fifty-cent gratuity. They scornfully cast it at his feet because at least two dollars was expected. Mr. Mortimer thoughtfully picks up the spurned trifle and we go back to Singapore. Here Mr. Mortimer says that an unsurpassed mah-jongg factory is owned by one of his best friends, from whom he believes he can cajole a permission for us to view it. We tell him we can imagine nothing at the moment that would be less interesting. We would as soon think of watching mah-jongg played or of purchasing one of his live panthers.

We read a fresh assortment of misdoings by Chinese roughs, ranging from foul murder to reckless driving We are disturbed by this now familiar note in the day's news. We are convinced, however, that the Singapore Chinese have learned their bad ways since they came here. Has not every American long known that this race is staunchly honest and law-abiding? Do not all Japanese banks employ Chinese cashiers for this very reason? But from the tough way these Singapore Chinese act you might think they were white people. We shall move on to Hong-Kong, where the

Continued on Page 54



Gods of War, Temple of the Fire Genii, Canton

GREEN PAINT

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

The Bandit Dropped the Automatic and Pawed Comically in the Air for an Instant, as a Tortoise Paws When Turned on Its Back

THE big mistake made by Matilda Uffing was in sending Augustus for the green paint that evening. At four o'clock Emmy Tutz phoned she simply must see Matilda, because she was to leave the next day for the summer and she did want to knit gores in under the arms of the sweater she meant to make, and this was positively the only chance to have Miss Matty show her how to do it. Miss Matilda thought rapidly as she faced the telephone.

"Dear me!" she thought. "And she'll have on that new blue dress, and her hair marceled, and those gray silk stockings, and she'll look so bright and youngish over school being out! What can I do with Augustus?

"Oh, my dear ——" she said into the telephone.

Then suddenly she thought of the back fence and how wistfully Augustus had said, quite often of late, that it needed paint.

"Oh, my dear," she said to Miss Emmy, "I'll be so delighted to have you come over after dinner. About eight? Yes, do!"

That was better, Miss Matilda thought, than saying "Oh, my dear! But I'm so sorry ——" She could, of course, have said she had to go over to Mrs. Ellerberry's. Mrs. Ellerberry had asked her to run over that evening if she had nothing else to do; but it was better to know, rather completely, what Emmy's plans were. She could, at dinner, suggest to Augustus that he certainly ought to paint the back fence, and he—poor thing—would jump at the chance, and then she could send him to the village to get the paint. She could get him off by five minutes to eight and then get rid of Miss Emmy before he returned, and that would be all right; and it did seem to work beautifully.

At dinner, Miss Matilda, sitting graciously large at her end of the table, said to Augustus in her full rich voice, "Augustus, I do think, since you have decided to stay at home this vacation, that you ought to paint the back fence."

Augustus, sitting rather bent over his plate, looked up at Matilda with a quick jerk of eager delight. There was nothing in the world he liked better than painting things, and nothing Matilda was more opposed to letting him do, unless it was letting him marry Emmy Tutz. As a painter Augustus was really awful. He was childish about it. He was one of those men who know they can paint without getting paint on themselves, and who always do. If, for example, Augustus was permitted to do a little painting on Saturday afternoon, he would insist it was not necessary to change into old clothes, because he only meant to do a little painting. Then, as soon as he got to the shed, he would open the can of paint and spill some on his shoes. He would then wipe the paint from his shoes with an old rag and put the rag on a box and lean his elbow on the rag and paint his elbow. By the time he had mixed the paint well and had painted a while Augustus would have paint on his shirt, on his collar, in his hair, back of his ears and in seventeen places on his suit.

The next morning, that being Sunday, Augustus would dress for church; and while waiting for Matilda he would go out to see how the paint was drying. There would be one or two places that needed just a touch of paint and Augustus would carefully open the paint can. To do this he would take two clean rags and hold the can with one while he lifted the lid with the other. Then he would wrap one of the rags cautiously around the handle of the paintbrush lest he get even the slightest smudge of paint on his hands. The brush would then slip out of the rag and fall in the can of paint, causing it to splash on his shoes, trousers, wrists and face; but in grasping for the falling brush Augustus would upset the can of paint and hasten to find a piece of flat cardboard to scoop up the paint, and ten minutes later Miss Matilda would find Augustus practically paddling in paint; so to speak, swimming in it. Paint behaves that way for some men.

Of course Augustus was always contrite after such an experience; but at heart he never did understand that something similar happened every time he touched paint. Each time he supposed he had had a rare and unfortunate accident of a sort that would never happen to him again.

It was more cruel of Matilda to prohibit Augustus from painting, because painting was the only thing Augustus believed he did at all well. He was a rather thoroughly discouraged and disillusioned man. At forty-five he was wearing a short little billy-goat beard because Matilda had so often said he must be careful not to get into temptation, since a man with such a weak chin was practically lost if he ever let himself be tempted. The beard hid the chin from others, but Augustus knew it was the same old chin. He knew, too, that he was a failure, and that but for Matilda there was no telling what might have become of him. Without Matilda, the gutter was the very highest he could have expected to have reached by this time, he was convinced. She practically told him so.

Perhaps it was because Augustus was a baby when Matilda was entering womanhood that he had come to look upon her wisdom with awe, and perhaps it was because Matilda had no husband or children that she ruled Augustus so sternly; but Emmy Tutz had something to do with this latter. As a school-teacher, Emmy Tutz had developed no little bossiness herself, and for almost twenty years Matilda had dreaded Emmy's possible acquisition of Augustus.

"Augustus is exactly the sort of dependent creature to fall in love with a pushing, masterful woman like Emmy Tutz," Matilda said to herself more than once. "I must do what I can to see that Augustus does not fall into her clutches."

In twenty years of seeing that Augustus did not fall into Emmy Tutz's clutches, poor Augustus had to be taught that when Matilda snapped her fingers he must sit up and beg. For more than twenty years he went back and forth to his work in the city—he was an assistant bookkeeper—and never so much as thought of calling his soul his own. Matilda, large and full-breasted and high-headed, a queenly woman, told Augustus when he needed a new suit and what color to get and how much to pay for it. She wore him down to dark green ties and plain black socks. She told him what his religion could be, and which was the proper political party; and when she said, "Augustus, I think your hair needs cutting," he went and had it cut.

In his early days he had thought of Emmy Tutz a great deal. He had liked her looks. For one thing, Emmy Tutz was one of the few women not taller than Augustus, and in her early days she had often seemed to listen to things Augustus said without showing impatience, and, indeed, with interest. Of late years Emmy had grown much stouter, so that she was almost as wide as she was tall; but she could still give Augustus a sort of dull, hopeless feeling, and Matilda knew it. With other men and women Augustus was now merely meek and subdued; but when he had been seeing Emmy he came home depressed and sad, and Matilda was wise enough to know that this meant something. She feared it meant that, if he dared, Augustus would like to change masters, and she knew that with Emmy it was getting to be now or never. She was afraid of Emmy. She had a rather correct idea that Emmy, if she had half a chance, might steal Augustus.

For years one of Matilda's most important activities had been to slide between Augustus and Emmy on every occasion, to inculcate in Augustus the idea that he was not in any way fitted to be a husband, and to do this by keeping him thinking he was not much good for anything at all. She had succeeded admirably, and now she saw through Emmy's knit sweater as easily as through a pane of clear glass. In a thousand years Emmy Tutz would never knit a sweater, and Matilda knew it. The expressed desire to know how to widen the underarm of a sweater was a mere excuse to come to the house and have Augustus see the neat Tutz ankles in gray silk stockings.

"I think, Augustus," Miss Matilda said, "a half gallon of paint will be enough to get at first. If you happen to step in the can and upset it ——"

"Yes, Matilda," Augustus said meekly, for the last can he had stepped in had been a full gallon.

"You'll have plenty of time to get more," she said.

This meant that, as Augustus was beginning his fortnight of vacation that evening, he would have abundant time to buy paint.

"And I think you had better get a new paintbrush. I think you can get one that will do well enough for seventy-five cents. I don't think it will be necessary to pay more. Seventy-five cents, to my mind, is enough to pay for a paintbrush. And get one about three inches wide, Augustus. If the first shop does not have a paintbrush three inches wide for seventy-five cents, don't let them talk you into buying one for more. They'll try to. I'm telling you this for your own good."

"Yes, Matilda," said Mr. Uffing.

"And I want you to get French-green color. French green is the color the fence was, and I liked it. Don't get any other color. If the first shop don't have French green, don't let them persuade you to take anything else. Remember that, will you, Augustus?"

"Yes; French green. I'll remember that, Matilda."

"And while you are in the village you can get me a copy of Favorite Styles. It will be sixty cents. And don't get Cream of the Modes instead. That's seventy-five cents, and I don't like it half as well. They'll try to sell it to you instead, because they make more profit on it; but don't take it. I want Favorite Styles. Can you remember that, Augustus?"

"Yes; Favorite Styles, sixty cents," said Augustus.

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MURDERS AND CALORIES

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

THE accused had listened with patience to the long wrangling speeches of the prosecution and the defense. He now rose to his feet, and in a meek voice asked the judge for permission to say a few words himself. "Not in denial," he explained, "not in disculpation or even excuse, but simply for the sake of clear understanding. I owe it to you, your honor, my judge, to my faithful attorney sitting here by my side, to the learned gentleman for the People who so eloquently has clamored for my neck, to the gentlemen of the jury who so soon are to dispose of the neck, to the sympathetic audience crowding the court room and following with such intelligence the debate over said disposal of said neck—I say I owe it to all here and to the world at large to make it very clear just by what chain of psychological processes I should have come to the—er—regrettable gesture which has brought me here, in the bosom of this distinguished company."

No one, not even the attorney for the People, having offered objection—probably because this case was one so palpably hopeless that no word could possibly do anything but make it worse—the accused went on, standing simply before the judge, his hands crossed over his middle, his speech gradually gaining in directness as he traveled away from the contagion of the swollen verbiage which for days had swirled in torrents about his weakening brain.

"Looking back, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury—looking back as a wearied and rather astonished traveler looks back at the road he has traveled, I see all too clearly that at the beginning of it all, at the foot of the way winding up to the final catastrophe, lies the fact that I am one of those singular animals and unfortunate creatures commonly known as an idealist.

"I am, your honor, one of those queer—er—birds. I am one of those ever uncomfortable creatures who sees that which is round only to wish it square, who never perceives that which is square without wishing it might be round, and who, coming into contact with anything both round and square, is immediately taken with a violent and nostalgic yearning for the austere and cool purity of the simple straight line.

"There are, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury—on this earth two kinds: Those who take the said earth as it is, and proceed to enjoy it as it is, carving out for themselves huge roasts, pouring into themselves ale by the vat, and laughing enormously at small bad jokes; and those who cannot accept the earth as it is, and who, possessed of some cruel and restless imp, live in continuous torture of what is, tormented with an itch for vast and impossible corrections. I am, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury—of the latter."

He paused, unable to conceal a pardonable pride in the success of this peroration.

"Your honor, I should like to describe by an example the strength in me of this deplorable trait. It is this: Even in the moments of my first love for the gentle being who was to become later Exhibit Number One, even in that period of supreme exaltation when a man's most glaring faults are apt to be in abeyance, or at least considerably concealed, even then an unconscious gesture of mine would reveal the fact that in the paragon who so raised my being and my soul, I was already discovering something I wished otherwise.

"The gesture, your honor, was this. We were, I must explain, terribly in love. We were young, and it was spring. It was my first big love—it has remained, in fact, the only one—and it was also, so I was being assured, the first big love of Exhibit Number One ——"

"But," said the judge, interrupting, "let us be clear. I assume that by this phrase, Exhibit Number One—and this is a grossly inaccurate use of it—you refer to your first victim, your wife."

"I had hoped," said the accused, squirming a little before this brutal frankness, "to be allowed the use of this euphemism."

"And for your second victim, your sister-in-law, what turn of phrase?" the judge curiously asked.

"I should like to use the term Exhibit Number Two," said the accused modestly.

The judge considered a moment, then acted with magnanimity and understanding. "Far be it from me," he said, "to violate your sense—natural, after all—of delicacy, or to add to your other troubles too close an insistence upon a precise legal phraseology. It is understood, then. When you say Exhibit Number One you mean your wife and first alleged victim; when you speak of Exhibit Number Two you are referring to your sister-in-law and alleged second victim."

"I thank you," said the accused, and resumed his discourse. "I was speaking," he said, "of a gesture of mine which even in the ecstatic moments of my first love for Exhibit Number One showed how deeply rooted was in me this fault of which I accuse myself, this vice of idealism.

"We were, as I have said, terribly in love. It was spring, and in the fashion of lovers we were wont to take our love out among the lanes, the brooks, the hills, the woods, the flowers and the birds; and, also as is the fashion of lovers, apt to linger in nooks snugly, retired, and lone. During these—er—stationings I came to note a peculiar habit into which I had fallen. As I caressed the girl I loved, your honor, my hand, passing slowly through the lovely and perfumed tresses of her beautiful hair, or, with light finger tips tracing the delicious modeling of her half-closed eyes, every now and then took a small leap downward and, alighting on her little nose, gave it a tender but very firm tweak from the right to the left.

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"We Were Young, and It Was Spring. It Was My First Big Love"

TREBIZOND

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"Safety Blades," She Murmured Meaningly. "Ten to the Package"

THERE are times when the rich feel poorer than any poor man ever felt. The day laborer out of a job, becoming aware of hunger gnawing at his vitals, draws his belt up a hole or two and belches as if he had had a meal. He suffers, of course, but only from the neck down. Now the rich man in like case suffers from the neck up. A band of worry clamps itself around his cranium and fate tightens it with a thumbscrew. Here is suffering of altogether another sort, and it raises particular jinks with the entire cosmography of human affairs. Trouble that begins and ends in the stomach is almost invariably individualistic; trouble that begins at the top knows no end because it plays no favorites; it withholds everybody's happiness at the source.

Such were the thoughts that darkened Mr. Trumper Bromleigh's brow as he declared to his small but select clerical force that it could take a week's holiday at home instead of in the office. Things were bad in the Street and worse for Trumper in his capacity as decapitator of two-point profits. As far as the mind's eye could reach, there were neither modest profits nor spectacular losses; there was just stagnation, rapidly growing a green scum. The most extraordinary development in the history of the Stock Exchange had come from nobody knew where and had been growing fungi on the field of battle for weeks before anyone recognized it as identical with the pestilence which had struck Manhattan north of Forty-two—namely, the shoppers' strike.

Trumper was a very wealthy man, he knew he was rich, but for some days a feeling of destitution and impending disaster had been growing apace and was rapidly approaching that point where the despised nickel takes on the proportions of a double eagle. Many a man comes to the crossroads where he says "I must economize"; but true, Simon-pure worry begins when he asks himself "How economize on nothing?"

When the gloom first began to settle on Wall Street Trumper was the blithest of its denizens and smilingly settled back to reap the reward of his conservative career. His checking account happened to be unusually plethoric; he was neither short nor long on any important item; the bonds he held, though not in the cowardly class of tax-immune fours, were at least in solid issues which might sink but would surely come back. What was more, he did not hold them on margin; he owned them. He was in excellent shape to close up shop and make several hundred thousand dollars by simply stepping on a boat and sailing for the Karakash. That he did not do so was due entirely to the fact that the writing on the wall was in such exceptionally large letters that he could not read the words.

The first thing that happened to disturb his winning smile was a touch for cash by three men, one after the other, none of whom had he ever before known to borrow. His code in such matters was a simple one; it was his principle never to refuse a first request. This system involved occasional losses, which his mental index promptly transformed into sources of lasting profit; according to fulfillment or betrayal, the borrower became a footrule wherewith to measure every interest with which he was connected. After these casual applicants entered Hilary Pell with good but unmarketable collateral and a pressing need for a round hundred thousand. Then came an interlude of lesser accommodations, followed by Magyar Williams.

"Trumper," said Magyar, "you're a director on the board of Equi-International Trust Company."

"Really?" said Trumper without immediate interest. "I'd forgotten it."

"By inheritance," pursued Magyar. "You've never drawn down a fee for a board-meeting attendance; but you're going to. As far as I'm concerned, you're the key director, and your vote is going to decide whether I get two millions to tide me over."

"Two millions!" murmured Trumper; adding after a pause, "And if you don't get it, Magyar?"

Williams handed him a typewritten slip and explained that the concerns enumerated would go under with him. It was an argument that admitted of but one answer. Too many people in too many walks of life would be hurt by so general a catastrophe. Trumper had an ethical mind of the clearest water, honest and yet endowed with the cutting edge of a white diamond. He perceived that it was not merely a matter of saving his friend, Magyar Williams; and promptly though gravely he shouldered the responsibility.

"I will vote for the accommodation," he said curtly.

Magyar gave him a quizzical look, kept his hands in his pockets and otherwise refrained from vain protestations of gratitude.

"I hope we all keep our heads the way you keep yours—on top," he remarked as he arose to go. He paused and then continued. "Two millions seems a lot, Trumper, but a loan for well over ten times that amount changed hands this morning as between banks. If it hadn't, two interesting developments would have resulted. I wouldn't have dared come to you, and incidentally several banks would have pulled each other down inside twenty-four hours. It would have been the biggest dish of scrambled eggs since 1907."

"I get you, Magyar," replied Trumper, more thoughtful than ever, "and I trust you."

Immediately after this significant conference there ensued the period when friends saw each other by appointment only, with appointments increasingly difficult to arrange. Men who had money, or the reputation of commanding it, dodged those who were rich in securities yet desperate for ready cash; even the refuge of a club became insecure and the card table a trap instead of earnest of surcease. And now—today—Janet had telephoned gaspingly, "Trumper, Pennsy has cut its dividend!" A pause, and then: "Trumper, did you hear me?"

"Yes, Janet," replied Trumper. He knew what her gasp meant, and that it was justified; inwardly he gasped himself. However, he came to a decision. "Send me your tax returns and I'll see that you get a net income equal to last year's."

"No," said Janet after due reflection. "That wouldn't be fair: Fix it so that I get half, and I'll be eternally grateful."

Janet was a good sort, reflected Trumper as he strode up the Avenue. How, why, where and when had he lost her? That was a long question with so many ramifications that every time he tried to unravel its main thread he found himself hopelessly ensnarled. For all her aloofness, he knew positively that she was friendly toward him, and yet there remained the vague consciousness that separation had fallen between them with the soft finality of twilight long before the actual event of her leaving his spacious roof for a limited one of her own. Today, as on many previous occasions, he came frowningly to his usual conclusion: Women are queer.

His attention was diverted to evidences of the shoppers' strike. People did not stop to look in shop windows; they even kept to the middle of the pavement as if to avoid temptation. Consequently one could look up an alley along the façades, note its extraordinary emptiness, and count on the fingers of one hand the prospective purchasers, for a block or two ahead, who ventured to cross it. It had become vulgar to wear anything new; "last year" was written on every hat, every overcoat, every muffler, and in the creases of almost every boot. Nevertheless, when Trumper came to his jeweler's he turned in under the impulse which had led him to think of Janet as a good sort. He did not give himself credit for the subconscious delicacy which urged him to send her a present so she might not suspect that he himself was absurdly strapped; but the unspoken thought was there.

To his surprise the tiers upon tiers of cases of gems were not deserted. Under no conditions had he ever seen them crowded, but it seemed that this place was normal in a time of abnormality, clinging unexpectedly to its average quota of shoppers who meant business. The impression was strong enough to make him pause at the repair counter and ask to have his watch adjusted.

"How is it," he asked casually, "that the current hard times appear to have passed you by?"

The adjuster screwed his magnifying glass into his eye and prepared to correct an error of thirty seconds in Trumper's timepiece.

"Well, sir," he murmured, "it's this way. We don't have hard times—not noticeably. They were eliminated for us at the beginning of things when 'male and female created He them.'"

Suddenly the sweet impulse to buy Janet a present turned sour. Trumper took his watch, thrust it into his pocket without the usual instinctive comparison with the chronometer on the counter, and left the shop. He wondered what had happened to him, and presently found that his distaste for the jeweler's had expanded into distaste for the Avenue in general. He deflected to the right at Forty-third and again at Forty-fifth Street, annoyed by the clanging of the surface cars. As he was about to pass Paho's the door opened and he heard the auctioneer's voice, inexplicably irascible and imbued with a sort of furious haste.

Trumper's curiosity was aroused. He entered and found that a huge forced sale of rugs and carpets was under way. The group of bidders was small, and professional in an

unusual proportion for those famous rooms. The crawling, sluglike buyers belonged for the most part to that division which comprises the harpies of commerce—people who manage their lives so as to have cash in hand when even credit has deserted their betters; who buy only when the clinging nails of unfortunate possessors have been worn to the bleeding quick. Fabrics which only a few months before would have started off with a round thousand offered as a matter of course were being knocked down at between one and two hundred dollars.

Instantly Trumper realized what had happened to the auctioneer. Faced with an inexorable command to sell without reserve to the highest bidder, he was weeping inside and his unseen tears were creeping into his voice. What made him irascible was despair, and what made his words and hammer fall with Gatling-gun rapidity was shrewd knowledge of what he was up against. Since slaughter was to be the order of the day, then let his motto be, "Get it over." The difference between his suffering and Trumper's was that Trumper was not obliged to go through with the agony. As he backed toward the door he had a feeling of release, of awakening from a nightmare, and of hearing a small voice say, "You poor fool, you don't have to fall up to the top of the Woolworth Building if you don't want to." He turned on his heel, but as he did so a new method and tone swelled through the auctioneer's vociferation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is not just Lot No. 278. We have here a bloom from a growth that predates Christianity; an example come to the auction block of a handicraft born before history and which lives on, owing nothing to modern science or invention. Something, gentlemen, which has been in contact with generations upon generations of soiled people, and still remains pure. Don't think of it merely as a museum piece. Think of it as eternal beauty, snared long ago by patient hands, and threatened today with the fate of a streetwalker."

"Five hundred!" shouted Trumper.

There was a startled silence; then a faint sneer began to curve a full lip here and there. The auctioneer tapped his hammer, laid it down, drew out a large handkerchief and proceeded to mop his sweating brow.

"Sold," he said placidly; then his eye brightened as he continued conversationally, "Mr. Bromleigh, you have done us both a favor. I give you my personal guaranty that you will be offered two thousand for your purchase before another year is out, and that you will not be interested." He turned to the attendants and barked, "Bring on the next lot."

A clerk approached Trumper. "Shall I arrange to have the rug sent to your house, Mr. Bromleigh?"

"No; not to the house," he answered. "To the studio. But wait a minute. I wish you would have it taken to one of the side rooms first. I—well—I want to look at it."

Five minutes later Trumper was alone with his purchase, which had been cast over a group of chairs, obscuring them under its negligent folds. Within the room there was stillness, faintly accented by the staccato voice of the distant auctioneer. Outside, just beyond the huge expanse of the plate-glass window, a gusty winter wind had arisen and was chasing rubbish up and down the street. Trumper straddled a chair, folded his arms on its back and stared at the rug.

It was at one and the same time the most quiescent and potent object he had ever beheld. The longer he looked, the more did he wish to look: the deeper his gaze, the more profound the invitation to those powers of sight which reside behind the physical eye. There was no violence of color or of contrast, only the soft perpetuation of a vision, dreamed long ago and far away—an element elusive and yet permanent which had lent winged words to the mouth of a mere auctioneer. How had he put it? Eternal beauty ensnared and threatened with the fate of a streetwalker.

A faint smile began to curve Trumper's lips even while his gaze remained fixed and dilated. It was the smile that comes only to those spirits who are capable of odd conceits and saving flights of fancy. It had occurred to him that he had chanced upon the golden key to all the tales which have made of the magic carpet a universal legend. He was not absorbing, he was being absorbed; and if only he could let himself go, who or what could set the limits to bodily translation? How far might he not travel into the living stillness of the past?

Then there came a no less inspiring but a soberer thought. In this rug he had a tangible demonstration of the thing he had sought to perform all his life and had never fully attained. Here was the definition—the very germ—of artistic creation; that which is built immortally by mortal and unknowing hands.

He gave himself up unconsciously to a long journey. He saw a blistered hillside; against it, the sunbaked wall of a flat-roofed hut; and against the wall, beneath a crude scaffold, a primeval loom. Below, a rough roller; above it a dull cotton warp, golden brown by reason of the dazzling glare, and suggesting a foundation as basic as earth itself. High up, the balls of yarn, a rare gaudy blob here and there, but most of them soft as the blooms in a rose garden. Most fascinating of all to his gaze, however, were the thin-fingered hands that plied against the cumbersome skeleton.

He saw no bodies, only hands. By a magical foreshortening of æons he saw them creep from youth to old age in the twinkling of an eye; one moment smooth with the oil of youth, the next wrinkled and dry in old age—changing hands, but always the same rug, making light of a lifetime though itself not yet completely born. With the passing of a decade, the weft shot from left to right; another ten years of brown-fingered painting of still music on a harp, and back went the weft, locking beauty in its cage. And always, beneath the level of the hands, a glimpse of grandeur, perennially hiding behind the rough roller, plunging into the short night of a generation or two like a chaste nun preparing for emergence into the joy of an eternal morning.

In the end, what? This rug, this pale enduring fabric, with its strange power of remaining unsullied, of smiling across the centuries. Pressed by lips, knees and feet long since decayed; familiar of shrine and prayer, of castle and orgy; background and woof for the changing web of soiled humanity, victim of the mart, bought and sold, sold and bought—and yet retaining within itself that indestructible essence of purity which dwells forever within the trampled soul of beauty. No; not a rug—a diaphanous vision woven into the sombrous back drop of the ages in order that he, Trumper Bromleigh, might learn that creation may arise from the unknowing hand.

He got up, sighed, buttoned his overcoat, and walked out in a daze through the still clamorous auction room. As he stepped into Forty-fifth Street an insolent gust of wind snatched his hat and sent it careening along an easterly course past the rear of the Grand Central Station. Instantly things began to happen with a simultaneousness which defies the written word.

First let us take up Trumper's sensations. That he was annoyed goes without saying. A man who has the wrinkles boned out of his shoes as a part of the rhythm of daily life, who is the accepted arbiter within a charmed circle for the correct length of an overcoat or the set of a batwing tie, does not like to chase his hat along a crowded thoroughfare. Consequently he stood still for a moment of indecision, and in that second of hesitation his brain miraculously had ample time to review the pivotal event of his last adventure, when the wind of a September morning had snatched and a tramcar had devoured a hat belonging to a then insignificant person named Sadie O'Neill, since featured in blazing electrics as The Screaming Woman.

He felt a redoubled annoyance at the turning of the tables of fate, but recollected that he was not, after all, on the Avenue, and forthwith set out after his fugitive headgear. Had he not once been picked as the fastest end on the All-American? Had he not been famed from ocean to ocean for his phenomenal dexterity in falling on the ball? Yes; but alas! years ago.

As he started, running fast as it were by reminiscence, several other things happened. A boy across the street, struggling against the wind with a balanced tower of cardboard boxes, shouted "Take a taxi, mister!" and another leaned far out from a passing truck to add his ribald advice. "Naw! Get a paper bag and take the Subway to Fifty-sixt'. Hurry now. You ain't runnin'!"

Instantly Trumper had reason to believe that the boy was right. A girl with skirts held well above her twinkling knees shot past him as if he were standing still.

The sardonic cop guarding the traffic as it came rushing down the spillway around the station tried to stop her and failed. Trumper, alarmed and entranced, came to a full stop, stared, opened his mouth to shout, then closed it, realizing that no yell of his could catch up with current events. The policeman blew a panicky blast on his whistle, wheels slid and spun, brakes screeched and drivers swore while through the thick of the commotion flashed slim amber legs and a high bright head. She caught up with the hat, scooped it into her arms without changing her stride, and shot to safety on the

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The Girl Sank Into Her Throne, Threw Her Arms Out Upon the Littered Table and Let Her Head Fall Upon Them

LET'S GO TO A CABARET

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY EDNA DITZLER

AT NIGHT, the sky above that dazzling, glittering amusement belt reflects a lurid glow; and sober suburbanites across the river, entertaining guests out on the porch with after-dinner coffee, point to it, not without pride, and remark, "See that light? That's the Great White Way." The police call it Jazzmania, Souseland, the Suckers' Paradise. Old-fashioned preachers—and there are a few of them left—call it Babylon, the harlot with garlands in her hair, sitting enthroned in sin. Poets call it Bagdad on the Subway, the Street of a Million Lights, the Mecca of Lonely Souls, the Port of Missing Girls.

Loosely speaking, it is the theatrical district, the cabaret and dance-club district, the congested center of night life, with its sinister fringe of vice and crime, in the great foreign city of New York. This particular police district, with a cosmopolitan population of seven hundred and fifty thousand, contains one hundred and four theaters, seventy-nine hotels, innumerable cabarets, restaurants and night clubs, boasts two hundred miles of streets, and is described by the guardians of the law as the busiest spot in the world

Night Club Life

ON BROADWAY, the big alimentary canal, so to speak, which feeds this whole region, vivid garish lights begin to bloom forth close on the heels of sundown. Ten thousand electrical advertising signs, using a million incandescent lamps in screaming reds and greens, dazzle and stun the eye; names of famous or near-famous theatrical stars flower brilliantly in framed bulbs; and above the tops of the buildings, pricked out in jeweled lights, grotesque landscapes, cows, kittens, and stagy old gents smoking cigarettes, hands suspended in midair, like tawdry chromos, invisibly thumb-tacked against the soft velvet backdrop of night. Here, in low-ceiled stifling basements, in lofts, in former stables, ex-gambling dens and sumptuous damask-draped dance ateliers, bootlegging kings, gamblers, the nouveau riche, the restless, the lonely, the neurotic, rub shoulders with members of the sporting and criminal fraternity and joggle one another in the dance.

"High or Low, Rich or Poor, Well Dressed or Shabby, They Come to These Places and are Trimmed"

Into the restricted area of this white-light amusement belt rushes nightly a vast turbulent tide of seething humanity; they come by train, by luxurious limousine, by taxi, street car or on foot; rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief, harlot, bootlegger, fragile little night moth flying into the flame, together with the regular night follower, steeped in debauchery and crime. There is, of course, the normal, ordinary evening surge into the theaters; but the real night life of the dance clubs and cabarets does not begin until after the theaters are closed. Most of the cabarets put on what they call a midnight show, which actually makes its appearance close to one o'clock. After which the real hot time begins, mounts steadily and continues until four or five o'clock, when the last prowling nighthawk taxi driver has sought his downy, and the stars far above that hectic glow pale out and dawn touches with exquisite rosy fingers the horizon of a new day.

In most of these cabarets and night clubs of high or low degree there has existed a flagrant evasion of the Federal prohibition laws. Flasks are more often out of hip pockets than in. Bus boys scurry to and fro with trays of slopping beverages which leave an unmistakable alcoholic taint on the air. Head waiters flourish wine lists and ask you what you will have with smiling assurance and aplomb. The dancing, as the hours wane, becomes vulgar and sensual, the tips more generous; the negro jazz band blares more stridently; the laughter of restless, neurotic women and young girls intent on seeing "life" sounds hysterical and high-pitched; men's eyes look glazed; they reel slightly as, at the close of the dance in the stifling, surcharged atmosphere, they sink heavily into their chairs at the ringside tables; lecherous old satyrs and scalp hunters gaze avidly at girls' white shoulders or bend forward eagerly to view the opulent charms of a Hawaiian hula dancer—a mulatto girl from up Harlem way. The scene, with its cheap, sensational decorations, the crashing band, the vulgar dancing, the stifling air compounded of alcoholic emanations, cheap perfumes and stale tobacco smoke and the thinly veiled sensuality which underlies it all, grips one by the throat.

In this district the police inspectors have an arduous time; they are under constant fire, charged with lax enforcement of the Volstead Act. But the salient fact is that the sentiment of New York City is overwhelmingly wet; public opinion is against prohibition. Even when the police make arrests, judges and juries will often not convict—on the plea of insufficient evidence. One inspector of this district testified at his trial that the Federal authorities had granted only nine injunctions when he called for four hundred and twenty-five, intending to close up all the prominent cabarets. More recently a number of these cabarets were padlocked by the Federal authorities—but others continue undisturbed. The proprietors of these establishments have scouts who get tipped off in advance of an impending raid. Thus, before the raiders break in, all the liquor is taken from the ice box, transported to another cabaret, perhaps in the same building, under the same management, but for which no search warrant has been issued; and after the departure of the police it is transported back again. The whole problem of liquor and law evasion has been deeply involved, with the municipal and the Federal authorities at loggerheads, each blaming the other side; but the stubborn fact remains that public opinion sustains the violators, and liquor—or what passes for it—has flowed freely in many of the cabarets, though in some cases the establishments maintain what is known as a dead line to divide the patrons considered to be safe from those to whom no drinks are to be sold. And so long as the city remains wet in sentiment, many evasions are bound to continue, for cabaret proprietors are not in business for their health, and the huge profits accrue chiefly from the sale of wet goods and the loose, high and wide spending which ensues.

The Sucker's Mecca

"BUT who sustains these cabarets and dance clubs?" I inquired down at police headquarters

"Of course, there is the normal, respectable city dweller who drops in casually once in a while out of sheer curiosity, just to see with his own eyes what those places are like; and there is the out-of-town stranger, here on a short trip, who starts forth on a little sight-seeing rainbow trip in order to tell the folks back home all about this far-famed thing called New York night life. But these casuals cannot constitute the big nucleus of steady patrons necessary to make these cabarets profitable. Who are the regular habitués? Who are these opulent night birds who make it worth while for the proprietors to keep their places open until dawn? Who are these heavy spenders? When do they get up in the morning—and what do they do after they get up?"

"I can answer you in one word," replied the official. "They are suckers—suckers all. High or low, rich or poor, well dressed or shabby, they are suckers; they come to these places and are trimmed. They are trimmed to the limit by the proprietors, who charge them fabulous prices for their food and poor liquor; they are trimmed by the waiters, the wise guys, ex-bartenders over in the Tenderloin, who bleed them for enormous tips; and finally they are trimmed by the bootleggers and criminals who hang around such centers in order to spot their victims, whom they then close in upon at some other time and place.

"Let us take a look at this picture of night life from the police point of view. New York in many ways is unique; it is essentially a foreign city—the Mecca of crooks from all over the world. We have a great population of aliens who do not know our laws; the congested city life breeds crime among the young. They see on all sides wealth and they crave it for themselves. A certain percentage of these criminals is mixed in with every metropolitan crowd.

"Then there are our transients. A million transients come into New York each day. Think of an army a million strong converging on the city from all sides, flowing through its gates every day! Half that army is composed

There Has Existed a Flagrant Evasion of the Federal Prohibition Laws

of workers who live outside and commute in to their work. This class rarely frequents the cabarets, for it is composed of busy citizens who arrive in the morning and rush for their trains at night. The other half of that million are out-of-town strangers who come for a brief sojourn—business men, buyers or birds of passage on their way abroad. These people don't know many people and they want to see the sights. They take in the cabarets because they're idle after business hours and have plenty of time to kill. But as a rule these are not the crazy spenders; they may pretend to be gay, lavish devils and hot-blooded boys; but deep down, under the pretense, with few exceptions, they watch out for their cash; they don't dive in blindly over their heads, and to peel off a ten-spot for a casual tip would never enter their maddest dreams. So the cabarets don't grow rich on them. That's one class.

"The second class which frequents the cabarets are the sports. This gentry is composed of gamblers, bootleggers, hangers-on at fights, bookmakers and followers of night life generally. These are heavy spenders; these are the boys who tip. These fellows are all vain, and to be considered a free spender feeds their vanity. That's the sporting class. Heavy drinkers, loose spenders, the proprietors and waiters dote on them."

The Criminal Fringe

"WE COME now to the third group which make these centers their hang-outs. This is the whole big fringe of the vicious and criminal, who prey upon the foolish ones, who horn in wherever crowds congregate, wherever money is being spent, wherever they can get into contact with rich men or well-dressed women wearing expensive jewels and furs. They follow the trail of these suckers as bees follow the trail of honey down the wind. And these criminals are willing to spend in order to get into touch with their prey. They may be bootleggers from our foreign colonies; they may be overseas crooks; they may be our own native blacklegs. They stick around the cabarets and night clubs, and some night one of that sinister fraternity notes a silly girl swathed in expensive furs and decked with precious gems, drinking and making a fool of herself in company with some banker or well-known man about town; and the crook marks down that group for his prey.

"There's a fourth group which frequents these night joints of high and low degree. These are the people who must be amused, who have no resources in themselves, who hate books, music, a good play, or a quiet evening with friends; they are neurotic, feverish, restless, unbalanced, shallow, always on the go—the type that originated the phrase, Where do we go from here? They must have excitement, noise, speed, change, something to stimulate their frazzled nerves. Members of this class—and they are our own city dwellers as a rule—form the big central nucleus of the patrons who sustain these night resorts. Sometimes they are sumptuously gowned; sometimes all they have is right on their backs; but, rich or poor, the type is the same. It is the abnormal, feverish, neurasthenic type. The solid, sensible, well-to-do class—what we call the best people—don't frequent these places. Oh, they may look in on them once in a while; but the cheapness, the flagrant vulgarity and sheer emptiness would bore to death the normal person of average intelligence, good breeding and good taste.

"Now in addition to the groups I have named, the footloose transient with time to kill, the sport, the bootlegger, the gambler, the out-and-out crook, the neurotic and restless who swarm about these bright lights, there is also another class—a piteous class perhaps—which is fatally attracted to these places and invests the cheap claptrap with the roseate aura of romance. These are the young of both sexes. Young women of plain and decent parentage come to New York and fondly believe they are seeing life in these joints. They've heard of Greenwich Village, emancipation and a lot of similar bunk, and they desire to taste these things firsthand.

"Well, that's human and natural and not much harm is done if their bump of romance is offset by another bump of plain common sense. But very often it's not. Let us say a girl decides to taste this mode of life; she begins to frequent the cabarets, to dance and smoke and drink. Then one of two things occurs. The first taste, with decent respectable background, makes her mighty sick and she speedily abandons her career of joy, a sadder and wiser girl; or else she discovers in herself an appetite for that kind of life and she keeps on.

"The girls who keep on are those without headpieces; they are almost without exception vain, lovers of fine clothes, of ease, of excitement, of drink—girls with feeble moral stamina, without perseverance, who hate to plug along on a daily humdrum job. They're the type who would naturally slide downhill anywhere, in any environment. They choose the line of least resistance every time.

"Well, a girl starts in this night life and she makes friends in that circle. She doesn't make friends of honest, hard-working girls and young men with responsibilities, who have to earn their cash before they can sling it around. No, she doesn't make friends like that. Her companions belong in the same vicious circle as herself. She has nobody to whom she can turn for advice—and it must be said that usually the last thing such a girl desires is good, honest, friendly advice.

"In the course of time this girl, if she is pretty and young, achieves a protector—some rich man. He, too, is a sucker. But that rich man is not there all the time, and when he is absent time hangs heavy on her hands. She goes out at night with friends of her circle; that circle widens; her protector knows nothing of this widening circle of hers; she keeps it carefully sub rosa. Sooner or later she meets a new 'friend,' who casts a cool appraising eye over her jewels, her furs and fine clothes, her limousine and gold-mesh purse full of bills. He decides he'll trim her. If he can trim her protector at the same time, well and good. He works out a scheme to kill two birds with the same stone. He stalks that girl as a tiger stalks his quarry in the jungle, and when he is ready he springs. The end of such girls is sure."

They All Have the Same Disease

"FUNDAMENTALLY, these women night moths around the bright lights belong in the same category with the men crooks, the bootleggers, gamblers and thieves. They all have the selfsame disease—they won't work. They must have money, for almost without exception such men and women are vain; they love fine clothes, jewelry, loose spending and stuffing themselves with rich food. But they won't work for their money; they prefer to take it from the people who toil, and so they start in to trim honest folk, for whom they entertain a vast contempt. Often they work harder to trim others than they would have to at an honest job. But the point is, they don't want to work honestly; they'd be ashamed to do that; but they are not ashamed to live on others' earnings. At bottom, they are trying to get something for nothing; they think they can, and they think they can get away with it. Such men and women collect around the night resorts like a swarm of insects around an arc light.

"Let me show you our crime clock, for that bears indirectly upon this subject. We've worked out, by actual statistics, in just what hours of the twenty-four are committed the greatest number of major crimes—not accidents or misdemeanors, but major crimes. Most people still believe that deeds of darkness are perpetrated in the dead of night, in silence and solitude. Hence, upon retiring, they lock and double lock their doors. They are fearful in the dark and in the wee small hours. But that is the very time when, by actual statistics, they are most safe! The really dangerous hours when they might be justified in cowering are those spent out among their fellows in the busy traffic throngs. And why? Because at such times the criminal can strike his victim and make a clean getaway, lose himself in the crowd. Now look at this crime clock."

He produced a chart showing two clock dials, one A.M. and one P.M., each containing figures and crime lines.

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"They Take In the Cabarets Because They're Idle After Business Hours and Have Plenty of Time to Kill"

WESLEY SEES THE WORLD

By Anne Cameron

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

A DRIPPING fog, thick with gloom, hung over the auto camp. Thelma Lutz, who had spent an uncomfortable night owing to a misguided effort on the part of her father to make a bed out of cypress bougha, rose plaintively. She put on her clammy garments with a shiver, discarding the velvet smock which she had worn so effectively last night for one of her sister Aggie's flannel shirts.

"What's the use of dressing up around this dump?" she gloomed. "Not a man in sight that hasn't got at least six kids and a fat wife. Aggie grabbed off the only good-looking guy I've seen in camp from Iowa to Oregon."

She knelt before a scummy mirror which was pinned to the low wall of the tent with a large safety pin, and combed her curly hair with petulant jerks. For the first time in her life she found no pleasure in her own reflection, but stuck out her tongue at it spitefully, from sheer angry boredom with her lot as a motor camper.

Without, she found the rest of the Lutz family huddled around the iron camp stove. Mrs. Lutz reclined on the rear cushion of the car, her long rakish lines somewhat blurred by a red sweater and a bath robe. She shifted a hot-water bottle every minute or two from her ear to her chest or her liver or her feet in an effort to localize her pessimism.

"Any breakfast left, Ag?" Thelma asked.

Her sister looked up from the table where she had spread the diversified contents of the food box, which she was inspecting closely.

"I don't know. I've got my hands full. Ants everywhere!"

"Serves us right for staying so long in this old camp."

"Why, I think it's real nice when the sun's out," asserted Mrs. Lutz. "I'm sure this selpher water is doing me good too."

"And we certainly have met some nice folks here," said Mr. Lutz as he looked up from the pine block out of which he hoped to whittle a chain if he stayed here another week. "Take those Adamses from Peoria." He smiled over a pleasing memory. "How a man could grow to be his age and be so plumb ign'rant of poker is more than I can understand. And take that family over there, alongside the ——"

"Yes, take them. Take that crowd that moved in at three o'clock this morning with the goat on the running board too. Go ahead and take them all. I don't want them. No one will stop you if you take them far enough away," snapped Thelma over the cold fried potatoes. "And I'm not going to wash this frying pan."

"Why, dearie, you're not well! You're never cross. Take a swallow of that Nerveall in the yellow bottle."

"I'm all right, ma. I'm just sick and tired of these camps. I thought when we drove to California we'd meet a lot of swell people on the road. What fun is it for a girl, I'd like to know, when the men around a camp look like those?" She pointed to a group of camp fathers engaged in pitching horseshoes. "Look! Overalls, shirt sleeves, suspenders and ragged sweaters! Lot of old scarecrows!"

"They're plenty good enough for me," defended Mr. Lutz.

"You're not a girl and you're not twenty. Gee, I wish we'd hurry up and get to Hollywood!"

"You can't expect them to wear their best suits settin' round camp."

"Best suits! They never had any!"

She picked up a copy of Movie Land and a box of candy and climbed into the car.

"Fine chance for a girl! I'm so sick of dancing with other girls that I could die."

Late that afternoon Mr. Lutz sat with his tattered congenials at the camp gate playing poker on the automobile licenses of arriving cars when a glistening flivver coupé drove in, so new that it was scarcely dry behind the ears. It had yellow silk curtains with ball fringe that bobbed smartly, and it carried no visible impedimenta. From it emerged a youth of twenty-one who stood out among the camp loungers like a lily in a turnip patch, so closely had he followed the outing suggestions of What the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing: Swagger Knickers of English Cut, Hand-Knit Sweater Smartly Checked, Tweed Cap, Cut Very Full, Soft Wool Golf Stockings in a Daring Plaid. Now it may reasonably be presumed that the well-dressed man of that justly celebrated column has never been a motor camper, and instantly the stranger was surrounded by an awe-struck throng bursting to know who this bird was and where he came from.

Mr. Lutz, remembering the grievances of his daughter, and also remembering that Mr. Martin, of Butte, had a daughter, too, acted as host.

"See you're from Salem, Oregon. That's a real nice town."

"You bet it is."

"My name is Lutz. I'm from Myrtle Creek, Ioway. Meet Mr. Woods from Boise, and Mr. Riley from Terry Hut, Indiana, and Mr. Schneider from Pennsylvany. That little man with the goatee is Ed Grigsby from Bangor, Maine. What did you say your name was?"

"Ham—Wesley Ham."

"Boys, meet Mr. Ham."

Wesley smiled on all of them and shook hands with great vigor. Then he registered and the entire deputation went with him to select his camp site.

Thelma Lutz saw the procession. She dropped her magazine. Her round cheek dimpled as she took in every clamorous detail of his costume, his blond, regular features, his broad shoulders that swaggered ever so slightly.

"I'll bet he's in the movies!" she breathed. "I hope that girl from Butte hasn't seen him yet. Look at pa, leading him way over to the other side of the camp. No, he's bringing him back on this side. Sometimes he isn't so dumb."

Having picked out a suitable site, the veteran auto campers stood by to be ready with advice. Wesley opened the back of the car and took out a new suit of jumpers and a very large chamois. Thelma sighed as the jumpers eclipsed his splendor.

"He sure was a rest to the eyes!"

The owners of the various battered automobiles that disfigured the adjacent shrubbery watched Wesley begin a vigorous manipulation of the chamois with puzzled expressions.

"You ain't going to wipe all the dust yet the car from, are you?" asked Mr. Schneider of Pennsylvany.

"Sure—before it sets."

Mr. Schneider spat to express the amazement he could not word.

"Look out!" snapped Wesley. "You almost spit on my fender then. Just hand me that can of polish, will you, please, mister? Thank you."

"I guess you ain't been on the road long, kid," suggested Mr. Riley from Terry Hut. "You'll get over them sanitary ideas. Ever traveled much?"

"Not by auto," said Wesley, a little breathless from his energetic polishing. "Traveled a good bit on the train though. Mostly north and south. You might say I hadn't traveled hardly any east or west."

"How far north you been? Alaska, I suppose."

"No: Portland."

"How far south?"

"Roseburg."

The circle burst into a roar. The boy rubbed on, red to the ears.

"Boy," said Mr. Grigsby of Bangor, with worthy pride, "just come over and have a look at my car. She's got the mud of twenty-three states dried on her. We've been collecting it since last April."

"Look at mine too," said Mr. Woods from Boise. "I've got the best collection of stickers on my windshield that I've ever saw in any camp. Forty-seven of them

Tex Sauntered Off With a Girl on Each Arm. Wesley Stared After Them, Dazed and Furious

this minute, and I picked every one of them right where they grew."

"I've only got one so far," said Wesley, "but it's a beauty. That bathing girl in the back window."

"Sure! We've all got one like that."

"Oh, come on back to the gate, boys. This tenderfoot will learn us bad habits. I hold a straight on that California car. That beats your pair, Ed."

The unshaven cosmopolites went back to their license-plate poker. Thelma sat in the Lutz car peeking out the rear window. Presently she saw the girl from Butte, her rival in half a dozen auto camps, saunter by the little shining coupé singing to her ukulele, adding new and undreamed-of dissonance to the Lonesome Blues.

Thelma called her younger sister in a low, penetrating tone.

"Mary Pickford! That kid never is around when you want her. Mary P.!"

"What do you want?"

"Go find papa and tell him to invite that new fellow over to supper right away. Hurry, before Ina Martin gets him."

The youngest Lutz found her father at the gate and interrupted him in the feat of trying to decipher a number on a car going by at forty miles an hour. He shook her off aggrievedly and tried to finish his reckoning on the tail.

"Oh, all right, all right! I'll come in a minute."

"Thelma said to go right now; and if he's coming, go downtown and buy some ice cream too."

"Auto camping is hard on us men, Lutz," Mr. Riley commiserated. "Seems like the women keep us running every minute. I just set my old girl down hard this morning. 'Look here, 's' I, 'the woodpile's right over there not more'n a hundred feet away, and it don't take no more stren'th for you to go over and get wood than it does to stand and beller for me.'"

"You've only got one woman to talk back to. I've got three, not counting this kid."

He gave the invitation somewhat grudgingly, but Wesley accepted it with alacrity. He sat very close to Thelma at the folding card table, which made a very good dining table when they remembered to set a box under the weak leg. She had put on the velvet smock for the occasion, and a plaid skirt and satin slippers, and Mrs. Lutz wore a very dressy boudoir cap. The impression of Thelma's dimples and the hot biscuits and omelet—served by the plainer Aggie from the smoky camp fire—combined in a delightful sense of warmth around his heart; or perhaps his stomach—what difference does an inch one way or the other make?

"How long since you left Hollywood?" asked Thelma tentatively.

"Which wood?"

"Hollywood."

"Oh, you mean that movie town down in California. I've never been there."

She pouted.

"I'm disappointed. I was sure I'd seen you in the movies sometime."

That didn't make Wesley's supper taste much worse!

"I've thought some of going into the movies," he said nonchalantly. "Still, I've got a good job now."

"In a bank?"

"No; soda counter. They say I make the classiest sundaes south of Portland. I invented a new one last week that I'd like to name after you, if you don't care."

"My middle name is Angela."

"Listen! Angela's Smile. Three kinds of ice cream, with honey poured over them, sprinkled with coconut with two gumdrops on the side. It's a knock-out!"

"Sounds lovely." Her notion of his distinction was dying hard. "I'll bet you used to live in New York City."

"No, sir! It's my clothes that gives people that idea. I was born right up here in little old Salem, and I've never been out of my own county except to Portland on the north and Roseburg on the south."

Thelma was sadly let down. Still, as a resourceful girl should, she decided to cut her beau according to her cloth. Anyway, she knew that the girl from Butte was even then playing the Lorelei, so to speak, in the twilight. So ——

"My, Salem is a lovely city! Wouldn't you care to go over to the platform and see them dance for a while, Mr. Ham? They've got real good music. One of these kitchen-cabinet pianos that plays an age for a nickel."

If Wesley had needed anything to complete the joy of his first day abroad it was a chance to dance. There was an open platform with a floor somewhat warped but perilously waxed. Ma and Pa Lutz sat among the elders on the side benches, where the women chewed gum and the men smoked and everybody talked while the spry young things cavorted.

In the long intervals between dances, while everybody hung back to give someone else a chance to drop another nickel in the piano, Mary Pickford Lutz and the other children dragged each other across the floor on the seats of their overalls, thus bringing out the full efficiency of the wax. By the end of the fourth dance Thelma's pride of conquest overbalanced her caution and she introduced Wesley to the Martin girl.

That night was the beginning of a mad, glad season for Wesley. Did that intrepid traveler, with but two weeks of vacation, and San Francisco, his long-avowed destination, far to the south, start out at dawn?—twenty miles an hour for the first five hundred miles. He did not! Rather he became the camp pet. His new aluminum cooking kit remained unsoiled while he dined royally from tent to tent. Thelma Lutz was wearing his Elk pin and the girl from Butte his turquoise ring. His daily shave and checked knickers were thrown in the very teeth of the camp husbands by their hitherto-satisfied wives.

"My old girl is washing a shirt for him this minute instead of putting a patch on these pants," said the aggrieved Mr. Riley of Terry Hut.

"Humph! Mrs. G. is nagging me day and night to wash my car," added Mr. Grigsby. "Mud from twenty-three states, and she wants it washed off! Why, that red loam from down in Arkansas shows up real ornamental against the yellow clay we got in Missouri! But nothing will do but it must come off, just because this Lord Fauntleroy combs and curries his flivver all day."

"You know him best, Lutz. Get him over to pitch horseshoes with us some day, and I can let a mean one fly out at him backwards and have a comfortable camp once more after the funeral," said Mr. Riley.

"I've stood it as long as I'm going to," said Mr. Grigsby. "I'm moving on to Medford in the morning."

"Guess I'll go along at the same time," said Mr. Martin of Butte. "I don't care whether my girl likes it or not."

(Continued on Page 72

Never Had Wesley Experienced Such Deference, Such Cordiality as Was Accorded to Him at the Auto Camp in the Next Few Days

The Making of a Stockbroker

By
EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Speculation is as Old as the Hills

IT IS necessary to go back a generation or two, resumed John K. Wing, if I am to make clear my contention about the injustice done to the stockbroker of today by the public. I refer to the legend that the broker's prosperity is in direct proportion to his customers' adversity. It used to be inferred that every slump which wiped out the shoestring margins of the old-time speculators put that same amount of money in the broker's pocket. That was why they used to call all slumps shake-outs. From the moment that opinions differed as to the imminence of a rise or a drop Wall Street began to be execrated. Preachers fulminated against it from the pulpit, and demagogues denounced it from legislative halls, while the easy-money chasers cursed it

Then as now it was the customer who did the damage. The man who goes to Wall Street intent on getting something for nothing does not suffer financial reverses; he commits financial suicide. On the race track the man who loses does not always blame the judges or the jockey. Sometimes he allows that the race was honestly won. But that seldom happens with the stock-market loser. It isn't his own ignorance or greed or congenital asininity that is to blame, but the broker's rapacity.

That brokers have permitted or even encouraged overtrading, or have allowed the customers' men to give hearsay tips, or have failed to supply adequate information to their customers, cannot be denied. But there again the good broker is blamed for the shortcomings of the bad or careless broker. However, my contention is that the methods have greatly improved in the financial district.

In the process of acquiring my business education I have made it a point to listen to my competitors and to my predecessors. From my contemporaries I gain a broader outlook than my own business could give. From old-timers I learn history. This is more valuable than you would imagine, for history repeats itself in Wall Street rather oftener than in most places. Larry Livingston has called attention to this fact. He has found the study of the history of speculation valuable. He says:

"I learned early that there is nothing new in Wall Street. There can't be, because speculation is as old as the hills. Whatever happens in the stock market today has happened before and will happen again. I've never forgotten that. The fact that I also manage to remember when and how it happened is my way of capitalizing the experience of thousands."

Wall Street Fifty Years Ago

BUT apart from the educational value of such historical studies, I have always listened with great interest to the reminiscences of old brokers—men who went to Wall Street in the '70's or early '80's. They went through panics and booms, and worked under conditions that no longer exist. It was a different world that they lived in, and often their anecdotes give you a curious feeling, as of traveling in a strange country.

I was privileged to meet a friend of Mr. Williamson's, an old broker who retired not so very long ago. He was forever harping on the unfortunate changes that had come over Wall Street. It came hard to the old chap to change habits, for, after all, routine does wonders in lubricating the machinery of living, and changes are merely different names for readjustments. Unfamiliar engines are much harder to operate. I recall many conversations. If I give them in one continuous narrative it is to give a better picture of the time when the interest of the stock speculator lay chiefly in the Gold Room. The old building has long since been torn down. I never saw it, and moreover, architectural descriptions are not especially thrilling.

I asked him once what Wall Street was like in those days. He answered me in a senilely leisurely way. For a man whose business for thirty years had been to speak quickly on the floor of the Exchange, his speech seemed remarkably slow until it occurred to me that possibly he was seeing memory pictures that flickered a bit by reason of his age.

"When I first came down here," he said, "Wall Street was not the beastly cañon it has become. There weren't any skyscrapers, nor the Coney Island crowds on the sidewalks at noon that make traffic so difficult. You didn't hear so much nonsense about New York's wonderful sky line that is responsible for the overcrowded streets and for the execrable manners of the young men and women who infest the financial district. Too many clerks! The bosses don't work enough. They play golf and hire clerks and women to do their business. They say it is impossible to transact the volume of business of today by working as we used to do. All I can say is that all your plungers, your Livermores and Cosdens and Sinclairs and the rest, never saw the day when they swung the lines that Jacob Little or Daniel Drew or Anthony Morse or the Jeromes did in Civil War times, or D. P. Morgan and Addison Cammack and Jay Gould and Jim Keene later on, or John W. Gates still later.

"It is all different. The only thing that hasn't changed is Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street. The graveyard is still there and the tombstones are the same. In vain those monuments remind the money seeker that the vanity of vanities to which the Preacher referred is that which we now call trying to beat the game; for there is no easy money under the sun. The only literary allusion to that mute reminder of the futility of chasing dollars in Wall Street was that for which Jim Fisk is responsible. The stock market was very dull once, and Jim said it was exactly like Trinity graveyard in that those who were out of it didn't want to get in and those who were in couldn't get out."

Other Days, Other Ways

"THE Subtreasury was there, but the old Assay Office façade has gone, and the Customhouse. Wall Street for the most part was a row of gray-stone houses, for all that it was even then the most bedamned street in the world. They were old-fashioned dwellings with high stoops, and steps with iron rails, and they all had basements. It was a business street, but it didn't give you the impression of premeditated sordidness that a continuous series of huge office buildings does. The makeshifts of my day, in the shape of business places originally intended for residential purposes, seemed more fitting in a new country. It was less cosmopolitan and more American; less blatantly prosperous and infinitely more homelike.

"You see, New York, for all its population, was a small place, and the advantage of this lay in the greater friendliness. It was no trouble for a chap to know everybody—at least everybody in the same line of business. In Wall Street the atmosphere always seemed to me more neighborly than uptown, because everybody that I saw down there shared the same hopes with me, even when they happened to be on the opposite side of the market, for weren't we all trying to guess right? My brother was in the leather business and he used to say the same thing about the atmosphere of the Swamp, where all the leather men did business and were neighbors. One could always send next door to borrow a cup of sugar or a pinch of salt. The community of interest bred something of the guild spirit of the Middle Ages. In Wall Street possibly dog was not so averse to eating dog as to prefer to starve; but in any event nobody extolled cannibalism or sought to justify it on grounds of dollar expediency. The fight was more like a football game. A man went out to win. When the referee wasn't looking he might be a little rough, but there was no desire to use chloroform and everybody was prepared to take as well as to give without losing tempers. A gentleman always finds it easy to feel sorry for the men whose money he takes in order to keep them from taking his first. Then we went down to our offices in stages or carriages and it took a long time. But we were human beings. Today you go down in Subway electric trains in minutes. But you are merely bipedal cattle.

"We had certain things. You have others. You have committees on business ethics, and you invent rules galore to protect the public against everything except itself, and all that sort of thing. But how about the *esprit de corps* among the brokers themselves? Where has that gone?

You are all business men. What's become of your brother brokers? In my day when one of my fellow members died, the chairman thumped his gavel three times, slow measured thumps that always suggested the tolling of a great bell. Instantly all noise and all movement ceased on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. The sudden silence and the petrification of five hundred men were uncanny. The very air filled with the sense of a death. The chasing of dollars, the scalping of fractions, the buying and the selling of stocks stopped as all hats came off. We stood there and listened to the announcement of the departure of a pal with whom we had traded and laughed and drunk and jested and quarreled and matched thousands of times. Poor Bill! We did not take an hour off to weep for him, and when the gavel fell again after exactly one minute, the devilish din, the shouting and the profit grabbing and the scrapping resumed, all the louder and the more violent, possibly, for the intermission. But we did say 'Poor Bill!' And now? Well, you can die and be damned, for all your fellow brokers care. Why, it would be awful to go back to the custom. Suppose three brokers died in one day. You'd lose three minutes! You are too busy to waste any time between ten and three. Too busy to say 'Poor Bill.' But you have lots of committees and lots of brand-new don'ts.

"In my day, when you walked down Wall Street you saw men standing in the doorways, just like shopkeepers in a small town. Every doorway had its own particular group, and you got to know them as well as though they were in the same class at college with you. As a matter of fact, you got to know everybody who went down to Wall Street, for most of them were regulars. You met all sorts of characters, the same as now, only at much closer range. Some were men whose names were known to everybody who read the newspapers, while here and there was a person whose name, at his own request, accompanied by threats to the reporters, never appeared in the papers until after he was convicted and on his way up the river."

Ups and Downs of Name and Title

"I CAN see the Street and the people before the offices. The two Sullivans were well known. Major Sullivan was a great big swarthy man. He was the hero of a memorable encounter with Jay Gould. A. A. Sullivan was as large a man as the major, but was fair. He had light yellow side whiskers and was as mild-mannered, soft-spoken a man as you would wish to meet. It came as a shock to most people to learn that he was a famous Western fighter. Out there he had shared with Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, and such like, the pleasing habit of having his way simply by expressing his wishes

"Then there was Rufus Hatch, who at one time ran Pacific Mail, and was an important factor in the stock market. A wonderful history, that of Pacific Mail. At one time or another the biggest men in the Street have controlled it, beginning with Commodore Vanderbilt, including Jay Gould and ending with E. H. Harriman. It was this stock which was responsible for the briefest and completest market biography. Alden B. Stockwell came to Wall Street with a few millions of his wife's money. He was then Mr. Stockwell.

"He went into a pool and got control of Pacific Mail. He had large paper profits. The Street hailed him as Commodore Stockwell. He overstayed his market and lost everything, including his surname. He became 'That red-headed blankety-blank from Cleveland.'

"Hatch had his ups and downs, like most of them. I was told at the time that in one of his downs he lost everything except his air of assurance, which enabled him to conceal his real financial condition. He wooed and won an heiress, the daughter of a steamship man who was reputed to have a nice little nest egg put away. Hatch and his father-in-law entertained a very high regard for each other. When they met for the first time after the wedding they were extremely cordial and shook hands with great warmth. Then they both made exactly the same remark at exactly the same time.

"'Could you let me have ——' they began.

"They did not need to finish. Each instantly realized that the other had deceived him with a bank account that was entirely fictitious.

"'You damned scoundrel!' they exclaimed, their voices ringing with joint indignation. I wasn't there, but they said it was a wonderful fight.

"I used to see Bill Travers, whose stuttering bon mots were passed from mouth to mouth regularly. I think his best was when he asked a new broker what his name was

"'Cohen,' replied the newcomer.

"'Y-yes, but wh-wh-what is your C-c-christian name?' That and his gravely asking Barnum, when he saw the Siamese twins, 'B-b-brothers, I s-s-suppose?' were his best, of those that can be printed. And there were Sam Mills and William Heath and Charley Osborn and D. P. Morgan and other celebrities of that day.

"In the basements were the offices of all kinds of brokers; gold brokers and stock-brokers and bond brokers. They used to do quite a little over-the-counter business there. I used to see Englishmen going into those basement offices all bent on the same errand and all looking like stage tourists. They would go in and say, 'Ow, I say, I wish to buy a few shares of Erie."

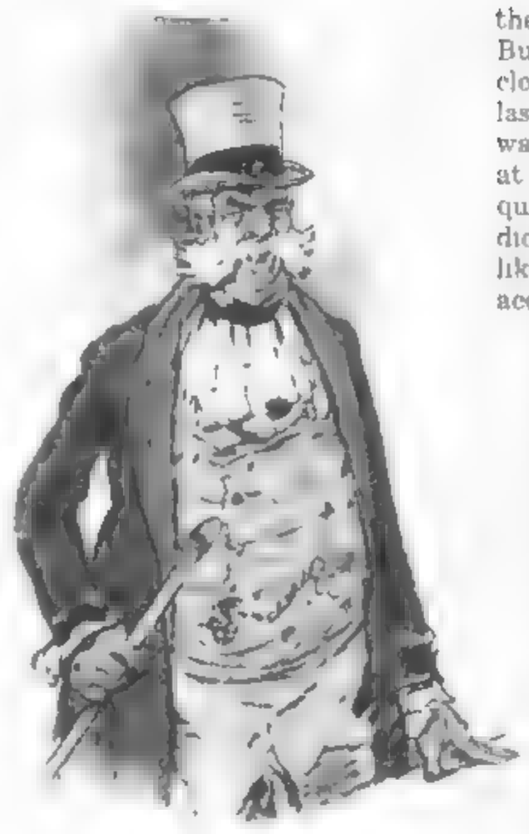
"'Yes; Erie is 38.'

"'Ow, yes! I'll take ten shares.' And the broker would reach behind him and take a certificate for ten shares of Erie and give it to the Englishman. The broker usually got about a half-point more than the stock was selling for on the Exchange.

"Perhaps you think I am exaggerating, but I am not. Englishmen used to go straight from the Leviathans of that day—gross tonnage about 5000 tons!—to Wall Street, to see the sights and buy Erie at one and the same time. That seemed to be a national habit. Only the other day I was speaking to a very intelligent and agreeable investment banker of Baltimore, and he told me a story his lawyer told him about a London client of the firm's. It seems this client had bequeathed a part of his estate to a relative in Baltimore who also was a client of the bankers. For some reason or other there were some complications in connection with the will or the estate, and the lawyer was obliged to go over the decedent's expense books. Well, sir, the lawyer came across the same item many times. The item was as follows: 'To yearly loss in Erie, £—s—d.'

"That's what the Englishmen thought of Erie. Our international investment business is different now.

"A lot of the business of the Street in my youth was done in the open air, particularly in Broad Street, where we had the original and real curb market. Business there began right after the close of the Exchange at three, and lasted about an hour and a half. It was a sort of postscript market and at times the volume of business was quite large, almost as much as we did on the floor. In a way it was like a big fair, where everybody was acquainted. The small fry may have admired the big fish, but they usually called them by their first names. Most of the habitués were members of the I-Knew-Him-When Club. The ticker did a lot of social leveling in those days. I might be walking down Wall Street and I'd hear somebody yell 'J. G.! J G!' Looking up, I'd see one of the alert split-commission brokers hurrying after a dark little man with very bright eyes and a black beard—the great Jay Gould, one of the greatest geniuses that ever operated in Wall Street, the sinister figure of whom old Daniel Drew in a moment of financial agony said, 'His touch is death!' A very rich and very powerful person, and yet all a man had to do if he wished to speak to him was to yell 'Jay Gould!' and the great Jay Gould would wait for him there, in the Street."



It Was a Different World They Lived In

Old Seersucker Days

"OR THE cry might be 'Commodore! One moment please, Commodore!' And old Vanderbilt would pause—Cornelius the First, the famous founder of the first railroad dynasty of America. He would wait there, a fine figure of a man, with his white hair and side whiskers and his old-fashioned frilled shirt and collar of the fashion of the early 50's, while some officious pad shover ran up to him to show him the latest quotations in the hope of getting an order or perhaps merely to ask some question. You heard people yell across the Street, 'Say, Charley!' or 'Oh, Bill!' and world-famous financiers listened there on the sidewalk to some chap who needed a dollar, or to some ring broker reporting on the state of the market, as friendly as two tourists on a holiday. Imagine anybody yelling to J. P. Morgan or Otto H. Kahn to stop and talk business on the sidewalk!

"Right in front of 11 Broad Street was French Marie selling candy and exchanging persiflage with the mighty and the mean—all one to her, all customers, all subject to the whims of the stock market, so that pride of gold and pomp of power were bad things to indulge in to excess.

Continued on Page 125

They Used to Do Quite a Little Over-the-Counter Business There

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1924

Strengthen the Small College

MR. BAKER'S lordly gift of five million dollars to Harvard University affords us a new text upon which to preach our belief that the outstanding American business man is without an equal for clear vision and enlightened liberality in public benefaction. A few lines or a few columns in the newspapers tell the public all it wants to know about each new gift as it comes along; but there is one matter upon which the press is silent, and that is the patient study and painstaking investigation that convinced the giver of the wisdom of his gift.

Public benevolence is essentially a form of investment for the benefit of others, born and unborn, and for that very reason it challenges the best thought of those who have amassed great fortunes by a lifetime of investment and reinvestment for their own benefit. Not one man in a million has any adequate idea of the extraordinary amount of research that underlies the distribution of the successive fortunes that Mr. Rockefeller has made over to public uses, nor do people commonly realize that wholesale giving raises problems quite as difficult as those that attend wholesale investment for private gain.

Even Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, with able organizations at their command, and more advice than they could digest, had to devote years of the hardest sort of labor to the task of informing themselves as to how they could lay out their money to the greatest and most enduring public advantage. When, therefore, such men are praised for their generosity, they are but half thanked, for it is easier to be generous than to be wise; and it costs less effort to exercise liberality than foresight. The moral stamina involved in making up one's mind to part with a fortune is nothing to that required to master the tiresome detail that will make the gift count to the uttermost.

The greatest institutions naturally attract the most spectacular gifts. Their very bulk and importance continuously advertise them and their needs. We have no reason to doubt that the huge benefactions accruing to them are wisely laid out. We rejoice in their good fortune; and yet we should like to hear much oftener than we do, of substantial endowments for the smaller colleges.

It should never be forgotten that the small college rather than the great university is the backbone of higher education in the United States. The work done in the two types of institution overlaps broadly, but neither entirely covers the field of the other. In graduate, professional and highly specialized studies the little fresh-water college cannot compete with the great university; but in laying the foundations of a liberal education, in forming character by benign human contacts, in fitting the student for life itself rather than for the job that is but part of life, the small college still stands without a rival.

The very limitations of the small institution preserve it from the danger of becoming unwieldy, topheavy or overextended. What it lacks in plant it makes up for in personnel. Its very smallness encourages individuality rather than standardization. The human contacts are closer. Men play a larger and freer part. They are not overwhelmed by rules, buildings, overwide choice of courses, complex social life and over-elaborate administration. There is as much to be said for the simple life in education as in the world at large. In all essentials a college is merely a group of teachers and learners. A dozen young men gathered in a quiet shady place might be the kernel of an institution of the soundest learning, if only a Plato sat in their midst.

Associated with the large universities are great and learned men by the score; but as students multiply, their work must become more and more executive in its nature. They must distribute their courses among more subordinates and suffer their own personalities to be diluted by those of their assistants. Whether they will or no, they must face the problems of mass production.

Our Rockefellers and Bakers and other public benefactors to be grouped in the same class make a very short list; but for every man who can give a million without missing it, there are twenty who could give a hundred thousand with small inconvenience. We hazard the opinion that if these men would make a careful study of some of the smaller colleges, availing themselves of accurate information already gathered as to the quality of work they are doing, they could lay out their money just as shrewdly and beneficently as their bigger brothers in the hobby of giving. And they may rest assured that little Siwash will be just as thankful for a gift of a hundred thousand as the great university would be for a round million.

A Civilization on Wheels

MR. SIDNEY F. WICKS, writing under the above heading, contributes to the Manchester Guardian Weekly a witty and not untruthful summing up of contemporary American life as he found it during a recent visit to Iowa and states between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Seaboard. Unlike most Englishmen he did not find America organized into a huge debating club to settle the merits or demerits of prohibition. He was discerning enough to perceive that "America is simply one vast Hamlet engaged in the weary soliloquy, 'To park or not to park, that is the question.'" He is so charmed by the discovery of our national verb that he experiments with it repeatedly and has Jacob parked on the stones of Bethel and the infant Moses parked in the bulrushes. Mr. Wicks continues:

"Automobiles affect everything in America. They aggravate the restlessness and the hasty thinking of this most lovable people. Home life means that you have a starting point for a dash in the car. Advertising agents are influenced to debase every bit of countryside with flaring hoardings and to paint advertisements on the rocks. This does not shock the mentality of the motorist as he whizzes by. Nature to the American is the scenery each side of a road—who walks and listens here? Sweethearts do not stroll in the moonlight or sit on meadow stiles. They 'boodle' sitting in an automobile in a quiet spot."

We freely admit that we are not familiar with the word "boodle" in the sense that Mr. Wicks employs it; but the context, supplemented by personal observation, enables the most unsophisticated to make a shrewd guess as to its meaning. We find no exaggeration in what this writer has to say about the defacement of American scenery by offensive advertising. We cannot, however, share his belief that motorists are not disgusted by many of these unseemly displays. Indeed, they are showing a strong disposition to discriminate against merchandise that is advertised in a manner that outrages the æsthetic decencies. An unmistakable reaction against this sort of commercialism has already set in. Competing advertisers on both sides of the Atlantic have come to an agreement to discontinue all outdoor advertising of an offensive nature. Mr. Wicks concludes his lively paper with these words:

"But how easy to gird and to poke fun! Aren't we just naturally jealous of all that it means? The glorious pioneer spirit which has developed this vast continent and made fruitful its never-ending plains is typified by the automobile. The American as yet has no abiding city—vast spaces call him. Anywhere in this amazing continent he may live and prosper and be happy. He plows his car through pioneer roads which might give pause to a tank. Gathered from all the nations of the earth, this people moves restlessly about, driven on by tireless energy, sometimes forgetting what they started to do and therefore driving all the faster, but conscious all the time of a vast destiny, and singing 'America, I love you—and there are a hundred millions more like me.' America is a civilization on wheels, and who knows where America will finally 'park'?"

The Voice of the Dominions

CANADA'S attitude in refusing to ratify the Lausanne Treaty is likely to force an open discussion of the relationship of the British oversea dominions to the mother country. All the well-known British adaptability is going to be needed to keep the Commonwealth of Nations, as the empire is now called, running smoothly.

The chief bone of contention is the demand of the dominions for a voice in foreign affairs. They are not disposed to let Westminster run the whole show when they have to share the consequences. In other words, mother may be a very shrewd and farseeing person, but they would rather make their own bargains, choose their own friends and pick their own quarrels. When the recent and rather disastrous Turkish episode was brought to a close by the Treaty of Lausanne, London referred the document to Canada for ratification. Having had no hand in drafting it, the Canadian Government refused. As far as can be learned, there was no particular objection to the terms of the treaty, which was, perhaps, the best way out of a rather bad situation. The whole point was that Canada objected to a rubber-stamp rôle. The situation has been dragging along for some time, but it received its first public airing a few weeks ago when Premier Mackenzie King explained the government position in the course of a speech in the Canadian House of Commons.

The position of the British Government is a most difficult one. The units of a widely separated confederacy will not always see eye to eye and it will be impossible for his majesty's ministers to steer a course that will be satisfactory to all parts of the empire. At the present moment, for instance, Australia and New Zealand are openly incensed at the failure to proceed with the Singapore naval-base project. Why, demand the irate Antipodeans, should their security be subject to changes in the home government? The essence of this particular difficulty is that the MacDonald government has not been able to take what is obviously a sincere step in the direction of disarmament and world peace without stepping on the toes of a colonial need.

The world will watch the working out of the problem with the keenest interest. It is quite possible, in fact, that a tangible benefit for the world at large may result. If all foreign relationships must be made a subject for round-table discussion Britain will no longer be in a position to play the old game of diplomacy as Europe has been playing it. There will be an end of secret treaties, undisclosed understandings and various other forms of international maneuvering. Perhaps in time this would lead the whole of Europe to open covenants openly arrived at.

Despite the Singapore incident, there is every reason to believe that the influence of the oversea dominions, when reflected in the British official attitude, would be a sound one. The dominions are free from traditional prejudices and insular reserves. They are far enough removed from the long-time hates and the racial complexes of Europe to have a sound perspective. When the voice of the dominions is heard in the chancelleries of Europe, there will be more hope for stability and peace.

NATIONALIST TURKEY

By Lothrop Stoddard

PRESENT-DAY Turkey is an extraordinary spectacle. Diminished and depopulated by generations of war, misgovernment and other ills, a group of zealous leaders are attempting one of the most interesting experiments of modern times—the creation of a unified nation-state where neither unity nor nationality has existed before. Difficult as is the task, success is not impossible; and curiously enough, it is mainly because of Turkey's misfortunes that the experiment may succeed. This seeming paradox is explained by a glance at Turkey's past and present.

Turkey has meant many things during the course of its varied history. Starting with a small horde of nomad warriors on the Asia Minor plateau, it rapidly expanded into a great empire, stretching from Central Europe to the borders of Persia and the deserts of North Africa. Then, after a brief period of splendor, Turkey shrank steadily, until today it includes only Asia Minor and a small fragment of the Balkan Peninsula covering the city of Constantinople.

But this means that, for the first time since its early days, Turkey is Turkish. So long as it ruled vast regions in Europe, Asia and Africa inhabited by non-Turkish peoples, Turkey was the Ottoman Empire. Now that it has been reduced to the limits of Asia Minor, where the Turkish stock forms the bulk of the population, a Turkish national state has become possible. The present Turkish Government recognized this when it formally abolished the title of "Ottoman Empire" and substituted the name "Turkey" in its stead. Names, however, do not change facts. And the fact today is that, though a Turkish national state has at last become a possibility, Turkey is not yet a true nation. Let us examine the factors making for and against such a development in order to strike a balance of probability regarding the success or failure of the undertaking.

Political Unity Possible

SUCH a balance of conflicting factors is observable in the very nature of the country itself. Asia Minor is a region containing elements of both unity and diversity. In the preceding article we saw that Asia Minor forms the eastern section of the great land bridge between Europe and Asia, the Balkan Peninsula forming the western section. We likewise saw that this geographical fact made both the Balkans and Asia Minor natural borderlands and highways over which European and Asiatic influences have marched and countermarched for ages, resulting in continual conflicts or unstable combinations. Nevertheless, there is one marked difference between the geography of the two peninsulas which affects their political destinies. The physical structure of the Balkan Peninsula is so broken that the rise of a strong unified Balkan State has been rendered practically impossible, and the Balkans have thus remained politically divided and unable to resist foreign invaders. Asia Minor, on the other hand, does possess a fundamental geographical unity, which makes the attainment of political unity possible, though difficult.

Asia Minor is a high plateau, ringed about by mountains which slope sharply down into the Mediterranean, Ægean and Black seas, which wash its sides, leaving narrow coastal strips between mountain slopes and seashore. Only on the western, or Ægean, coast are there a few gradual descents, where rivers from the interior have carved out considerable valleys. The interior and the coastal zones differ sharply in climate and soil. The central plateau, shut off from the rain-bearing sea winds by the ring of inclosing mountains, tends to aridity. Its heart is a great plain, the bed of a vanished inland sea, which is practically a desert suitable only for pasturage. But about this arid center, where the land rises from its central depression toward the mountain rim, the soil is better. In ancient times, before the mountains were deforested, this intermediate zone had a good climate and supported a large population. Even today, after ages of neglect and misuse of natural resources, many districts are very fertile, while irrigation would restore much of its old prosperity.

The coastal zone falls into three separate regions—the Black Sea, Ægean and Mediterranean coast lands respectively. The Black Sea region, exposed to the north winds from the Russian steppes, has a cold climate, with heavy rainfall and deep winter snows. Its soil is fertile and well

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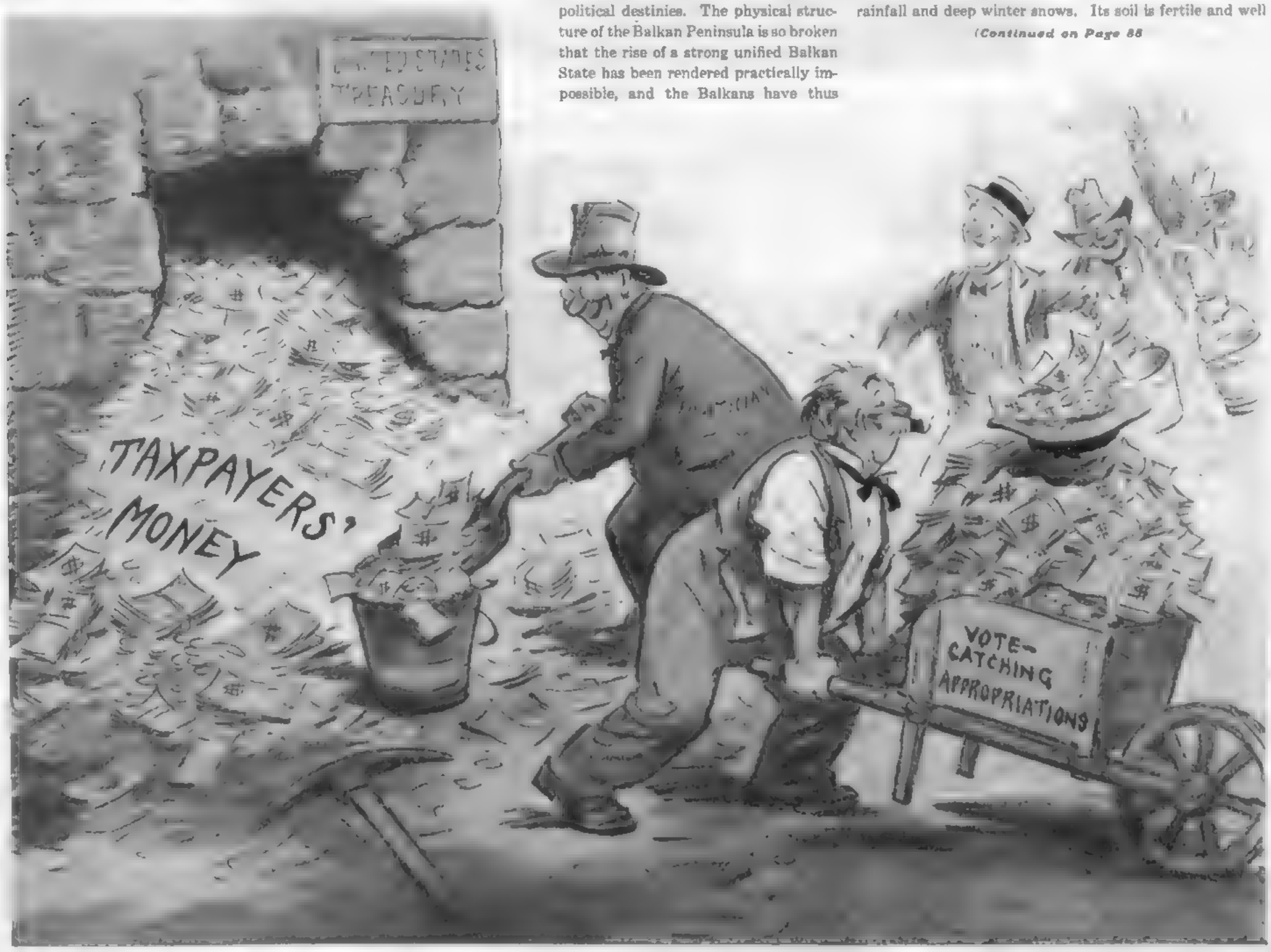

EASY MONEY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Local News

HIPPOCRATES GULL of Tacoma
Is proud of a doctor's diploma
From Mahatma O'Toole
Of the Radio School
Of the College of South Oklahoma.

Euphemia Shelley of Roraboo,
Arrayed in her boa of marabou,
At the Club Women's Tea
Made an eloquent plea
For A Home for the Wandering Caribou.

An eminent critic of Deming
Is noted for hawing and hemming.
His resonant "Haws!"
Are the height of applause,
While his "Hems!" are the depth of contemning.

Miss Elsie Lamont of Chanute
Has views that are hard to confute:
She makes it precise
That the Rockies are nice
And she thinks the Grand Cañon is cute.

Said Pillington Crowe of New York,
"Our authors are lighter than cork.
A great, truthful novel
Should mirror a hovel
Where nobody eats with a fork!"

A courteous driver of Corry
Careers in a thundering lorry.
Whenever he crushes
A person, he blushes
And makes it all right with "I'm sorry!

Miss Evelyn Tippet of Fonda
Has read all of Daniel Deronda
And half of Jane Austen,
Has cousins in Boston,
And knows how to spell "Anaconda."

Bill Smithers of Henderson's Station
Was strong for increased population;
But since Number Seven
Was sent him by heaven
He thinks we should bar immigration.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Father Ventures an Opinion Based on 53 Years' Experience

If Wishes Were Ambulances

CINDERELLA, let's pretend, having become the princess, became before very long quite fed up on coach-and-fours. Smart and gilded though the royal equipages were they palled on her after a while, and so, naturally enough, she arrived at the frame of mind for wishing another wish. One can hardly blame her. The others had worked out rather well.

Making a few conjuring and cabalistic passes in the air, the Princess Cinderella ventured very experimentally: "I wish ——"

"Well, my dear, what do you wish?" interrupted the Fairy Godmother, materializing before her. The good old soul looked as if Cinderella was rather overdoing the wishing business, but she was there, and that was that.

"I'm tired of riding in coach-and-fours," declared Cinderella, quickly regaining her poise. "And I wish for a spin in an unusual vehicle like a modern ambulance."

"What are girls coming to?" sighed the Fairy Godmother. "My dear, I'm not certain I can grant your wish. Your husband, the Prince, is out riding steeplechases, and very likely he will shortly need an ambulance more than you do. However, I'll try. Just look out the window there, will you?"

Whereupon while Cindy's back was turned, her Fairy Godmother fetched her a smart crack over the back of the head. As the Princess took the count, the Godmother waved her wand a second time, and an ambulance appeared, collected Cinderella and drove off.

Looking sadly after the departing vehicle the Fairy Godmother remarked: "Such a girl! Always wanting to ride somewhere, never to walk. And she owing all she does to the shoe and slipper trade!"

—*Fairfax Downey*

The Salome Sun

The Greasewood Golf Links Rampant

THE Reptyle Kid is getting to be Some Golf Player and the way he went around the Greasewood Golf Course in 3 and a Half Days this week made all the Jack Rabbits and Most of the Knee Pantsed Slick Haired Easterners Sit Up and Take Notice. "Redgie" von Plunkett of von Pittaburgh claims he made two Birdies this week, but the Reptyle Kid says that's nothing, as he got three Bunnies, and a Bunny ought to be as good as a Birdie, and any man that can Knock a Jack Rabbit out with a Golf Ball at Two Hundred yds don't have to take a Back Seat for No Dude with his Pants Cut Off. The Kid has only got 1 Home Made Club, made out of a sledge hammer Handle and the Steering Knuckle of a flivver, but he has sent off for a Boughten Club, one of these kind that Raises Them Up in the Air more, and give him a little practice with it and we will Back him to get as Many Birds as the next one when the Dove Season starts.

The New York Papers has been having a Lot to Say lately about Mary Garden having discovered a Wonderful Little Oasis called Salome out in the Arizona Desert and says that "Our Mary" is going to spend Next Winter there, to all of which we say "Aye Aye, Sis, Welcome to Our Oasis." You might be Their Mary but it is Our Garden and we Saw It First, even if you think you Discovered it, and it will be Summer All Next Winter if You come Play In It. Mary might have a Lot of Fun out here in Salome. I like to have Mashed my Finger Off with that Valve Lifter then, just Thinking About It.

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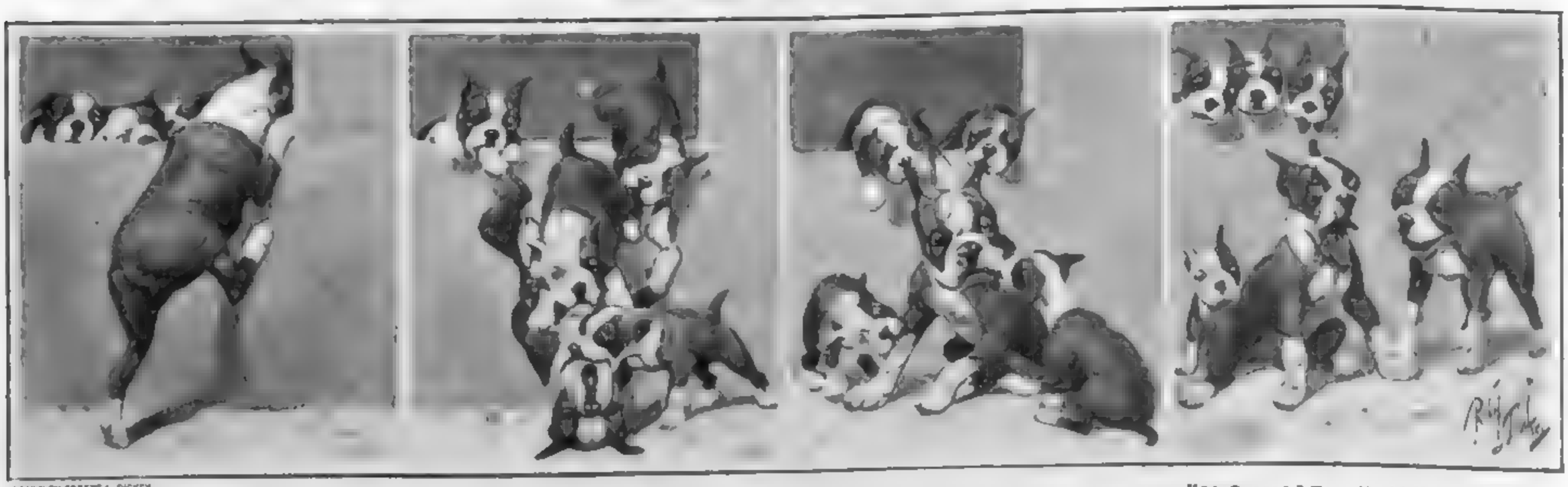
Mr. and Mrs. Beans



DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Well, I'm Really Glad Vi's Gone for the Day. I'll Just Have a Nice, Snoozy Time for Once

"Jumping Jehoshaphat! I'd Forgotten the Kids

"Jerces Me Right for Fathering a Bunch of Wild Hyenas Like These"

"Oh, Beans! I Knew You'd Miss Me Terribly — But I Was Sure You Were Having a Lovely Day With the Children"

Beans you can eat plentifully in summer!

Campbell's Beans are so wholesome and digestible that you can eat them generously.

They taste so good, with their famous tomato sauce, that you enjoy them over and over again and to the very last bean on the plate.

They are already cooked. The high quality you demand in your food — Campbell's quality. Yet delightfully convenient!

Everybody wants slow-cooked and digestible beans!

Serve hot
Serve cold

Slow-cooked

Digestible

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

XXIV

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CASS, reporting for orders on the following morning, was speedily accommodated. His it was to find Detective-Inspector Garrishe straightway and forthwith. This he achieved with such creditable speed that Marjorie May had not left him ten minutes to attend to her household duties before the detective arrived with expectant eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Fair. You look a different man today," he greeted the hatless one on the veranda.

"I am," confirmed Prosper. "I feel practically fit again." He waved an airy cigarette. "And that being so, I suppose we may as well polish off this little matter of solving the Kern mystery and arresting the killer."

Garrishe stubbornly refused to look surprised.

"Yes, that's an idea—if we can do it," he said dryly.

Prosper chuckled.

"Good! We will. Let us take a stroll toward the castle," he said. "And I will discourse a while as we go."

He rose, and prattling gayly about his improved condition steered the detective out of the garden. He made no further mention of the pyramid until they passed through the yew hedge and faced its squat gray bulk. Prosper stopped, eying it. "Oh, about that thing. I've solved the mystery of it."

Garrishe was watching him sidelong.

"Have you? And is there any objection to a plain everyday detective asking what you have found out about it?"

"None at all," smiled Prosper. "It's a nut—like a nut, I mean."

"So are you," muttered Garrishe, but under his breath. "How—like a nut?" he asked.

"It's got a kernel," explained Prosper. "A kernel of solid gold. Garrishe, inside that thing—that pyramid—there's a pillar of gold worth a million!"

Garrishe's face went taut.

"Well, I suspected something of the kind. Lord Kern's heritage, hey?" he asked. "Are you sure of that, Mr. Fair?"

"Perfectly. Here's some of the gold."

He passed a few scraps.

"You've seen it?"

"Oh, yes. Why not? Would you like to see it? Come along then. I'll show it to you."

And a few minutes later he kept his word.

Garrishe studied the tiny chamber under the pyramid thoroughly, examined the floor and peered at the tools.

"I shouldn't bother about possible foot marks or finger prints if I were you, Garrishe," advised Prosper gently. "I know the killer, I believe, and it should be quite easy for you to get him red-handed within a night or so—perhaps tonight, perhaps tomorrow, certainly quite soon."

Garrishe nodded.

"You mean—to watch for him here?"

"Exactly—in couples. You and Cass might watch one night, Oxton and Barisford, if he is back in time, the next night; and, say, you and I on the following night. He has got just enough to whet his appetite, and he will come back like a tiger returning to his kill. Thirteen cubic feet or thereabout of gold is a great magnet."

"Odd!" Barisford's Voice Was Anxious. "Then, in God's Name, Let's Get On to the House"

Garrishe agreed without hesitation, and leaving the chamber, they made their plans forthwith. It was decided that the entry to the cellars should be watched from that night onward.

"I'll say this, Mr. Fair—I doubt if our man will come back at all. He must know that to take any more chances after this gold is about the same thing as putting his head in a noose and shouting for somebody to come and tighten it. My own idea is that he's far away by now, ready to be satisfied with what he has got."

But Prosper could not agree.

"I doubt that, Garrishe," he said. "We know that three murders did not scare him off, and I don't think my small scrap with him will do that. And I don't believe he will kill anybody else, either—at least, not in the sunken garden. He is actually in touch with the gold now and he can very soon get all he wants. He may know the pyramid is being watched, but that won't worry him as it did in the days before he had connected with the gold. He can crouch in that chamber and gnaw away as much gold in an hour as he can carry away in three hours. He does not know his private way to the gold has been discovered, and he won't bolt until he suspects that it has."

The detective nodded, a little reluctantly, and they settled at once that he and Cass should take that evening's watch. But they watched without result. Nobody came near the cellars from sunset till dawn.

Prosper had arranged to watch the second night with Oxton if Barisford failed to return, and Oxton, in high spirits over the promise of the race horses which had arrived, agreed readily. He said that he would sooner watch with Prosper than anyone; but he was disappointed, for, even as Prosper had judged, Marjorie May was a magnet from which Barisford could not stay long away, even though she had refused to be his own personal property. He returned from London on the following day and called at Mavisholme early in the afternoon. But Marjorie May and her mother had gone over to Carnsbury on business concerned with the funeral of Major Merlehurst, who had been adjudged by yet another coroner's jury to have committed suicide.

It was Prosper who, idling on the veranda, received Barisford. They chatted for a little. Then Barisford told Prosper why Kern had seemed distasteful to him. He was a little depressed, but pleasant and frank.

"She wouldn't have me," he said. "I suppose I'm too old, though she seemed to like me enough a week ago. I really thought I had a chance." He shook the ash from his cigarette and looked at Prosper with a little smile. "I suppose I ought to hate you vindictively," he said. "For I don't know whether you realize it, but it's the fact—you are Marjorie's choice. You have cut me out—expressive term."

He spoke quietly, and though his eyes twinkled, his lids drooped.

"If you had not arrived here until, say, next week, I think I might have won her," he went on. Then he shrugged. "But not in the sense that you have. She fell in love with you that afternoon we played tennis; I saw it. Well, good luck to you, Fair. If it was not to be me, then I'm glad it is you, and not Eyre-Weston."

Prosper sat up.

"Eyre-Weston! That dark, sulky-looking person with the feminine mouth! Did Marjorie May like him once?"

Barisford shrugged a little.

"She likes everybody, I think; but there was a time when she seemed to like him better than most. Do you like him?"

"No," said Prosper, very decidedly. "Not at all."

Barisford smiled.

"No? Well, he hasn't a very attractive personality Mr. Eyre-Weston. I don't like him much myself." He leaned forward. "But I fancy that he will not be a very

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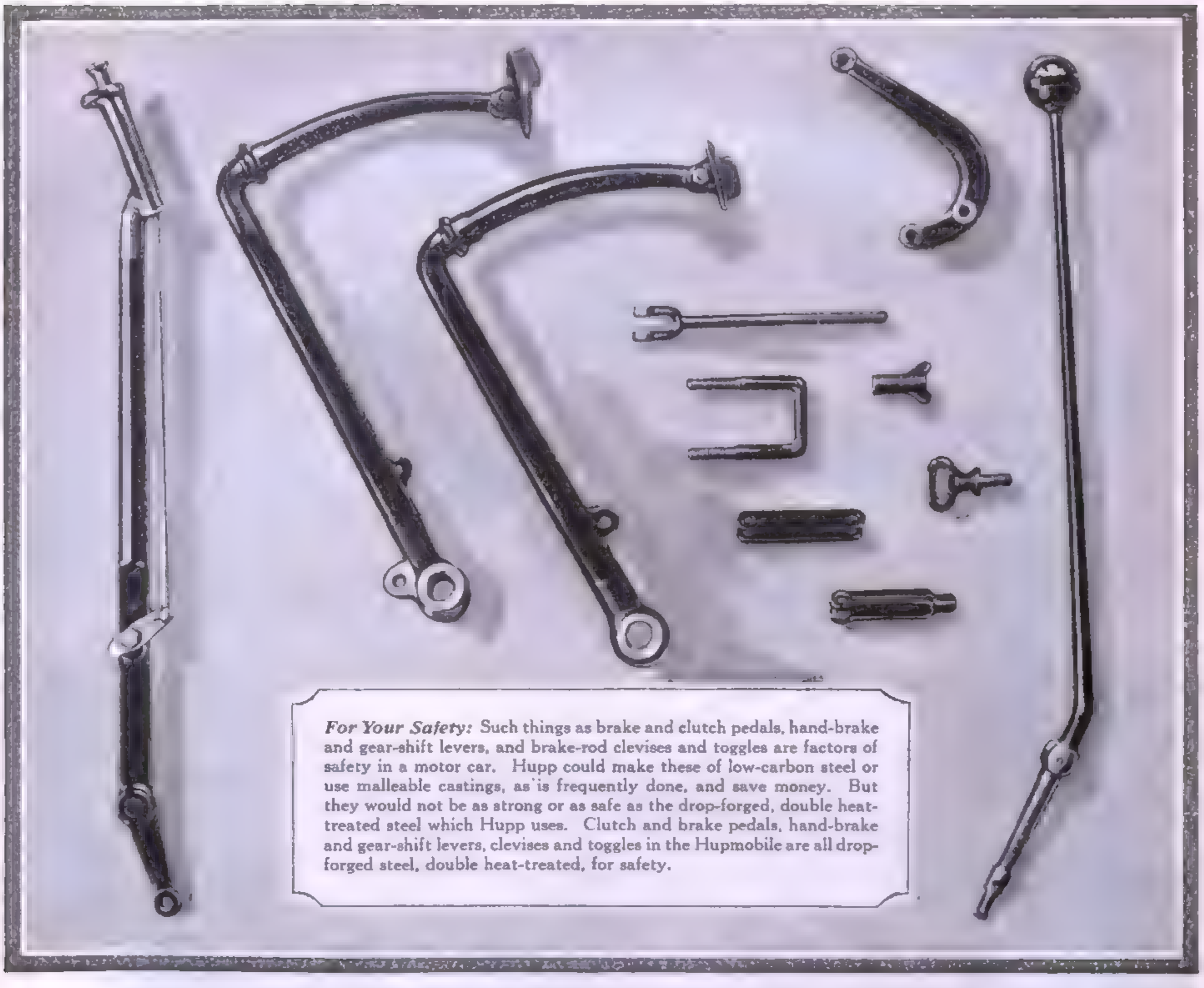

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(Continued from Page 28)

frequent visitor here now," he went on, "if it is true that Lord Kern is on his way home. For that means that Marjorie will lose her—gift. She will cease to be a profitable heiress. And, unless I misjudge Eyre-Weston, he was fully alive to the advantages and possibilities of Marjorie's inheritance. The castle and grounds are worth a good deal alone. But, personally, I should not be greatly amazed to learn that there is more in Kern than meets the eye."

"There is," said Prosper quietly "For example, thirteen cubic feet of gold—perhaps seven tons of it."

Barisford stared.

"You are joking," he said. "Seven tons—tons, man! Why, is there so much gold in the country?"

"There is that much in the sunken garden," explained Prosper, smiling; "embedded in the center of the Pyramid of Lead. I found it yesterday. And tonight we are hoping that you and Oxton will take a turn at sentry go over it, as Garrishe and another did last night, and as I and another will tomorrow night."

"Just a moment," said Barisford. "This is news fascinating news. I'll do my share of the watching, of course, that's understood. But seven tons of gold! Man, it's a fabulous fortune!"

"A million, roughly."

"Yes, I suppose at least that. Whose gold? Kern's or —— Oh, I see." He knitted his brows. "It has to do with the inscriptions—at a guess. The heritage that was discontinued. I mean Kern buried it there before he disappeared. Yes, that would be it. Do you know anything about it?"

"A good deal, I think," said Prosper, and told what he knew.

Barisford listened, keenly interested, to the end.

"But—that's clever, Fair. You should have been a detective. I envy you the enjoyment, the adventure, the thrill you've found here, working it out. Why on earth hadn't I the wit to guess it? Why, I had an enormous advantage over you! I knew that Kern had a hopeless passion for Mrs. Merlehurst, and yet I never connected that disappointment of his with the inscriptions."

He stared at Prosper with twinkling eyes.

"No wonder Marjorie's intuition led her to choose you instead of me. You have brains. You think this burrower—the killer—will return?"

"I do," said Prosper. "But Garrishe doesn't."

"Well, to be frank, neither do I. The man would be mad, surely. Still, that needn't stop our guarding the gold till Kern arrives—or fails to arrive." His keen, handsome face clouded as he thought of something else. "But what perfectly appalling luck for Marjorie and her mother that Kern should be returning now! In a few days—if he had remained away—she would be owner of that great fortune."

Prosper agreed quietly.

"And now Kern is coming home to hoard it—perhaps bring another fortune to add to it. Eh? Probably more miserly, more eccentric than ever. Build another pyramid, possibly." His brows knitted. "I am really sorry Mrs. Merlehurst needs a windfall. They have next to nothing, you know. A fraction—a—er—cubic inch or two, to use your measure, would have been a godsend. And now it all vanishes—for them—like smoke."

"Perhaps Lord Kern may do something," suggested Prosper.

But Barisford shook his head. "Not he. I know him—I was his secretary. As cold as an east wind."

"Well, perhaps I may be able to contrive something—paint a masterpiece," said Prosper, without enthusiasm. "Anyhow, we shall see."

Then he warned Barisford that the girl did not know of the existence of the gold, and need not know till Kern came—or did not come. There was a short silence.

"I suppose Marjorie has not walked in her sleep again?" asked Barisford presently. "If we all miss the killer, there's still a chance that Marjorie may name him, when she is somnambulistic again. I agree with you that she probably saw the man—even, perhaps, recognized him that night."

But Prosper's enthusiasm for that means of solution seemed to have cooled.

"Possibly. But, personally, I hope she will never again fall into that condition."

Barisford understood.

"Ah, yes, I forgot. Let me add my hopes to yours, Fair."

Then Garrishe came in to settle arrangements about the watch for that night. He was frankly glad to see Barisford back, and did not hesitate to say so.

It was not until sometime after that the detective announced that the Colossic had been reported a few hours' steaming off Queenstown. He had got that by telegram from headquarters in reply to an inquiry he had sent.

"You are going to have Lord Kern shadowed—protected—unobtrusively, from the moment he lands, of course," said Prosper quietly.

Both the detective and Barisford looked surprised at that.

"Why?" demanded Garrishe. "There's no necessity for that." He thought. "The killer won't kill Lord Kern. He knows that would only mean that Miss Marjorie would take possession and probably have a host of workpeople all over the castle and grounds at once. If the man comes back at all, he'll come to grab all the gold he can before Lord Kern arrives. The last chance of another fifty thousand or so is to get it between now and the day after tomorrow," said Garrishe a trifle complacently

"That's true enough, Fair," supported Barisford.

Prosper nodded.

"Oh, quite—I see that."

But Garrishe had a second thought.

"Of course, if Lord Kern dies, it's obvious that Miss Merlehurst and her mother would benefit by a pretty penny—eh? A million ——"

They looked at each other.

"But," chimed in Prosper dryly, "nevertheless, one's imagination quails at the task of picturing Mrs. Merlehurst and her daughter lying in ambush to kill Lord Kern in order that they may snatch the inheritance after all."

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"All Through the Folly of One Misguided Man," They Heard Him Whisper, and He Raised a White Face, Set and Firm, to Them

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British Socialism and Business

Mr. James Brown, the Miner M. P., the King's Representative, With Mrs. Brown, Leaving Holyrood Palace for St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, Where He Opened the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

"WHAT has the Labor Government done during its sixteen weeks in office?" was the question I put to a well-informed Englishman shortly after I reached London in May, and when Ramsay MacDonald had been Prime Minister for four months.

"Nothing; but they have done it nicely," was the reply.

In this epigrammatic retort you have the milk of the Labor coconut neatly served. The trouble is that the milk is likely to sour under a thunder of protest not entirely confined to the opposition ranks. More or less masterly inactivity, expressed, for one thing, in conspicuous failure to solve the unemployment problem—there are still 1,000,000 men out of work—has brought about a unique situation summed up in the phrase, Labor without labor. Curiously enough, the only definite economic step registered by the new government—the repeal of the M'Kenna duties—has increased the ranks of the idle, because, as you shall presently see, it may mean some curtailment of the British motor industry. Certainly it gives the American automobile manufacturer an opportunity to widen his market in the United Kingdom.

No other national spectacle today continues to be quite so diverting or so filled with ironic contrasts as the British Labor Government in action. You have, to begin with, nearly 4,000,000 workers, including miners, engineers and ship and house builders, engaged in trade disputes. You may recall that one of the first welcomes accorded Mr. MacDonald and his associates was a dockers' strike. Labor rule therefore has offered no panacea for unrest or unemployment.

When the Patient Oxen Turned

MOREOVER, you still see stalwart socialists like MacDonald, J. H. Thomas, Tom Shaw and Arthur Henderson wearing full ceremonial dress, including cocked hat, short pants, silk stockings and sword, welcoming foreign kings at railway stations and dancing attendance at royal functions while their wives and daughters are being presented at court amid all the glamour of imperial trappings. You behold—and this is the latest reel in the cinema of Labor contrasts—a one-time miner, Jamie Brown, resplendent in gold lace and scarlet, sitting in state at Holyrood Palace at Edinburgh as the voice and representative of the King; and what is more to the point, liking it. You have a Labor Ministry existing not by virtue of a working party majority but by the tolerance of the Liberals.

The red flag, so proudly waved by Labor, is synonymous with the red ink which persists on the wrong side of the British office ledger. The real sore spot in the fiscal structure, developing from the chronic let-down in production, due in turn to unemployment and trade-union dictation, remains unhealed. Indeed, the principal products of the Labor reign thus far have been inaction on the one hand and amazement over the failure of revolution to revolute on the other.

Now man, to say nothing of nations, cannot live by theory alone, and government in England today is a theory and not a condition. The question arises—Can government by doctrine, and interpreted by doctrinaires, endure? Furthermore, can it increase a bank roll flattened by a huge war-debt service, topheavy prices and excessive taxation? This is precisely the query that the Labor Government faces and that it has failed to answer.

In articles by Mr. F. Britten Austin and Mr. Norman Angell, the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have already been given pictures of the Labor Government, one seen through the eyes of the average sane, moderate-thinking Englishman who questions the ability of idealism to make good; the other a rosy visualization of socialistic platitudes that "can do no wrong."

This article will be an attempt to deal with the unemotional side—that is, the economic results—from the American point of view.

That British sanity is still on the job was evidenced when the first real show-down on socialism as applied to business came late in May. It was the adverse vote on the bill for the nationalization of mines. The same Liberals who had voted with the socialist crowd to kill the M'Kenna duties turned on the government and prevented one of its pet theories from becoming a reality. "The patient oxen," as the Liberals are now called, like the proverbial worm, know how to turn. But they have not yet turned the socialists out.

The wiping out of the M'Kenna duties, which were a wartime measure instituted to conserve cargo space for war supplies and to protect domestic industries against heavy foreign competition, was, in the last analysis, merely a victory for free trade. It was not an achievement that Labor could brag about.

Analyze again the curious turn of the wheel of political fate which gave England her first socialistic régime, and you discover that it was not so much a triumph of the principles for which Labor stands as a defeat of protection. This is why the MacDonalds, the Thomases, the Hendersons and the Shaws are running the British ship of state with something resembling the red flag flying at the masthead.

As a matter of fact this red flag has paled considerably with each passing week. The British are still gasping at what, up to the time I write, is the astonishing moderation of the Labor Party.

Government by Minority

THE sophisticated Briton, however, is asking himself the question: "Is this moderation genuine, or is it a clever camouflage to catch votes and give Labor a real working majority at the next election that will enable the party to do its worst, including capital levy and the whole bag of tricks?"

Labor knows it can have its sterilized fling just now because both the Liberals and the Conservatives are afraid to try a general election, first because of the uncertainty of the outcome; second by reason of the possibility that socialism, due to its restraint, might add to its strength. Fear is working overtime, and it is never constructive in its operation.

At the moment, however, and after the human-interest details—principally the easy adaptability of the horny hand to fit the official kid glove—the outstanding political fact in connection with the Labor Government is that it is a government by minority. Here, however, is the temporary insurance against further economic disaster.

In this connection it is worth while calling attention to a European condition the significance of which is not grasped by most Americans. It lies in the fact that government by minority has almost come to be the national fashion. Everybody seems to be doing it. Apparently it is much more effective than administration by majority, as Mr. Coolidge has found out to his cost.

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

Smuts really set the prevailing mode as far back as 1920, when he carried on the South African Government with the combined Nationalists and Labor able to outvote him. His, however, was a triumph of strategic statesmanship. Today, in addition to the tenure of the MacDonald government by courtesy, as it were, of the Liberals, there is the new deal in France—Herriot is a sort of Gallic Ramsay MacDonald—with a similar line-up; and the still more pronounced situation in Germany, where the accent, so to speak, is on the Right. Thus in three major countries that control the balance of economic war or peace in a considerable portion of the civilized world, no party has a decisive force behind national policy.

Everywhere inconsistency obtains. The vast economic omelet of Europe, including the agitated yolk of England, stirred up by the war, is still unscrambled. To employ the words of our old friend Omar, all the "piety and wit"—there is precious little piety I might add—that uplift and self-determination—red or otherwise—have brought to bear on reconstruction, have not wrought the economic wonders that were prophesied.

Before we go into some appraisal of the economic consequences—such as they are—of the Labor Government, it may be well to point out two things which bear significantly upon the British situation. They will enable the average American not familiar with the workings of the British mind, as well as the machinery of the British Government, to understand the serenity which has so far attended the socialist rule, more especially in its relation to business. They will explain the ease with which untrained ministers functioned from the start, and show why the transition to radical rule was effected without serious dislocation.

The first grows out of the fact which cannot be repeated too often, that for years England has felt that a Labor Government, like rent and the weather, was inevitable. It was like a dose of medicine that had to be taken. The big point was to have it over with; in other words, to get it out of the national system. Hence, when Labor did come in, there was very little flurry in The City, as the financial district of London is known, and the general un-Labor comment—a sort of verbal shrug—was: "Now that Labor is in, what is it going to do?"

Failure to End Unemployment

HOW different it would have been if, for example, Mr. La Follette and his nationalization crew had come into power at Washington. You do not need a diagram to show the degree of panic that would have ensued. Indigo Thursday or Black Friday might have been renewed with all their terror.

It is almost entirely due to the moderation employed that, at the time I write, there is almost an amused interest in the performances of the government. It is well to remember, since it has a bearing on future events, that this discretion is entirely due to the lack of an actual Labor majority, to the fear of imperiling the all-necessary support of the Liberals, and to the necessity of dispelling the fear that socialism is confiscation.

To use American business phraseology, Labor is selling itself as a moderate in order to consolidate its position. They are purchasing good will at the expense, for the time being, at least, of their program. To put it in another way, Labor is in office, but not in power.

The second preliminary to be emphasized is this: Every Labor minister, including those in technical economic posts, has been able to handle his job without visible disturbance to business traffic because, unlike Washington, every governmental department has its staff of so-called permanent high officials who know the ropes and who keep the wheels turning no matter who sits in the minister's chair. Secretaries of state for foreign or home affairs, war, colonies or India may come and depart, but these subordinates go on forever. They show their chiefs where to sign on the dotted line, and they sign. Thus the ebb and flow of cabinet personnel make little real difference with the conduct of affairs, and even with policies. In this system lies the backbone of British national administration. Most of these permanent officials are highly competent.

The mistakes of most governments, British included, have been born of action. In the case of Labor they are the results of inaction, which has bred a confusion that makes this task of inventory extremely difficult. To coin one of those well-known Irish bulls, to write of what Labor has done is really to chronicle what it has failed to do.

Chief among the omissions, and the one which is likely to be the Nemesis of the new order, is unemployment. While they were in opposition Labor mocked both the Liberals and the Conservatives, always maintaining that it had the heaven-born specific. Yet when brought to book, after nearly two months of failure to deal with this so-called key problem, Tom Shaw, the Minister of Labor, had to make the well-known confession: "We are not conjurers to produce policies like rabbits out of a hat." Two months later this legerdemain is still conspicuously absent.

Labor has found out, as many individuals have, that it is one thing to criticize and another to remedy. Before he got into office Ramsay MacDonald said: "I object to the unemployed being fooled any longer. . . . The Labor Party alone has a positive remedy for unemployment. . . . We will take office because in dealing with unemployment we believe we have a program and a power that no other party possesses."

On the night of May twenty-ninth, in seeking to stem what up to that time was the most serious onslaught on his government—a crisis, by the way, which grew out of the Labor failure to present a program that would solve unemployment—MacDonald said: "In regard to pledges and their fulfillment, why should I not confess that we are a little innocent in this matter? If we are without experience, things which seemed very simple to carry out become very complicated and difficult when we become members of a cabinet responsible for them."

Labor's inability to deal with unemployment—the crux of the whole economic situation—is best summed up in these words from a competent observer:

"If there was one claim more than another by which the Labor Party supported their title to office, by which they had already won countless seats at the general election, and for which even their opponents were prepared to pay them the tribute that they were sincere, it was their special capacity for dealing with this deep-seated problem of unemployment. They knew the facts, it was said, by personal experience. They had their plans cut and dried. Where other parties had failed they alone were in a position to transform the whole situation.

"Well, they have had precisely the opportunity for which they were asking six months ago. They have had it without even the handicap of an obstructive parliamentary opposition, for it was a sphere in which the whole House of Commons wished them well. Yet their main contributions so far to the relief of unemployment have been the repeal of certain established duties, which at the least were an admitted mitigation of the problem, and a proposal to extend the dole to children, which has already been laughed out of court by everyone who cares for progress in education."

The preceding reference to the children's dole brings up to what is perhaps the only concrete effort made by Labor to cope with unemployment. As is the case with many altruistic proposals, it was not only uneconomic and therefore unsound but aimed at the very root of the social structure, which is education.

To understand this fantastic attempt at remedy you must know that in England, as elsewhere, the dole, while providing some kind of insurance against revolution, has really endowed idleness. Unable to restore foreign trade, the one logical cure for unemployment, the Labor Government decided that it was much easier to increase the dole. It was the familiar political alternative of taking the easiest and most expensive way.

The Dole Proposed for Children

NOT only was it proposed to advance the rate for adults and their dependents, but—and here is where the scheme ran on the rocks—the idea was to give children of fourteen—the present age limit is sixteen—full benefit of what might be called the compensation for not working. This meant that if a boy or girl were taken out of school at fourteen and failed to get work, he or she would be eligible for the dole. You can readily see the inducement this held out for the shiftless father or mother to make his brood part of the family meal ticket at a time when the youngsters should be equipping themselves for the future with some kind of education. It really meant subsidizing mendicancy.

As one critic of the measure put it: "We have heard a huge outcry about boys from fourteen to sixteen being employed as caddies on golf links. Better that than have them hanging around labor bureaus in a not very earnest quest for work, but having a far more earnest expectation of a dole on Friday."

The children's dole would have cost the government £7,000,000 almost straight off the reel.

The juvenile dole, however, was badly beaten, and it was one of the many reverses that the government has suffered. I refer to it merely to indicate the kind of impractical remedy that has been dished up by Labor in the effort to make good on campaign promises. The immediate effect of the dole-for-children proposal was to inspire the almost nation-wide question "Why should anyone work at all?" In fact there is a growing feeling in Britain expressed in the words "Only fools and horses work nowadays." For many the dole is anything but doleful!

You do not have to travel far in England to realize that the dole, like charity, is an easily acquired habit, sterilizing the will to work. A large employer of labor told me that he had just offered a man a job at light labor at thirty-five shillings a week. He really had no opening for him, but wanted to give him a chance. To his surprise he received this reply: "I would not think of accepting. I am getting forty-five shillings a week in unemployment insurance."

In some districts, especially in the London Borough of Poplar, where there is an out-and-out socialistic administration, some of the idle with families receive a total dole that amounts to considerably more than three pounds a week. Why should anyone want to work in these circumstances? Yet the Labor Government, instead of minimizing this handicap to production, only sought to increase it. It is passing the buck, as it were, to the taxpayer, who in the end is the universal goat.

A fundamental reason for a good deal of the British unemployment for which there is no legislative remedy lies in a stiff-necked trade-unionism which, with its limitation-of-output fetish, has done as much to prevent a return to industrial normalcy as the dole. This, coupled with the strike, has contributed largely to the industrial plight in which Britain finds herself.

Let us look for a moment at the overhead cost of a long succession of British industrial upheavals. The figures for 1923 are significant. There were exactly 611 trade disputes, causing stoppages of work that involved 400,000 individuals. The important fact, however, was that they resulted in the loss of precisely 10,640,000 working days. Even when the British artisan is given the opportunity to work he often side-steps by walking out.

Not only is the British worker slacking on his job, but once at work, he is obsessed by a curious fear that someone will get that job. The decline in the apprentice system, once the pride and joy of British industry, is a startling revelation of what seems to be an impairment of the British productive mind. Let me illustrate with this incident:

In the hotel where I live in London is a valet who has looked after me for some years. A few days ago he asked me if I could get a job for his oldest boy, who is sixteen. I asked him why he did not apprentice him in some big plant. To my surprise I got this answer: "I have tried to apprentice the lad in at least twenty factories, but they will not have him. They do not seem to want to train young men in industry any more."

The Widening Gap

BRITISH labor psychology, whether in government or in factory, is a queer thing to fathom. It has operated against the larger restoration of foreign trade despite the increase in exports. This phase of the situation was summed up by a man who said:

"At present employers, instead of studying markets and trade requirements, are compelled to spend much of their time in studying the psychology of their men and of the trade-union leaders. The creative energy which ought to be devoted to the expansion of business is being dissipated in barren disputes, and managers are unable to get on with their jobs. Instead of mutual trust there is mutual distrust, and the one great help to trade, coöperation—the thing that would benefit everybody—is lost sight of almost completely. Furthermore, this perpetual unrest frightens away capital. People will not embark their money on new ventures or developments unless they feel some sort of security. There can be no security until we know whether we or our employes are going to conduct our affairs. Experience has proved that the state is not an altogether desirable partner."

In any analysis of the British business position you encounter on all sides the uncompromising fact that the abnormally high cost of production is the disturbing factor. This high cost, let me repeat, is due to dear coal, the constant succession of strikes, topheavy taxes—on large incomes a man nets only a little more than six shillings on every pound he receives—trade-union limitation of output, and shorter working hours than obtain in other countries. Hence, one fundamental cause of unemployment is that the products of British industry are too expensive for an impoverished world to buy.

One of the obstacles to trade stabilization is the lack of good will between employer and employe. The Labor Government, instead of bridging this gap, has only widened it. The import and export figures though showing an increase in the movement of British goods abroad, show values in terms of inflated currencies which bring the actual value down to considerably less than the prewar activities.

You have only to look at the rapid expansion in the German export trade to find out that internal political complications, no matter how serious—and if any country drips with them it is the Teutonic Reich—are not synonymous with commercial congestion. German wares are supplanting British goods everywhere.

It is not altogether unlikely that through its utter inability to solve the unemployment problem, which means lack of exports, the Labor Government may deprive the pound sterling of the important place that it could have, once the Dawes plan is put in operation. In its report on the Dawes document the advisory council of the Federal Reserve Board of the United States made this significant statement:

"The Dawes Report leads the world to the crossroads. It provides for a German note-issuing bank on a gold basis, but leaves the door open to place it on a sterling basis, and it cannot be denied that there is no small probability of the latter basis being chosen."

(Continued on Page 36)

BODY by FISHER

One of the first in the field of motor car development, Fisher has always been known in the industry as the leader in quality body building. That unquestioned supremacy explains why the symbol—Body by Fisher—everywhere and in every price class, typifies the utmost in beauty, craftsmanship and value.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

(Continued from Page 34)

This sterling basis, however, will fail of fulfillment if the Labor Government cannot point the way to the resumption of foreign trade, all the resources and prestige of Threadneedle and Lombard Streets to the contrary notwithstanding. If America is wise she will exert her huge banking strength to beat the pound sterling to this German goal. Here is a good use for our unwieldly gold hoard

Of course there are various nonpolitical reasons why unemployment and the industrial dislocation persist. The housing shortage, for example, continues to be acute, and Labor has dodged the real issue here. Lack of houses makes for idleness, as men cannot move freely from place to place as work offers, with the old facility. It is estimated that there are actually 200,000 fewer men in the building trades today than in 1901

The housing problem gave the Labor Government another opportunity, not to distinguish, but well-nigh to extinguish itself. It was swept into office largely upon the twin assurances that it would solve both the housing and the unemployment riddles. You have already seen how unemployment remains a blank wall. With housing, a characteristic procedure—so far as practicality is concerned—is proposed.

The scheme originated with John Wheatley, the Minister of Health. It is anything but a healthy program for the taxpayer, because it really means fewer houses and more taxes. The government subsidy to housing under the Neville Chamberlain Act of 1923 was limited to six pounds per house for twenty years. Wheatley proposes to increase this to nine pounds per house for forty years, and also to call on the local authorities for an additional four pounds and ten shillings. This housing subsidy, in a word, means that if John Jones anywhere in England wants to build a cottage conforming with national specifications he would get thirteen pounds and ten shillings to help him along.

Burdensome Housing Schemes

THE Wheatley scheme immediately ran afoul bitter opposition and, like nearly every other Labor Government measure, is likely to fail. In this instance both the Liberals and Conservatives will join to scotch it, for it involves a total expenditure of £1,376,000,000.

The moral of this bill is not without its value to Americans, because it deals directly with the dangerous practice of government interference with private enterprise. This interference was bad enough in housing plans under previous administrations, but under the MacDonald régime it is intensified. One reason for its obnoxiousness arises from the simple fact, as we all know, that everybody, whether wage earner, employer or merchant, invariably considers himself justified in putting up his prices the moment he begins to deal with the government. Moreover, the Wheatley plan is not only a check to private enterprise by making it more difficult for the private builder to compete with the state-subsidized house, but it also creates an awkward contrast between the rents of houses built under the Neville Chamberlain scheme and those which it is proposed to build under the Wheatley Bill.

I know of no better way of expressing the sane British attitude toward the Wheatley housing scheme than to reproduce the following comment on it from the Times:

"For the moment it is with the broad question of the cost and feasibility of the Government proposals that the public is concerned. The scheme contemplates the building in fifteen years of 2,500,000 houses of the type required. During that period and afterwards the Exchequer charge and the charge on local rates will increase steadily till from 1940 to 1963 they will amount respectively to something over £23,000,000 and £11,000,000 a year. Huge as is the expenditure contemplated by the scheme, the public would regard it with less anxiety if they were certain that it would produce the required results. They realize the need for a great increase in the housing accommodation of the nation, and they will be prepared to pay for it. But it takes men and materials as well as money to build houses, and Parliament and the public will insist on knowing, before this great expenditure is authorized, precisely what steps the Government are taking to ensure that an adequate supply of both shall be forthcoming. Their negotiations on the subject with the representatives of the building industry appear at present as unlikely to be productive of practical results as their influence—of which so much was hoped—with the trade unions. Their ideas for the public good seem to be limited to the spending of public money."

Thus with housing, as with unemployment, the socialists have presented no sound economic remedy. They have turned to that usual first aid of the inept administration which is the public purse, the institution which can always be relied on to be the goat.

To return for a moment to what might be called the legitimate reasons for unemployment, it is worth while pointing out that despite her war losses Great Britain is overpopulated. The population is 2,000,000 greater than in the last prewar year. The annual emigration, which roughly approximated 250,000 people, stopped in 1914, and save for sporadic movement to Canada, Australia, America, and to a much lesser extent to Rhodesia, has not been resumed. The Labor Government has done nothing to encourage or to endow colonization in a big way. To the casual observer colonization, and not nationalization, would seem to be the logical thing. But colonization would take away votes, and the political powers-that-be are probably much more concerned about the ballot box than about economic regeneration.

One of the most serious blows administered to the Labor Government was the overthrow of the Mines Nationalization Bill. Next to the wiping out of unemployment this was one of the pet projects of the socialist régime. Briefly stated, it put the entire British coal industry in the hands of the Miners' Federation. The public, the domestic consumer, the manufacturer—in fact, all users of coal—were at the absolute mercy of that fortieth part of the population that is engaged in producing coal. A mining council of twenty members, in whose nomination the king was permitted to go half with the Miners' Federation, was to be set up to acquire all the mines in the kingdom and manage them with a free hand. Whatever had to do with the production, transport, distribution and sale of coal came under the exclusive control of this mining council, aided by a bureaucracy in London, and salaried district councils throughout the country. It made miners the overlords of British labor, and established soft jobs without number for trade-union officials.

Three features of this Mines Nationalization Bill were peculiarly illuminating. One enabled the members of the mining council and all others employed under the act, although in the service of the state, to enjoy absolute freedom to stir up and lead strikes. Another lay in the financial clauses, which wiped out the royalty owners without a penny of compensation, and gave the actual mine owners less than half the capital value of their properties. The third specified that all losses arising from the administration of this overmanned industry and the payment of continually higher wages for what would have inevitably been continually less work, were to be made good out of the public treasury

The presentation of the bill and the debate that followed were historic for several reasons. First of all, it bared the real intent of the Labor Government. Here was not only stark socialism, naked and unashamed, but what seemed dangerously akin to the first step toward communism, for it embodied a hint of that persistent British nightmare, a capital levy.

Tigers Black and Tigers Red

LLOYD GEORGE led the fight against the measure. If any doubt existed about the ability of the magnetic Welshman to come back to House of Commons leadership, it was dispelled in his merciless arraignment of the act Being one of the best little wallopers in public life, he was at his best that day.

He made an effective point in connection with a paragraph from an article written a few years ago by Sidney Webb, who is the Labor President of the Board of Trade. This paragraph is as follows:

"A black tiger is, I believe, unknown to naturalists, just as the black swan was unknown 150 years ago, but some people now seem to want to introduce such an animal into this country. By a black tiger I mean in this connection a capitalist coal trust, monopolizing the production and sale of coal either throughout the whole of Great Britain or in particular districts."

Lloyd George read the paragraph with eloquent impressiveness and with all the histrionic gifts—and they are many—that he possesses. Then he stood still, surveyed the House, and, tapping the copy of the Mines Nationalization Act that he held in his hand, said: "Well, here it is, except that this is the red tiger"

In discussing the measure Lloyd George declared: "If there are profits they go back into the industry. If there is a loss, after fixing their own wages, hours of labor and working conditions, it is to be paid out of the moneys provided by Parliament. This is the new socialism. This is indeed a blank check to be paid for by the taxpayers."

Lloyd George logic and eloquence carried the day, for the opponents had a majority of 78. For the moment, and certainly until Labor can get a real working and fighting majority in Parliament, mine nationalization is a dead letter in England, a consummation for which both the producer and the consumer are profoundly thankful.

Less significant but more humorous was the episode of the attempt of a Socialist member of Parliament, Ben Turner, "to restore to the nation all lands, minerals, rivers, streams and tributaries," as his bill read. This was a so-called private-member bill, which means that it was not a government undertaking. It is worth mentioning in passing because it shows the trend of thought of the rank and file of British socialism.

The debate over the Turner Bill was largely a battle of

Continued on Page 48

J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies

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9	x 9	ft.	13.50		3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
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The Gold Seal pasted on all guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum is an identification mark you can depend on. Don't be misled into buying some other material. The Gold Seal gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Remember, there is only one guaranteed, nationally advertised *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Insist upon getting it!

Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 510

Pattern No. 321

Pattern No. 530

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

TREBIZOND

(Continued from Page 17)

tiled esplanade which marks the beginning of a better and greater Park Avenue.

When opportunity offered, Trumper crossed the intervening space without taking his eyes from her person. Betty Bannon of caressing memory, now Mrs. Magyar Williams and the mother of three, had danced nonchalantly to the honk of an oncoming motor car, but this girl had plunged into the maelstrom of the traffic with a single-minded vehemence that seemed to proclaim her a sprite of another order, a visualized elf confident of immunity to material destruction. As Trumper approached, his brain registered an impression fleeting yet intense, as if wind, weather and a gray background had become a canvas for a portrait done in unstable flesh and blood which must inevitably dissolve.

She stood straight as an arrow, heels close together, cheap skirts swirling back from her braced figure, his hat clutched to her panting breast, and above it her eyes, shining out at him in an intoxicating mixture of mirth, mischief and joy made piquant by an incipient dash of embarrassment. Except for the sparkling blue of her eyes her whole note was amber, but an amber clouded with pink high lights alternating with the milky whiteness which pertains to smooth-skinned youth out of breath.

"Thank you," said Trumper, taking his hat. "Why did you do it?"

"Gee! I don't know," she replied with a nervous, shuddering little laugh. "I guess I done it because it was such fun."

"Fun to risk your life in the mill of the traffic?" queried Trumper gravely.

"It seems to me that to throw anything as lovely as—as yourself after a mere hat was charmingly extravagant."

"Pet the dog," she murmured.

"Excuse me. I don't think I caught what you said."

"No; you wouldn't," she replied, the twinkle stealing back into her eyes in such a stealthy manner that he knew her from that moment for one of those creatures whose hearts never stay angry as long as their heads tell them to. "You wouldn't because it's one of my own, see?"

"I can't say that I do," said Trumper, and continued with his most disarming smile. "It's awfully windy here. Couldn't we walk, or get in a cab, or something? I've simply got to know about petting the dog."

"So you did hear!" exclaimed the girl. "Well, we don't need a cab or anything like that to go where I'm going."

They started out at a brisk pace and before Trumper quite realized what was happening he found himself sitting in one of five chairs on one side of a catch-as-catch-can communal table facing her in one of the five chairs opposite. It became apparent that she intended to eat in this place and expected him to do likewise. He groaned inwardly at a message from his stomach to the effect that whatever he personally should decide to do, it would reserve to itself the constitutional right of veto. Well, let it. Even at that humiliating price he was going to hear what this youngster had to say.

"I got a dog, a beauty," began the girl as if he had commanded her to speak, "and it's lucky for your hat I didn't have him along today. He makes me walk different, and, of course, I couldn't of run."

"Makes you walk different?" asked Trumper. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know. Kind of stuck up and perky."

"Yes? And then what happens?"

"Well, whenever I'm in an elevator or stop at a street corner somebody is almost sure to take two looks at me and one at the dog. Right there they try to pet him, hoping for a free ride to home and fireside. So when a guy hands me the soft soap and waits for me to slip and fall, I say he's petting the dog. See?"

Trumper laughed; so did the girl. They forgot where they were and that large cheap eating places regard gloom as a vested interest. Why do the dishes clatter louder at these fodder troughs than anywhere else? Because there is no chatter, no gayety; because eating is not an art but a grave necessity; because nobody—guest, waitress, slip checker, cashier, cook or bus lady—is happy to be there. In such surroundings a merry laugh becomes an outrage; but unmindful of the frowns and consternation on every hand Trumper and the girl looked straight into each other's eyes and laughed.

He had already perceived the fresh beauty in the contours of her face and figure, but now he began to see other things besides—the slenderness of her hands and long tapering fingers, the dancing mobility of her lips and eyes, the buoyant carriage of her head, and finally the lilting note of her blood which seemed to possess the faculty of making visible such abstract things as vitality, cheer and courage. Why should such a girl find it necessary to live on such food? Presently he began to get some answers to this unspoken question. In the first place, never had he heard melodious speech take on such strange forms.

She appeared to love to talk just as she loved to run—because it was such fun; and he suspected that perhaps her tongue was a bit starved for lack of an understanding ear. Certainly in him she had found a good listener. To read that she said "miloleum" instead of "linoleum" means little; but to hear her say "This miloleum gets through to me every time; look at them shoes!" and have her crook one knee to bring a paper-shod foot and a ravishing ankle into view beyond the end of the table, was to know oneself entranced almost to the point of missing the news that she had an aunt who had turned apaleptic from standing on cold floors.

Trumper forgot the Street and his worries; even the fact that only two days ago he had totted up certain expenses connected with the launching of various supper-room beauties and found that his innocent enjoyment of them had cost him over thirty thousand dollars faded quickly from mind. Here was a girl who combined the possibilities of every one of her predecessors under the ministrations of the creative impulse. What could he not make of her? Anything—practically anything!

While thus he mused the waitress dropped two punched slips on the table. There was only a second's pause before the girl reached out, possessed herself of one of the checks, laid upon it the exact amount it called for—namely, forty-five cents—and arose to go. Trumper looked at her reproachfully as he paid a like amount for his uneaten food and added a disproportionate tip.

"Couldn't you have let me do the paying?" he asked.

"I wonder how you ever caught the train to town," she tossed over her shoulder with a laugh.

He followed her; she had not asked him to, he did not know where she was bound, but he did know he could do no less. They came to a businesslike foyer where there was a turnstile guarded by a wicket window which shot entrance tickets out of a slot at a price. As he approached it, money in hand, she warned him that she needed no ticket. A moment later they were in a strange and, to him, a peculiarly unfriendly interior. In the first place, its vastness dazed him; in the second, third and fourth, he perceived that it was a dance hall, come into being at the demand of vox populi crying out in its least humorous and most utilitarian strain for cut-and-dried entertainment served like chipped beef in cheap packages.

At that early hour there were absurdly fewer dancers than tables. They stood in glass-topped rows and receded from the illumination of the ballroom floor to far-removed shadowy recesses which would have been alluring had they been offered in less than wholesale lots.

Here, too, there was a foyer and a wicket window which had on one side of it a painted announcement informing the public that a dance and two encores, including a partner, could be enjoyed for a quarter; and on the other, a row of girls seated on an elongated divan and assuming bright expectant looks every time a man drifted into view.

"What's the idea?" asked Trumper of his companion, who had grown hesitant for the first time in their brief acquaintance.

"Here's where I work," she answered. "If you really want to spend your money you can buy some tickets."

"How many?"

"As many as you like. I get twenty cents for each one I turn in, the house gets a nickel, and you get the dances, or me to talk to if you want to sit out."

"Yes; I'd rather like sitting out," murmured Trumper, grasping at a straw just as full realization of who he was, and where, was about to drown him. He bought ten dollars' worth of tickets, an amazingly long strip, rolled it up and thrust it into her hands. When he saw how her face brightened he felt a queer twinge inside him and wanted to go back and repeat, but she laid restraining fingers on his arm and led him away. They found a place where they could sit in shadow with their backs to the wall, look out upon the eerie emptiness and watch it slowly fill with syncopating couples.

Never before had Trumper been quite so completely at sea, and never before had he realized more thoroughly the interdependence between happiness and background. Everything in sight was clean—the people, the dancing, the floor, the tables, the frescoes, the draperies and even the windows—and yet it was this very cleanliness that jarred him. It jarred him because it was all so horribly, so flatly hygienic. That was it—hygienic; healthful by order of the board.

Here freedom was peddled at twenty-five cents a shot, and the result was exactly a quarter's worth of freedom. He stared at the flitting forms before him and imagined them manacled with rules and regulations, but ready to practice the arts of the mental pickpocket with whispered phrase and subterfuge at the drop of the hat or a handkerchief.

"So," he said aloud, "this is where you work, eh?" She nodded. "Well," he continued, "I don't like it. Let's get out."

"I can't, now I've reported," she said, the animation dying in her face as if someone had turned down a light within. "Why don't you like it here?"

"I don't know," said Trumper. "I mean I do know, but I can't exactly say it." There was a pause and then he added, "You must have some rough times dancing with Tom, Dick and Harry."

"Is that it?" she asked, touching his elbow appealingly and peering into his face. "You don't like it because of the things you think they try on?"

"Perhaps so," he admitted. "I hadn't thought it out. But now you've mentioned it, what do you do with a buyer on the loose when he gets fresh?"

"Well, if he's new at the game I go easy," said the girl, her lips quirking at the corners. "I say, 'You're acting in a supersticious manner. Here's your quarter, little boy. Run out and buy a dozen lemons if you want to squeeze till it hurts.'"

"And if he's hard-boiled?" pursued Trumper with a smile.

"Then I say," she complied with a flash of her eyes and angry emphasis, 'I think you're disgusting. If you want my drink back ask for it; don't try to ——'"

"I can guess the rest," interrupted Trumper hurriedly. "But there must be times when they hang around or follow you out, and it comes to a show-down. Aren't there?"

"Yes; they is. Well—look."

She laid her hands palms down on the table and spread them wide. Such slender round wrists! Such long fingers, so tapered that to look at them was to feel a caress! He leaned over to examine them more closely, but by tapping their tips rapidly she drew his attention to her well-manicured and sharply pointed nails.

"Safety blades," she murmured meaningly. "Ten to the package."

He threw back his head and laughed. "You're all right!" he declared. "By Jove, I was feeling depressed, all in, gloomy; down, through and out. Now look at me. I mean stop, look and then listen. How much do you make here?"

"Oh, I don't know. If she's lucky and dances straight through, a girl makes about three dollars a night. There's bad nights, of course; but then again there's regular customers that always slips you a couple of dollars, and once in a while some nice guy passes you a five-spot and walks out before you can thank him."

"So there are nice men?"

"Yes, they is. But I'm afraid of them."

"Why?"

"Because when you meet one," she answered gravely, "you sort of choke an' want to give him everything you've got."

"Well," said Trumper after a thoughtful pause, "let's say you clear thirty a week. It isn't enough. Will you trust me to get you another job?"

"What kind of a job?"

"Nothing hard for you. Something in the line of cheering people up when they feel as I was feeling before you saved my hat. I don't know just how we'll start out, but I'm sure it's in you. Will you try? I'll guarantee five hundred in the first five weeks."

"Five hundred?" she repeated, raising her eyes to his.

"At least that."

"And it won't be anything that'll make me unhappy?"

"No," he promised. "Nothing rough, nothing unkind, nothing, I mean, that you couldn't write home about on a postal."

"Why, sure!" she cried, again laying her hand on his arm. "Of course I'll do it. What is it?"

"Well," he answered presently, frowning as he drew card and pencil from his pocket and began to write, "I don't exactly know. The first thing is to cut this place out. The next is for you to turn up at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the address I've written here."

"But where?" she interrupted.

"Here it is, written on the card."

"Yes; but where is it? You can tell me, can't you, in case I lose the paper it's writ on?"

He told her, and added, "By the way, what's your name?"

"Trebizond; but everyone calls me Trebbie."

"Trebizond!" gasped Trumper. "Where did you pick up a name like that?"

"My mother took it out of a book with maps in it. She died when I was a kid; but I got the book in my trunk."

"I believe you," murmured Trumper, eying her at close range. "I was going to suggest a name for you, but I can't beat the combination of Trebizond and Trebbie. You are both, my dear."

"Both? What do you mean, both?"

"Never mind," he answered with a smile as he arose. "I'll tell or show you some other time. You won't fail me tomorrow at four, will you?"

"Can I bring Trickster?"

"Who's Trickster?"

"My dog."

"Oh! Why, certainly. Bring him by all means."

The address he had given her was Binotinelli's, and as Trumper hurried up the Avenue on the following afternoon to be in time for the appointment without the expense of a taxi he was frowning. It was not the snow which was falling in great white flakes—rabbit blankets his nurse used to call them—that made him scowl; it was the fact that he was deliberately avoiding a cab fare. What business had a man so destitute of ready money to meet a girl anywhere, least of all at Binotinelli's?

It should not be assumed that Trumper was, or even thought that he was, really poor; but full allowance must be made for his belonging to that coterie who consider living on capital a penitentiary offense, and to whom the pulling of a molar without gas is infinitely less agonizing than the sacrifice of convalescing securities at slaughterhouse prices. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, something had to be done for the girl named Trebizond out of an atlas.

His attention was diverted from the problem in mind by joyful yapping just ahead. He looked, and immediately perceived that everyone else on the Avenue was not only looking but smiling, and sometimes stopping short to turn around and look again. A young girl whose tone color was amber was walking against time in the same direction as he. From her shoulder arose the erect torso of a jet-black dog with a pointed head and a huge neck ruff. He was of a miniature variety generally despised by men, but this special specimen broke all rules. He was the most instantly lovable, restless and busy babe in arms ever carried, and incidentally he was having the time of his life, snapping at the blobs of snow as they fell, and yapping ecstatically between successful catches.

Feeling his hand actually itch to pet him, Trumper grinned and lengthened his stride. When he was at the girl's shoulder, however, he restrained himself from touching the dog, opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again because the comedy was too

(Continued on Page 41)

The crisp, golden grains delight you if you're hungry—tempt you if you're not

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It is the failure of your body to get the nourishment it needs that leads to malnutrition—to mental and physical breakdown

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"When you eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast you give your mouth regular daily 'setting-up exercises.' Chewing the crisp, hard grains stimulates the teeth and gums, and starts a normal flow of the protective alkaline juices of the mouth glands. This means a clean, healthy mouth, and, in addition, a proper start for the whole digestive process."

At least one-third your daily nourishment should come from the *carbohydrates* (a great part of which comes from the grains). They are your chief *source* of strength and vitality—your very power to do work.

And yet—in the form in which you ordinarily get *carbohydrates*, they may be your chief cause of trouble instead of your chief source of power.

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In action, oil forms a thin film between the whirling, sliding surfaces of the motor and prevents dangerous metal to metal contact. But the film itself must resist the lash of scorching heat—the menace of grinding friction.

Why ordinary oil fails

Under that terrific punishment, the ordinary oil-film breaks, curls up and burns. Through the shattered film, hot metal is bared to deadly friction. If you could see that actually happening, you would know why poor lubrication causes 75% of all engine-repair bills.

Tide Water engineers spent years studying the chemical and physical characteristics of oils and oil-films. Experiment followed experiment, until they perfected, in Veedol, an oil which forms the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

Let the "film of protection" safeguard your motor

You will find it more economical to insist on the "film of protection" than to pay big engine-repair bills.

Wherever a dealer displays the orange and black Veedol sign, there is also The Veedol Motor Protection Guide, a chart that tells which Veedol oil to use in your car. Have your crank-case drained and refilled with Veedol today.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York; Chicago, 3433 South Racine Avenue; San Francisco, 440 Brannan Street.

The "FILM of PROTECTION"

thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel

Here is the Veedol "film of protection." Note how smooth, even and unbroken it is. The fact that Veedol resists deadly heat and friction has been proved *chemically* by scientists. It has been proved *practically* by hundreds of thousands of motorists. Veedol gives them more power, greater gasoline and oil mileage, less carbon and the greatest economy in operation.

The picture below shows how a film of ordinary oil breaks, curls up and burns. Metal to metal contact follows; destructive friction sets up. You pay the toll—lost power, carbon knocks, scored cylinders and pistons, burned-out bearings. 75% of all engine-repair bills are caused by the failure of the ordinary oil-film to resist heat and friction.

Motorists in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

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(Continued from Page 38)

good to spoil. He could see that her face was grave and her eyes undoubtedly absorbed, intent, and rapt from all that was going on about her. As a result, there was something actually ludicrous in the way the gaze of every transient riveted itself upon her and her dog, causing every head to pivot as she passed. But the best comedy all on one note grows monotonous, and Trumper decided to change the action.

"Where did you get that dog?" he asked gruffly.

The girl stopped as if all motive power had been abruptly drained from her body, and drew a gasping breath; her cheeks went white as the falling snow, she turned and raised stricken eyes to Trumper's face. Slowly she recognized him and just as slowly color came back into her face.

"You!" she gasped. "Oh, how you skeered me!"

She collapsed against his shoulder and clung to him with one hand while the dog yapped wildly for help. Trumper did not have to be told that he was the victim of no emotional fraud.

He tore open the door of a cab standing at the curb, lifted her in, and persuaded the driver that it would pay him several times over to forget his former fare and drive the hundred and eighty steps to Binotinelli's establishment. By the time he was seated the girl had not only recovered but was smiling.

"You see," she explained, still a little gaspingly, "I stole the dog, and you're the first ever said that to me before I had time to think."

"Stole him!" cried Trumper. "And you have the nerve to tell me about it?"

"Why not?" retorted Trebbie, her features assuming the clear-cut hardness of a cameo. "That's how I come to New York. I loved him and he loved me. I had to take him because he hated the woman that had him, and I know why."

"Well, why?"

"Because she wasn't the same as him, like I am; because she was a gloom, and fat."

"Oh," said Trumper, striving in vain to retain his look of reproof. "Of course that's—that's different."

"Of course it is," declared Trebbie gravely as they arrived at their destination.

Trumper preceded her into Binotinelli's sanctum in such a manner that she was in doubt whether she was expected to tag along or not. As a result the famous dressmaker got the exact impression which his patron intended he should get; he wondered whether she had actually come with Trumper or if she had lost her way.

"Ah! Monsieur Bromleigh!" greeted Binotinelli, shaking his own hands and then rubbing them together.

"Well, Bino," said Trumper, throwing one leg across the corner of the flat desk and preparing to light a cigarette, "how's business?"

"Business!" exploded the Frenchman. "Don't say that word! I have forget what she mean. To understand at what you drive I have to borrow a dictionary. The word you spik is absolete."

"Exactly," said Trumper, and waited.

It was inevitable that his eyes and subsequently Bino's should wander to the hesitant girl and her very lively dog. Once arrived upon those two intriguing objects, it was equally inevitable that they should stay put until Trebbie grew restless and began to flush, and move about, and turn, and pout, and look coldly at Binotinelli, and wide-eyed at Trumper, who prayed that she would not open her mouth to utter words which might damage the picture. It was Bino, however, who succumbed first to the silence, and broke it.

"Mon Dieu!" he moaned. "People dress such a girl like that, and there ain't no law to send them to prison."

"It is a crime," said Trumper indifferently. "Well, we'll have to be going. Come along, Trebbie."

"What!" groaned Bino unbelievingly. "You know her, and you won't buy her a dress—one little dress!"

"I can't afford it, Bino," said Trumper, pausing on his way to the door. "Of course I have an idea that would put a new style on the map, but it will just have to wait until next year."

"Next year!" shouted Bino. "Well, me and madame are starving each day to death, but I make a robe for this girl and lend it to you for twelve months. Mr. Trumpère Bromleigh can owe money to poor Bino for twelve months."

"I don't mind a bit," said Trumper coolly, returning to his former position on the desk. "So many people owe me money that I'd rather enjoy having someone to dodge myself. But I warn you, Bino, that you can't use any of your old stock. Not for this job."

"I 'ave no old stock," declared Bino.

"In that case," continued Trumper promptly, "just bring in every bolt of cretonne you've got."

"Cretonne!" gasped Bino. "You name that stuff in my shop? Is this beautiful young lady an armchair with four legs?"

He continued to rave while Trumper eyed him dispassionately, smoked, beckoned Trebbie to his side, twiddled Trickster's ears, and otherwise killed time.

"Bino," he interrupted finally, "you are an ass without the ass' most distinguishing feature—namely, two long ears. Shut up, and listen."

Half an hour later the two men were poring over a delivery-wagon load of bolts of the finest grades of astonishingly expensive cretonne while Trebbie stared at them with ever-widening eyes and invisible ears pricked up to match those of Trickster, who was yawning tremendously at rapidly decreasing intervals.

Trumper seemed to be in a daze out of which he came from time to time only to say "No," with a finality which admitted of no argument. He would close his eyes, open them on a new offering, and then say "No." This procedure was monotonous, but it was also impressive. What he was seeing when he closed his eyes, neither Bino nor the girl could imagine, but they knew positively that he was seeing something, and that it was of great importance to all concerned. At last, when the tired attendants were near the end of their patience and almost at the bottom of the heap of material, he drew a long breath and sighed "Yes."

He went away without another word, but Trebbie remained to stare with Bino at the stuff Trumper had determined should be made into a dress. The longer they looked the more quiet they became. It was that sort of material—soft in its mingled colors, tinted with the faded shades of dried rose leaves, yet inviting and deep as a summer garden.

Even Trickster stopped yawning and yapped that he wanted to play in it.

Three days later Trumper, having received news from Bino, began to telephone to those of his friends who were being most hotly pursued by the black wolf of worry. As a matter of cold fact everyone of his acquaintance was running before the pack, but somehow it is the woes of the people we know best that always loom the largest.

"Magyar," said Trumper over the phone, "what would you give to forget your troubles for an evening?"

"Guaranteed?" asked Magyar.

"Guaranteed, or your money back," assured Trumper.

"I'd give the third and fourth fingers of my left hand," said Magyar solemnly.

"Well, it will cost you more than that," replied Trumper unfeelingly. "We eat at my studio tomorrow evening at a hundred dollars a plate. Shall I count you in?"

"Couples or stag?"

"None of your business. All you need to know is that this is an individual invitation."

A pause; then, "All right; I'll be there. What time?"

"Eight o'clock sharp; cocktails for those who want them at 7:45."

The next man tackled by Trumper was another very much married one, James Van Peiss by name. Jimmie also welcomed an evening away from home and wife, reminders of responsibility, and offered the pick of his polo string as a measure of what he would give in exchange. Trumper laughed derisively and followed the jeer with the same disparaging demand he had made of Magyar. Next he invited Hilary Pell, unmarried; then Zelter, to whom rumor allotted a wife who invariably stayed at home—a praiseworthy practice which became damnable when the world and his wife adopted it throughout an entire theatrical season.

Then he called up Doctor Maxon, shorn of all his savings when the bottom fell out of the market; then those two men whose names both Trumper and themselves had forgotten under the stunning impact of Daphne's charms. He remembered them now; one was Melville, the painter, and the other Mowbray, Master of the Beagle Hunt. Finally he called up Binotinelli.

"Bino," he asked, "is it worth a hundred borrowed dollars for you to forget your troubles by coming to the party tonight?"

"Besides the robe?" demanded Bino after a long pause.

"Besides the loan of the robe," corrected Trumper.

"Yes, it is," said Bino after a still longer pause. "I know where I can borrow him."

"Oh, that's what you were hesitating about, was it, you old sport?" laughed Trumper. "Well, take comfort in the fact that no one is going to get in for less than a hundred in cash, and that it's going to cost me twice that, besides the dinner and owing you for the dress."

Eight o'clock of the morrow arrived in due course, and Trumper, grave but indubitably light of heart, received his guests in the room back of the studio where Fetch was also in attendance to mix and serve cocktails of a half-forgotten thoroughbred strain. The vermuth was of a brand now extinct, the gin was not synthetic, and the drop of absinth to each glass was neither anisette nor paregoric. Such liquor, proportioned by the delicate hand of a master and shaken to the frosting point, can well set the note of excellence for an entire evening.

At the word of command Fetch raised the Bokhara rug which masked the door into the studio, and Trumper, leading the way, passed into a blaze of candlelight. His guests entered after him one by one and stood in a spellbound crescent. In the center of the room was an oaken table, bare of cloth, but heavily laid with ware carrying the Bromleigh insignia and with the famous Bromleigh plate. A cheerful wood fire burned in the grate and two immaculate waiters from Trumper's smartest club stood at rigid attention. But these were not what drew and fixed every eye.

The model's throne had been dragged from its platform and placed at the far end of the table. Over it had been thrown a rug of such beauty that those who recognized its worth instantly quivered with envy; and those who did not, yet felt their fingers itch to touch it. But even this rug, holding in its mesh eternal youth, could not alone have made Trumper's eight guests catch their breath and forget to let it go.

No. What did that was the pale person who blossomed amid its paler emblems—a girl disclosed in a simple slip of a yoked frock made of cretonne of such pattern and color that it seemed verily to be entwined with the rug and to hold her as if caught within a tangled garden. Trebizond, white of brow and with cheeks of a vivid breathing pink; face divinely dazed, quite patently wondering if she dreamed upon a throne! Trebizond with shaking knees set close together, queening it with her feet upon a hassock! Trebizond, only half frightened, a jet-black dog in her lap, slender-fingered hands buried in his fur, lips a-tremble and eyes as sparkling as blue water in the sun.

"Trebizond, gentlemen," introduced Trumper, "having the time of her life."

"Gee!" she gasped. "C'n I say something now?"

At the sound of her voice two things happened—Trickster gave an excited "Yap! Yap!" and simultaneously every tired brain said to tired brain: "Thank God, this is no highbrow on a pedestal; the kid is human, and so is her dog!"

"Certainly," said Trumper with a happy smile. "From now on you may talk as long and as much as you please."

Her face grew eager; then suddenly went blank, and she looked from one to the other of the men as though appealing for help. Presently her eyes and her lips began slowly to smile.

"Ain't it the limit?" she murmured. "For the last half hour there's been a million words in me fighting to get out, but I guess they've jes' beaten each other to a pulp."

Then did they laugh; with, and not at her. Why? Because she had mispronounced a word or two? Not that alone—not by a jugful. They laughed from an overwhelming consciousness of ineffable release. They laughed because they had the sense to know they had stepped into the realm of the light heart where laughter is the language of the court. They laughed most of all because happiness, crystal pure and unmistakable, radiated from this child who could look like Trebizond and talk like a waif.

While the rest of the men crowded toward her to pet the dog and get their hands mixed with her fingers, Hilary Pell quietly assumed the seat at her right. One by one the

Watch This Column

GEORGE HACKATHORNE

"Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way.
The land of joy lies all before his eyes."
—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

GEORGE HACKATHORNE has the chance of his eventful young life in Universal's picture, *"The Turmoil,"* adapted from Booth Tarkington's fine novel of American life, and, assisted by a splendid cast, has made the most of the opportunity. It is rather a remarkable picture, with a beautiful love-theme and highly dramatic moments. Scenically, the outstanding feature is the big thrilling catastrophe which will live in your memory. The cast includes Eileen Percy, Emmet Corrigan, Eleanor Boardman, Edward Hearn, Pauline Garon, Kenneth Gibson, Bert Roach, Victory Bateman and other capable people. This is a Hobart Henley production.

Here is a list of some of the forthcoming Universal JEWELS which you will do well to place on the library table so that no member of the family will forget to see any of them. Ask your favorite theatre just when they are coming

"The Signal Tower"—story by Walworth Camp—starring VIRGINIA VALLI, supported by Rockliffe Fellowes, Wallace Beery, Hayden Stevenson and others. Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

"The Reckless Age"—story by Earl Derr Biggers—starring REGINALD DENNY, supported by Ruth Dwyer, Dorothy Revier, Hayden Stevenson, Fay Tincher and others. Directed by HARRY POLLARD.

"The Gaiety Girl"—story by I. A. R. Wylie—starring MARY PHILBIN, supported by Freeman Wood, William Haines, Joseph J. Dowling, Otto Hoffman and others. A KING BAGGOT production.

"The Family Secret"—story by Frances Hodgson Burnett and play by Augustus Thomas—starring BABY PEGGY, supported by Gladys Hulette, Edward Earle, Frank Currier, Cesare Gravina and Martha Mattox. Directed by WILLIAM SEITER. *"The Family Secret"* is the prize winning title for *"Editha's Burglar"* suggested by Samuel Waldman, of University Heights, New York, and Miss B. Mae Smith, The Farnesborough, Washington, D. C., each of whom received $100.

"Captain Fearless"—story by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.—starring REGINALD DENNY, supported by Julianne Johnson, Harry L. Tighe, Fred Kelsey, Stanhope Wheatcroft and others. Directed by JAMES W. HORNE.

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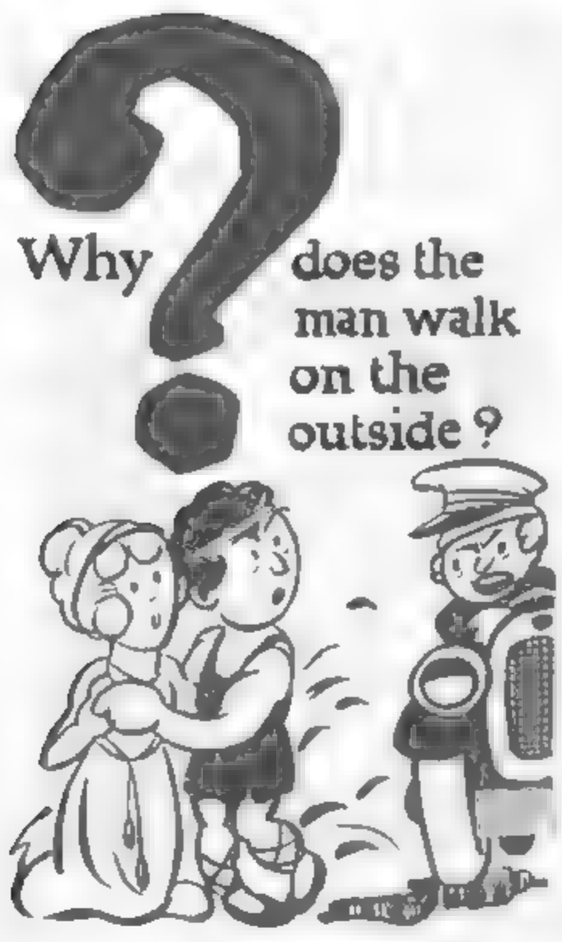

—because, in the days before streets had curbs, the gentleman kept next to the traffic in order to shield his lady from danger and mud. Now

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others took the nearest vacant chair, leaving the empty end of the table to Trumper, who found himself eventually with Magyar Williams, his bosom companion, on one side of him, and Melville, the painter, on the other. As he stared down the length of the colonnade of silver and of candles five feet high he wondered if any one of his friends, listening to Trebizond's amazing patter and looking upon her beauty, would feel what he was feeling now, or see what he would have them see.

Of what avail to tell the words she said? How set upon the printed page the ardor of her flashing eye, the quirk of her lips or the winsomeness of her smile as such phrases as these floated down the board: "Lie it there, pardner"; "he cused me and I commanded an apology"; "was you goin' to call"; "he writ it out"; "all busted into teenie wits"; "pretty as a pitcher," and a dozen more, concluding with the solemn assertion that she had always been an industrial girl, and that none of them, her friend Trumper least of all, could ever know the trill it gave her to be there in a lovely dress and lovelier things under it, of which, pull as she might, she could only show the lace at the top.

After all, what she said did not matter; what mattered was the overflowing joy of life which poured forth from her as from an inexhaustible fountain, and bore them one and all far away from carping worry on its flood. There was none in that gathering to ask his money back. Far from it. Both as an entertainer the like of whom they had never known and as a lovable youngster worthy of all varieties of homage, including cash, they named her a winner.

Melville alone was not content with so shallow a reading. He scarcely ate; he leaned farther and farther out upon his elbow, staring at Trebizond, so incongruous in fact, yet so fittingly enthroned within the web of fancy. What a picture! Soft as an ancient tapestry, vivid as a broken pomegranate, nailed forever to the mind by a jet-black dog with burning beady eyes!

"That girl, and that dress against that rug, and no other," he murmured without turning his head. "I think I've caught up with you, Trumper. Beauty can be murdered, but never trampled out. What I mean is, when it's there, why, it's there; and that's all there is to it."

Trumper let go a held breath and arose. "Trebizond," he said, "you dear and inimitable girl, you have earned your pay ten times over, and here it is—a memorial from us all."

He walked toward her and placed beside her coffee cup one of those much scrolled, much coveted oblongs of folded paper recognizable to the initiated as far as the naked eye can see as a thousand-dollar bond with coupons attached. She picked it up, turned it over and around, looked at it blankly, and finally laid it down.

"Read it, kid," shouted Magyar. "Read it aloud."

The girl's face turned pale, and then paper white. Her eyes grew fixed and her lips began to tremble. Suddenly she arose, tumbling Trickster to the floor, and with a sweeping movement of abandon threw her bare arms around Trumper's neck, dropped her head on his breast and began to sob as if her heart were breaking. Across that sound came Magyar's voice, thick, low, and quick:

"Let's get out of this, fellows. Come on now; make it snappy."

The stunned guests vanished from the board and room whence Fetch and the waiters had long since been dismissed. Trickster grunted, trotted to the couch in the corner, scrambled upon it, and almost immediately began to snore. The guttered candles snapped minutely and flared. The girl clung ever more desperately to Trumper. As he held her tightly in his arms, every taut fiber of her body, every beat of her hammering pulse, became one with his, and unmanly things began to happen to his throat.

Then, sensing that they were alone, she threw back her head, looked him full in the eyes, and stammered, "You can't grow up on a canal boat and go to school."

"No," he breathed.

He was frightened, not for her but for himself. A man may possess a woman and yet forget her, for there is no truer word than that intimacy may exclude communion. But there is a nearness to the naked human soul, having little if anything to do with the love of a man for a maid, which, once experienced, leaves its indelible mark. However many years Trumper might live, whatever road he might travel, never would he forget the feel of this child's quivering flesh or the beat of her uncovered heart.

"No," he whispered, "I can understand that. You couldn't possibly grow up on a canal boat and go to school."

The telephone bell rang sharply, cutting in between them, forcing them apart. The girl sank into her throne, threw her arms out upon the littered table and let her head fall upon them. Trumper crossed the room and took up the receiver, to hear the choked voice of Hilary Pell:

"Trumper! Is that you, Trumper? Listen. If that girl can't read, you tell her she can start in tomorrow and go to all the schools in the world, one after the other. You tell her if they make fun of her I'll buy her a school and give her the faculty for a string of beads. Heaven help me, Trumper, tell her how I feel! You can't, of course, but you can try. Will you, Trumper? Tell her ——"

"Yes, I'll tell her," interrupted Trumper impatiently, and started to ring off. Then he glanced at Trebizond, pulled himself together, and added in a quite different voice, "Come around, old man, and tell her yourself."

LET'S GO TO A CABARET

(Continued from Page 19)

"Let us take the A.M. dial first. That represents the hours from midnight on until noon. Between what hours do these black lines, which indicate the commission of major crimes, leap up to their highest peak?"

I studied the chart.

"Between the hours of six and nine in the morning."

"Exactly. When there's the most movement—when people are starting forth on their day's work. And what hours on that dial reveal the smallest percentage of major crime?"

"Between two and four in the morning."

"Just so. Because there's no life, movement, stir. People are all abed and it's harder for a criminal to make a get-away; there are no crowds in which to lose himself. Now look at the P.M. crime clock. That begins at noon and goes around to midnight. What hours there contain the greatest number of major crimes?"

"Between four and five in the afternoon."

"And do you see why? Because all the world is out upon the streets—ladies shopping, business men starting home, heavy traffic jams. And you note that high peak of crime continues, with slight diminution, right up to six, after which it suddenly drops; the world is having dinner—and crooks must stop to eat too. But presently the evening stir begins. People start forth in search of amusement at the theaters and cabarets; and the moment that stir recommences the crime wave leaps up. Thus, between eight and ten in the evening again, the percentage is very high, then gradually diminishes as the crowds thin out. This reveals how the criminal follows the crowds, clockwise, the hours around."

The Sheep and the Goats

"When the evening tide sets in toward the white-light district the criminals follow like the backwash of a great wave. Wherever the crowds are, they are—busily plying their trade. And if foolish women enter these places of public amusement decked out in precious jewels and draped in costly furs, they may be sure they are regarded by sinister, appraising eyes which have marked them down as prey.

"Most of the nightly amusement seekers are unaware of this fringe of criminal despoilers who follow the crowd like a shadow. And I repeat, at bottom they're all suckers, these habitués of night resorts: the bounders and rounders and leering old satyrs; the backboneless girls craving excitement, finery and jazz; the neurotics, cheap sports, gamblers, bootleggers, and all the flotsam and jetsam which boil up to the surface of a big foreign center like this. Yes, they're suckers all. But to realize that basic fact it takes the seeing eye."

In order to insure my realization of these inner basic facts I annexed, for the purpose, a seeing eye. It belonged to a New Yorker who knew the night life of his city as an astronomer knows the stars; he knew the cabaret proprietors and the head waiters and called them by their Christian or pagan names; he nodded familiarly to the policemen on the beat and to the door men in the lobbies; he knew the mystic word which produced a ring-side table in a crowded room and changed the waiter's curt "Everything taken" to a respectful "I'll try to fix you up, sir." He knew who was who in Jazzmania and out, and also who wasn't who. With a single practiced glance he divided the sheep from the goats. Situations which were Egyptian hieroglyphics, undecipherable to the ordinary eye, he translated like primer type so that their inner meaning sprang suddenly, brazen and shouting, to life. He picked out local personalities and potentates.

"See that fat-faced man at the table on your right? That's Judge X——. And that tall lean man dancing with the blonde? She's the 'hostess' here; he's Bill Blank, the movie star, recently divorced from his wife. And that couple of wallflower embracers? Yes, the one with his eyes shut, picking his teeth. It's a Guinea bootlegger and his sweetie. . . . Here comes an understudy for Dot King . . . Do you see the stag party over in the corner with the waiters hustling the hooch? That's a right bunch. That waiter will be happy tonight. How much of a tip? Oh, twenty-five or fifty dollars at a minimum. And probably the waiter placed a bet on the pug, too.

"Do you see the older woman across there at the rail-side table initiating that girl into night life? Mother? Maybe; maybe not. That sort of thing makes me very sick."

Beneath his discerning eye the heterogeneous scene, the sham, the vulgarity, the fake romance with its smothered undernote of vice, bloomed into wanton life. His contempt for the suckers was boundless; it exceeded his contempt for the crooks, for crooks you could lock up in jail. But where was the jail big enough to house all the suckers of the world?

It was in the company of this modern Harun-al-Rashid of the seeing eye that I set forth one night to view, as an innocent bystander, the cabaret life of the big town. The One Arabian Night began at 11:30.

Looking for Speed

"Too early for the jazz hounds," commented Mister Harun. "However, we have to start somewhere, so we'll just dip in here."

"Here" was a side-street cabaret-restaurant. It was frequented, Mister Harun gravely stated, by all the honest-to-goodness hot sports in town—pikers strictly barred.

"Nothing doing yet," said the manager, coming forward, as he waved his hand toward the sparsely filled tables. "Too early. The show's not on for an hour."

"We'd like," remarked Mister Harun, "to catch you when things are spinning at their dizziest height. We want to see real speed."

"Well, hit us around two. The boys from the Garden are coming in then. They're at the White Foot now, taking in the cabaret. I'll tell you," he added helpfully, "give the cabaret at the White Foot the once-over; it's good. Then drop into the Creole Follies." To me he said: "Do you like dancing?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, you'll like those gals. High yallers. They shake a wicked foot. Hawaiian hula girls."

"What did he mean by high yallers?" I asked as a taxi bore us swiftly to the White Foot.

"Mulattoes. New York's gone crazy over them this season. Over half the cabarets have what they call Creole shows. They pick up the girls in Harlem or in some negro cabaret."

We descended a few steps to a basement and threaded our way to a rail-side table near the cleared-off dancing space. A negro jazz band, blaring fortissimo, crashed deafeningly against the eardrums. Was it stale cigarette smoke, the strong cheap perfume

(Continued on Page 44)

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10 ***Chevrolet is easy to buy*** *and easy to trade.* In buying a home, you always consider what you could get for it if you ever wanted to move. Be sure that the car you buy has a good trade-in value, so that when the time arrives to get a new one, you can make a good deal. Chevrolet's trade-in value is high because of the big demand for this well-built, long-lived automobile.

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Unguentine
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At the greatest bathing beach in the world, the slogan for sunburn is "Unguentine—*quick*!". Ask any druggist at Atlantic City. Millions of bathers the country over know the quick relief it brings. You should know this friend in need, too.

When you come home from the beach and your tender skin begins to tell you "Now you're in for it"—do this: Rub Unguentine gently but thoroughly into the "burn". The throbbing pain will go—*quickly*. Unguentine heals with grateful promptness. (In severe cases spread thickly on gauze and apply, holding in place with adhesive tape or bandage.)

Sunburn is just one summer skin enemy

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Insect bites	Cuts
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Chafing	Bruises
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For these Unguentine—*quick!* Unguentine stops pain, prevents infection, heals quickly, prevents needless scars.

Ask your druggist for the convenient tube today. He knows what Unguentine will do. Price 50c.

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO. Norwich Norwich, N. Y. New York Chicago Kansas City

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

(Continued from Page 42)

of the guests, stray whiffs of synthetic liquor, or the fumes of Oriental incense that thickened the air and smote sickeningly on the senses? At any rate, the atmosphere was like a macédoine salad, a little bit of everything and thick enough to cut with a knife.

The electric lights changed color, went green, violet, red, transforming the dancers into wild, sanguinary, whirling dervishes; the jazz grew wilder, and wilder flew the dancing dervishes; fat men panted and wiped their necks.

The waiter thrust a card before us and, bending down, shouted hoarsely above the din, "What'll you have?"

I looked at Harun-al-Rashid, who was stage-managing the evening.

"Can we get a real drink here?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Want anything?" murmured Mister Harun

"No"

"Right-o. Most of this stuff is TNT." To the waiter: "Give us two ginger ales."

"Yes, sir. What else, sir?"

"That'll be all right now."

The waiter looked us over contemptuously and glided away.

"Pikers!" laughed Mister Harun, translating the look. "He didn't say it out loud, but that's what he thinks. He's regretting right now that he gave us these ring-side seats. That fellow sized me up as good for a five-dollar tip—tip for the rail table, tip for food and a bigger tip for the drinks. They skin you alive in these places."

He was right. His bill ran thus: Cover charges, $6; two beverages, $2.50; tax, twenty cents; and the tips claimed the rest of his ten. "And all for two ginger ales! The cabarets maintain the high cover charges to keep out pikers. They don't want patrons who look twice at a twenty-dollar bill.

"These cabarets couldn't exist a week without their wet goods. Here, bus!" he hailed a waiter carrying a tray of slopping amber-filled glasses to a party of sports just arrived from Madison Square Garden and on whom eager servitors were converging from every side. "Send the captain to me. . . . I know the head waiter here," he explained. "We'll get him to drop a few pearls of wisdom upon the scene."

The head waiter duly appeared.

"Hello, Gus. How's everything?"

"Vell, not so good. Tame. Saturday's the big night."

"Cover charges double, eh?"

Gus merely smiled at this pleasantry, his watchful eye out over the house.

"Look here, Gus, I wish you'd tell me how much your waiters knock out a week on tips. One hundred dollars—two hundred?"

Gus arched meditative brows.

"Something like dat—some veeks more, some veeks less. Dis veek is not so good." He shook a melancholy head.

"And then the waiters split up with you?"

Very firmly—"No, sir, not in dis place."

"Any fights?" queried Mister Harun cheerily.

Nobody Loves a Piker

The head waiter looked at him with a face suddenly gone still and spoke no word at all.

"Some of the boys," explained Mister Harun easily, "when they come with stag parties get a lot of sweet spirits of niter in them and feel pretty good; they try to start something with another fellow's girl at a near-by table, pinch her off him, and then the plot thickens, so to speak—eh, Gus?"

"Vell ——"

The head waiter smiled as if he recognized the scenario.

"Tell us, Gus, what kind of patrons the house likes best. What kind do the waiters like? What kind do you like?"

"Vell, nobody likes a piker."

"Who are the pikers, Gus—present company excused?"

"Vell, they're the kind of people, high-toned, in swell evening clothes, look like a million dollars, sables and pearls, and a fine limousine maybe outside. Vell, they ask for a rail table, and the boy gives it to them, see? They're good-lookers and ve like to dress the house But afterwards vat do they do? Nothing! They don't buy. Maybe they order a single drink the whole evening—and they sit for hours. They don't even drink out of their own flasks. Sometimes they have no flasks."

"A cabaret piker," defined Mister Harun, "from the waiter's point of view, is a low order of the human species who carries no flask and has no use for the contents of a flask. . . . You think, Gus, they ought to spend in accordance with their clothes? A gentleman with pearl studs and a fur-lined overcoat ought to be worth at least a hundred dollars to the house? If he's not he's a piker, he's holding out? Speak on, Gus. You don't like the pikers. Now name your favored class."

"Vell, sir," said Gus, smiling at the cross-examination which he enjoyed, "ve likes the sporting class."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Vell, the people who follow the races and the fights—followers of night life. You know who I mean."

Popular Customers

"Yes, Gus. You mean the gamblers, bootleggers, joy-girls, the racing and fighting crowd and all the rest of the hot sports."

"Yes, sir."

"Because they spend money freely, set up drinks, tip heavily and leave their wads behind them, eh?"

Gus nodded.

"Sometimes they come in with rolls big enough to choke a horse," he observed.

"And leave it all behind?" Gus smiled his gleaming smile. "You like the sports because they're suckers?"

"Vell ——" He did not continue, but gazed at Mister Harun with an understanding smile. He repeated gently, "Ve likes the sporting class—yes, sir." The waiter turned to go. "Oh, Gus!"

"Yes, sir?"

"What's become of Grogan? I don't see him around here tonight."

Again the waiter's face went blank.

"He left, sir."

"What?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a month ago it vas, sir."

"I see."

"Yes, sir."

The waiter, his face still a mask, slid quietly away.

"Grogan was a waiter here," explained Mister Harun. "A little Irishman—likable too. You know, the waiters in these cabarets are what are called wise guys; some of them are ex-bartenders, or bootleggers getting a line on the trade. They start down on the East Side, move up to Fourteenth Street to some all-night lunch joint, and when they graduate over to the White Light District they're sure-enough hard-boiled eggs. Grogan told me he started out as clerk in one of these fast little hotels over in Jersey. He drifted into trouble and out again, and finally got a job as waiter in this cabaret. I helped him now and then; he had a way with him. I guess they got onto his system."

"What system?"

"Well, Grogan showed me his bank book one day. He was knocking out, he said, around three hundred dollars a week. He'd settled down and was buying a poultry farm and sending his kids to school. Yes, he had a system, and that system consisted in holding out on the boss. He didn't turn in all the customers' slips—just pocketed the amount of the bill and the tip. He fixed up counterfeit checks just like the regular house slips, passed them to the customers with the itemized bill and then forgot to turn in the amount to the cashier, who thus had no record, you see. Grogan's bank account began to swell. But the head waiters and proprietors are always on the watch for the clever boys who hold out on them. So Grogan, I take it, was fired.

"Do you see anybody who doesn't belong here?" Harun-al-Rashid presently inquired.

I peered through the cigarette haze, past a noisy party of men, past a vast woman with tight-curling dark-red hair, who, side comb in hand, was intensely absorbed in parting the hair of her companion, a fat little gnome of a man who submitted to the tonsorial caress complacently, lolling back against her shoulder.

"A Guinea bootlegger and his sweetie," observed Mister Harun. "I don't mean them; they're swimming in their own element."

The music recommenced; the red-haired giantess gave over her labors, unwrapped her huge arms and waddled determinedly out upon the dancing floor. Their empty table cleared a vista through which I caught a glimpse of a young girl's face. Not more than sixteen, simply gowned, she was as fragrant and sweet as a violet fresh-washed in morning dew. Beside her a bald-headed partner poured something from a flask with a shaking hand and the contents splashed on her knee. She laughed, a girl's musical laugh.

"A mere nursery kid!" growled Mister Harun. "And starting off at that gait!"

Out once more in the crisp night air, with a fresh wind blowing in from the sea, we strolled to the next port of call while Mister Harun explained about the sporting fraternity and the night banks.

"They have these night banks down in the theatrical district which cater especially to the sporting trade—the followers of night life, the wise boys who stay up all night and don't rise until around five in the afternoon. These fellows have no use for a regular bank which closes at three. They want one which stays open until ten P.M. They wake around five, deposit their wad of the night before; or if they've lost they draw out more to pay for the night ahead."

The next cabaret sounded a more boisterous and breezy note. Here were no rank perfumes and shifting lights. Creole dancers dressed as hula girls in Hawaiian straw skirts, their torsos nude save for metallic breastplates and rhinestone shoulder straps, writhed and wriggled and shimmied and Salomed, weaving back and forth, now kicking skyward, now squatting down upon their heels, to the enthusiastic clacking of castanets passed among the guests as souvenirs. We sat down and ordered a club sandwich and an ice.

"Anything to drink?" demanded the negro waiter, poising an expectant pencil.

"You can get drinks here?" queried Mister Harun, glancing casually around.

Yes, flasks were out and bottles stood openly on the tables. The waiter nodded.

"What would you like?"

"Two coffees," said Mister Harun. "No, make it one coffee and one glass of milk."

The waiter went sadly away. A tall, thin, devilish hula girl, dancing past, made eyes at Mister Harun. He waved a courteous hand.

"This stuff," he commented, "is not immoral; it's unmoral. Immorality implies certain standards of right and wrong, a code, a rule."

Skinned Alive

The yellow girls shimmied off to their dressing rooms and the patrons poured out upon the floor. In that constricted place free movement was impossible; every inch of floor space was occupied by the crowd; it resembled a Subway crush. They danced like sardines close-clinched in a can. Here were no stag parties, and the patrons seemed, superficially, of a better class.

"All suckers," observed Mister Harun. "Anybody's a sucker who will stand regularly to be skinned alive like this. You asked to see the *addition*—look." I looked. His sandwich and glass of milk, plus the cover charge and tax, cost him five dollars; my ice and coffee doubled the bill. "This is nothing; it won't pay their overhead. Where they make their big money is on the drinks. Some of these sports spend a lot of money in these places. You'll hear some of these night birds say, 'I dropped a couple of grans last night.' Now, a 'gran' is the short for 'grand.' And by a grand they mean a thousand dollars—two grands, two thousand."

"And they're not lying?"

"Oh, they're liars; but also they're vain. And they like to be considered speedy sports. It's come easy go easy with that crew. Those girls take the cash and let the credit go, nor heed the rumble of the distant drum. . . . Hello!" He was glancing at his program. "I know this proprietor, but I didn't know he was managing this joint. He's an artist in his own line—loves his job. To him cabaret life is all the life there is. He'll give us the inside information on every place in town, and what he says is truth."

We found the proprietor, leaning against a pasteboard tree, regarding his show with glowing eyes. He was a fat, jovial, twinkling little man, an artist in his own field down to his pudgy finger tips.

"Vell, you like dis club, eh? Ain't it a clean, sweet little show?" I admired the clog dancing. He beamed. "And not a fight since I took hold, and the club had a

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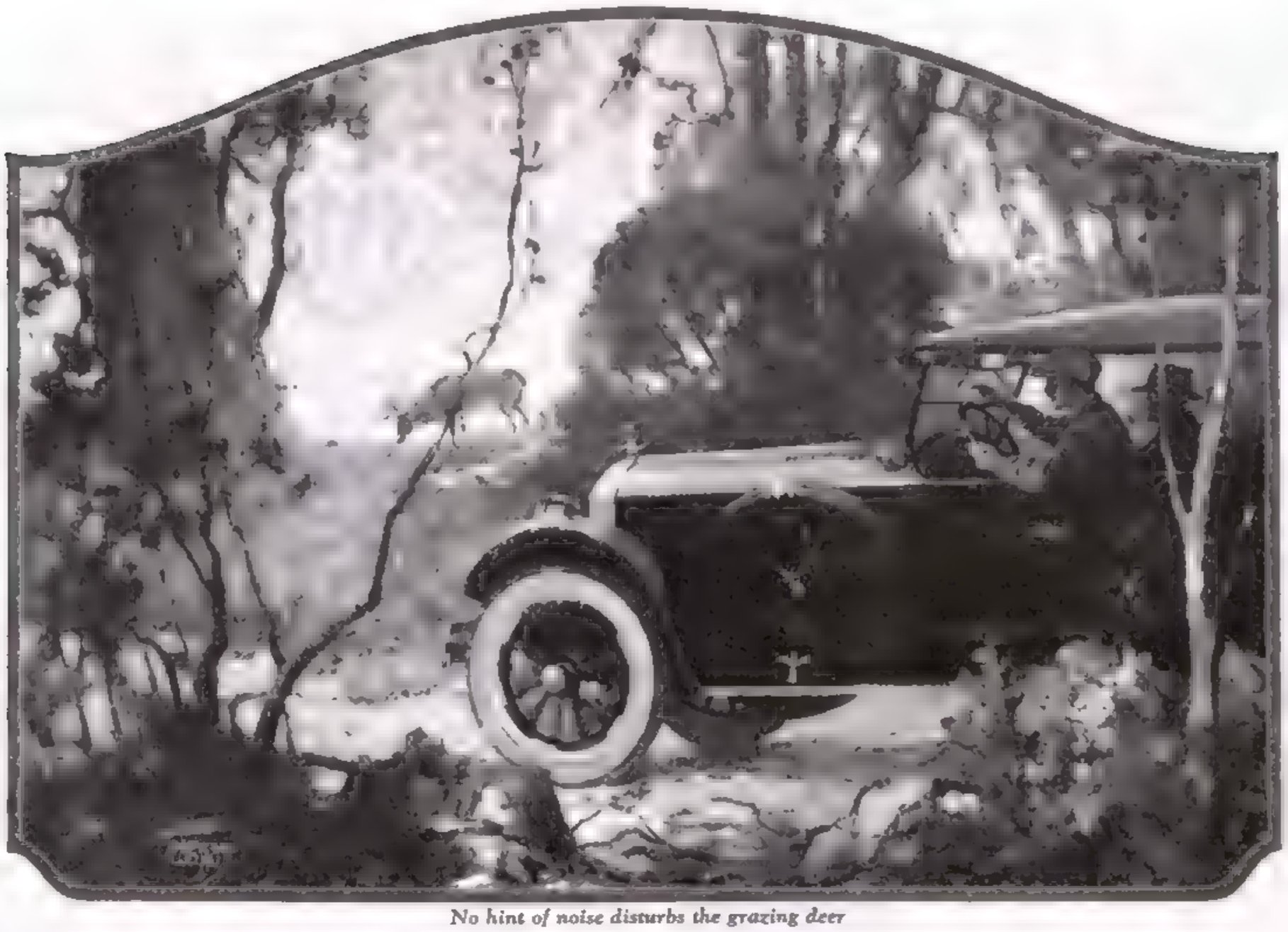

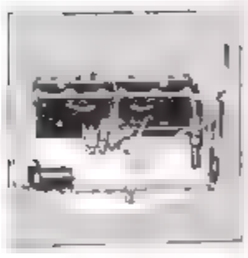

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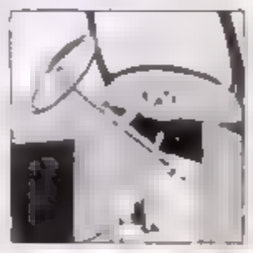

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Think of the comfort of cushioned roominess, 131-inch wheelbase, rear springs more than 5 feet long, and snubbers front and rear. Bumps and jars call no halt to driving joy in the smart New Paige. Nor is your pride of ownership marred by a need to explain that you do not own the smaller, cheaper model. For there is only one Paige—one price.

Last year, factory facilities limited Paige production to 25 cars a day. This gave us the opportunity to further develop quality construction methods—precision in manufacturing. Now, enlarged and improved facilities allow 100 New Paiges a day—built with the same precision and quality methods.

Value You Can't Match

Try to match Paige with any cars near its price. Paige's longer wheelbase means more riding comfort. Its greater weight tells its strength. More power for weight means Paige's motor is longer-lived—gives finer performance. Just consider this. To get a car equalling Paige in these important points you must pay $1100 more than Paige's price! Match Paige value if you can!

Test the New Paige yourself. Drive it to some quiet spot. Let the Paige motor idle. You will be amazed at its smooth silence. The Paige dealer near you will arrange a demonstration. [519]

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eat more ice cream

(Continued from Page 44)

bad name before. But I shut down on the trouble boys."

"Who are your trouble boys?"

"Vell, a bunch of fellas without girls come in with a few drinks inside; they start flirting and trouble begins. Of course," he added tolerantly, "if a gentleman is sitting all alone by himself at a table, and he sees a lady sitting all alone by herself at another table, and he puts down his glass, rises, goes over and makes a bow like a gentleman and says to that lady, 'Vill you take a turn with me?' and if that lady smiles up at him and says, 'Yes, I vill take a turn with you'—in that case I have nothing to say. That is how a real gentleman acts. And that is vun nice thing about a real gentleman—he always knows how to act. Vun second, please!" He raised his hand as a signal to the band and the yellow troupe came on. The proprietor beamed paternally. "Good girls!" he declared loyally. "They vork hard!" I commented on the tall, thin mulatto; she danced like a yellow fury.

"Vitch girl?" demanded the proprietor with professional eagerness, craning his neck.

I pointed her out.

"Oh, yes—vell, she is just pretty good. She is not so good as she vas; she is losing her note. Artists must vork." He watched his artists with a critical eye and suddenly laughed. "Vun night," he explained his mirth, "I decided to give my girls a good time; so I hired automobiles to take them up to the Black and White."

"What is that?"

"Vell, it is a cabaret for blacks and whites—oh, you vill find all kinds there." He waved his hand, indicating he would not care to sponsor the elegancy of the clientele. "But that cabaret—it is a black cabaret—is the model for all the creole shows in town. Some of my best girls come from there. Vell, I decided to give my girls a chance to see that cabaret and I hired a fleet of automobiles. Vell, I made vun big mistake." He laughed once more. "For, you see, I have a few black dancers, but most of them are high yallers. And all the yaller gals came to me, furious, and threatened to resign; I had insulted them, it seemed. And I said, 'Vat is it, girls? Vat have I done? I vas simply trying to amuse you—give you a little fun.' And they said, 'Ve von't ride in the automobiles with no smokes!' And the negroes—the smokes—came to me and said, 'Ve von't ride with no low-down yaller trash!' So I had to make a separation, and now ve have a little nest of doves."

A Look Into a Night Club

"What are the best cabarets?" queried Mister Harun.

"Do you mean cabarets or night clubs?"

"What is the difference?"

"A whole vorld of difference. In one they dance without a show—just eat and drink and dance. In the cabarets, like mine here, ve also give a show. Now I vill give you a list of first-class cabarets in town. Only the first-class." He ticked them off on his fingers. "And now I vill give you the second-class cabarets." He did so. "And now I vill tell you the third-class cabarets; but you vill not like them; they are tough."

"And what about the night clubs?"

"Vell, I vill give you the night clubs now—from the top down. These are exclusive, high-class, really smart. Cover charge five dollars. You vill have to have membership cards or know somebody to enter." He twinkled at Mister Harun. "Vell, I guess you vill get by." He mentioned a list. "Today, these places are smart, exclusive, chic. Tomorrow—who knows? The door man vill look you over before he lets you in." He mentioned other clubs, lower down in the so-called social scale.

On our way to one of these we glanced in at other cabarets—cabarets hung with red velvet, with green velvet, with yellow velvet, or decorated with futuristic paintings of bizarre and hideous designs. Of real gayety, spontaneous joy, there was none, though as the night wore on a certain sluggish excitement flushed the faces of the dancers and revealed itself in the dance.

We approached one of the exclusive night clubs. It was nearing three o'clock; the street was crowded with a jam of cars; the dancers were beginning to flit. A muscular door man conferred briefly with Harun-al-Rashid and ushered us inside.

"Did you mark that door man?" queried Mister Harun as the pretty cloak girl checked our things.

"I marked that you spoke some magic word in his ear."

"That man gives everybody the once-over at the door in order to keep the bad night birds out. He's one of the wise guys and he turns his wisdom to good account. He knows his business and he knows human nature. His job is to stand on the sidewalk, give all entrants the once-over and halt the undesirables. Let us say that this particular club makes pretensions—and in fact it does!—of being extremely exclusive; it draws sharp social lines. Suppose a group arrives whose appearance or manners or nationality does not come up to the mark. The door man steps up politely and says, 'Sorry, sir, but all the tables are taken. No more room.' Suppose the undesirable insists, 'But we have a table reserved.' The door man replies, politely but firmly, 'Just one second, sir. I'll see. What name, please?' The door man steps inside and returns, shaking his head. 'Sorry, sir, no table reserved in that name.' Then, if the undesirables become obstreperous, the door man strong-arms them or whistles for a cop. That's one reason why some of these places have so-called membership cards. But anybody who is known can get by."

We took the elevator, shot upward and stepped out into the lobby of a large, lofty-ceiled hall, hung with sumptuous silver-green damask and mellow with soft, diffused lights. An excellent band was executing a waltz; groups fashionably dressed sat about small tables; decorous waiters hurried to and fro. It was such a scene—save for the drinks—as one might observe any afternoon in a first-class hotel. A beckoning waiter approached.

"Sh-h-h!" Mister Harun suddenly whispered at my ear.

Turning, I glanced in the direction of his gaze. A slender, gray-haired woman, unobtrusively gowned in black, with a short string of pearls, accompanied by a sober young man in a dark business suit, stood by the head waiter's side.

The latter murmured doubtfully, "Oh, yes, but certainly," and glanced at the lady, who turned a pale face, untouched by paint or lip stick, toward her companion in silent appeal. Her mouth quivered with emotion. She seemed to beseech him mutely to speak. He nodded, slipped a hand into his pocket and brought forth a square of dark cloth, which he opened, revealing a police shield. The waiter glanced down, nodded; the young man thrust it casually out of sight.

"I am from the Bureau of Missing Persons," he began in a low, matter-of-fact voice. "This lady's daughter has disappeared—a girl of sixteen. Word came in to the bureau that a girl answering to her description had been seen dancing in some of the night clubs and cabarets, and so we're going through them tonight. May we have a table here where we may observe and be unobserved?"

"But certainly!" cried the waiter sympathetically, his facile Gallic emotions aroused. "This way, madame." He placed them at a table near us. The lady sat, head downcast, nervously twisting her pearls. Presently she lifted her eyes and glanced shrinkingly around.

"There you are!" said Harun-al-Rashid. "That one little touch of human grief is more precious to me than all the glittering fake splendors of this place. Sometimes it's husbands they come searching for, with plain-clothes men; sometimes it's wives; sometimes it's missing girls. Watch that chap. He's a good sleuth."

The plain-clothes man rose, glanced carelessly around and started to make a tour of the room; so casual and matter of fact were his actions that no one turned; no one even glanced up as he threaded his way among the crowded tables and circled the dancing floor. Upon his return, a slight negative shake of the head to the watching head waiter indicated the result of his search. The latter came forward, and bending low demanded in an excited whisper, "Is the mademoiselle perchance a little blonde?"

"Fire-red hair — bobbed — sixteen — couldn't miss her," succinctly stated the plain-clothes man.

The waiter shook his head disappointedly and turned away.

"Ah, then it is not the one."

A few minutes later the couple rose and quietly slipped away. Mister Harun's eye wandered thoughtfully over the glittering scene. He had an air of searching for something, some familiar phenomenon.

"Yes, there's one," he observed at length. He nodded toward a dapper, sleek-haired youth, stiffly correct down to the last sartorial detail, who was bearing off a stout, flushed, elderly woman for a fox trot. It was an odd combination, and yet I could not have told why it was odd.

"There is one what?" I asked.

"One cake eater."

"That dapper young man?"

He nodded.

"But what is a cake eater?"

Dance-Mad Matrons

"A cake eater," said Mister Harun soberly, "is a low species of the human race, addicted to dancing and the bright lights. He will be found wearing form-fit clothes, bell trousers, flaring at the bottom and tight at the hips; slit cuffs bearing rows of pearl buttons; a high waistline; hair sleek and glistening with perfumed pomade, sometimes marceled. An angel-faced boy with a rotten reputation."

"What does he do in the daytime?"

"Oh, any soft, cushy, part-time job; he may help in a Guinea barber shop or usher at matinées. But he doesn't earn enough to pay for his dancing shoes. Nevertheless, he lives like a lord. He makes his real money by working his graft with the sweet mammas. It's a sweet mamma that lad's dancing with now."

"And what is a sweet mamma?"

"A sweet mamma is a middle-aged dance-mad woman, usually in good financial circumstances, married or otherwise, who frequents dances in the clubs, restaurants and hotels, and must have a dancing partner. So the sweet mammas pay the cake eaters to dance with them; they meet them regularly on an intimate social footing, admit them to close friendship, put up for them financially, and lend or give them money, often reaching up into thousands. And the cake eaters work the graft for all it is worth. The sweet mammas are suckers too; they become emotionally or financially entangled."

It was after four o'clock. We joined the crush in the lobby. A few desperate dancers still lingered on the floor, among them the cake eater and the sweet mamma. Beside us a young girl in jade-green chiffon, with flowers in her hair, lovely as a woodland nymph, leaned tipsily against her companion, urging him to take in just one more place.

Down upon the sidewalk once more, with the stars in the far-away violet vault above dimming their fires, Harun-al-Rashid bared his head to the cool night airs.

"Suckers!" he murmured. "Suckers every one!"

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ROOTBEER made from Hires Household Extract is the best drink you ever tasted. Its refreshing flavor and health-giving properties are the result of pure ingredients—roots, herbs and berries gathered from the four corners of the world.

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You can make ginger ale at home, too, from Hires Household Extract. It is the purest ginger ale you can drink because it is made with real ginger root. 25c the package.

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25c

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send post-paid package direct, or send $2 80 for carton of one dozen. Canada and foreign price, 35c and $4 respectively.

BRITISH SOCIALISM AND BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 36)

Biblical quotations. Turner said that he was supported in his proposal by the twenty-fourth Psalm, which said, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." In Ecclesiastes it was read, "The profit of the earth is for all," and in Leviticus they found it stated that, "The land shall not be sold in perpetuity; for the land is mine." He further said he did not believe in robbery, because he remembered the old quatrain:

Great is the crime of man or woman
Who steals the goose of the common,
But who shall plead the man's excuse
Who steals the common from the goose?

In opposing Turner's bill a Unionist member also brought Biblical batteries to bear, for he quoted a scriptural passage which read: "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's land-mark." In this instance, the shorter catechism, so to speak, was the more effective, because this nationalization scheme also went by the boards.

Apropos of nationalization is a fine little Utopian scheme which the socialists have kept under cover and which will be sprung as soon as they get into real power. It is the nationalization of banks, not in the sense that American banks use the word "national" in their titles, but as part of the machinery of state.

In his memorable debate with Ramsay MacDonald on May twenty-ninth over the failure of the government to solve unemployment, Sir Robert Horne exposed this hidden bomb by quoting a pamphlet written by the Premier in which he said, "A banking system attached to the state and municipalities is essential."

Repeal of the M'Kenna Duties

In commenting on this bank-nationalization scheme later Sir Robert said, "The majority of quiet-going people do not read socialist literature, and many who are relieved by the apparent moderation of ministers in action, are accepting the present situation with an imprudent complacency. It is possible that they might, in their ignorance, be sufficiently unwary to give them a second chance. It is therefore of importance that these projects should be exposed."

From this catalogue of inaction shot through with defeats any one of which, in ordinary circumstances, would have overthrown a British government let us turn in detail to the only real victory registered so far by the Labor Government namely, the repeal of the M'Kenna duties. Happily for the purpose of this article there is a big economic end. Otherwise I might have drawn a large-sized zero, and said: "This represents another Labor performance, or rather lack of it."

The M'Kenna repeal was a victory only in the sense that the government finally put something over; and once more it was due solely to the aid of the Liberals, who had to stand by their free-trade guns. Aside from the now familiar general human-interest spectacle of socialism in power, this performance is of larger significance to Americans than any other episode in the new order, because it opens the door wide to various Yankee products, particularly the automobile.

The so-called M'Kenna duties on cinema films; clocks, watches and parts; motor cars, motorcycles, parts and accessories; musical instruments and accessories—were introduced in 1915 by Reginald M'Kenna, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, not so much to conserve tonnage for war supplies as to uphold the exchange rates by restricting imports, and to protect domestic industry against heavy foreign competition. Originally they were to be effective for five years, expiring at the end of that time automatically. They were carried forward, however, from year to year to permit the industries involved to recover from the effects of the war.

The Labor Government decided that the time had arrived when these duties should lapse. It followed that when the socialist Chancellor, Philip Snowden, introduced his first budget last April he announced that they would cease to operate as from August first, and by a vote of 317 to 252 in May, he was sustained. In the case of motor cars, motorcycles, parts and accessories the duties amounted to 33⅓ per cent ad valorem with a reduction of one-third on imports from empire possessions. Since American trade interest is principally concerned in these articles we will bear down on them and the effect of abolition on our automobile market in Great Britain.

Before we do so it may be well to say a word about the first socialist budget. Like nearly everything else the administration has sought to achieve, it was moderate, and was hailed as sound by all political parties.

The government took one particularly popular step in that it cut the duties on sugar, tea, coffee and cocoa. Give the Briton all the tea he wants and he is not inclined to quarrel with anyone. Hence the favoritism shown this particular beverage of John Bull was not without its selling value.

Such, however, was not the case with the repeal of the M'Kenna duties on motor cars. The moment Snowden made his announcement a howl went up from the British motor manufacturer that his business was placed at the absolute mercy of the American, French and Italian makers, but more especially the American. The point was made that at a time when every possible energy was being bent toward reducing unemployment, a bill was introduced that would increase the ranks of the idle. Even with the M'Kenna duties in effect the British motor cars had not been able to compete with the American article either in price or in general character of the product. Hence the wiping out of the customs conjured up the vision of an avalanche of American vehicles which, in the mind's eye, almost put the home industry out of commission.

A further protest by the British manufacturer was that if the American car would hold its own in price and even undersell the British make with the added overhead embodied in a duty of 33⅓ per cent, it would play havoc with this tariff removed. As an evidence of what the American car has done in the past let me make a parallel between two of the cheapest machines. The lowest-priced British-made car—a two-seater—of 8.7 horse power had been selling for £120, while an American five-passenger touring car of 20 horse power brought £110.

Shortly after the Armistice the so-called American motor invasion began, not only with cars actually made in the United States but cars assembled in Great Britain with parts produced in the British Colonies and Dominions, especially Canada. These parts made in British possessions got into England under the umbrella of imperial preference. Then, as now, such cars could safely be advertised as empire-made. Naturally the one hundred per cent British manufacturer took umbrage at this, but it did him no good. Both the out-and-out American-made car and the car assembled in England became popular because they delivered the goods.

The Tax on Motor Cars

When you dispassionately view the consequences of the abolition of the M'Kenna duties you find that, disregarding the element of politics, which apparently enters into every economic transaction these days, the widely advertised damage to the British motor industry by reason of the repeal of the tariff—especially the menace of American domination—was exaggerated from the start. You have only to examine the big facts in connection with the British industry to see why I say this.

Astonishing as it may seem in a country where the motor consumption is a trifle as compared with America, exactly 198 different makes of automobile are produced in Great Britain. That is considerably more different makes than there are in the United States with its vast automobile-buying power. This, however, is only one phase.

On the day that Snowden presented his budget there were 110 firms or individuals engaged in producing motor cars in the United Kingdom. Some of these concerns produce only 100 popular-priced automobiles a year. Obviously there have been too many makes and too many makers for the market.

Accustomed as we are to monster mass production it is interesting, by way of contrast, to note that during 1923 the total output in Britain was 64,000 machines. These included 10,000 of a well-known low-priced American make which were assembled in England at one factory. There were only fifteen firms with an output exceeding 1000 cars or more. Twelve manufactured between 500 and 1000. The great majority turned out 500 or less. These British makers supply 60 per cent of the home market.

Of this total British output, one-third were 10 horse power and under, while another third were 12 horse power. Only 2 per cent were of 25 horse power or over.

I dwell on this matter of horse power because it is one of the controlling factors in the purchase of automobiles in Great Britain, for this reason: The amount of tax paid by the automobile owner is based on the horse power of his car. He pays one pound a year for each unit of horse power. This means that if he has a 12-horse-power car he pays twelve pounds a year.

With these facts in mind we can proceed to find out just what the new American motor opportunity is. First fix the matter of consumption. In the United Kingdom, excluding Ireland, there are, roughly, 43,000,000 people. The total ownership of automobiles on June first was estimated to be 350,000, or one for every 120 persons. Compare this with the United States, with its 15,222,658 cars, or one for every 7.3 individuals. Most people do not realize that of all the motor cars in the world—they number 18,241,477—only 16.9 per cent are outside the confines of Uncle Sam.

The Demand for Small Cars

The British motor manufacturer bases his sales calculations on the fact that a man or a woman who pays tax on an income of £500 or better is a potential car owner—in other words, a good prospect. At the time I write, 473,380 people pay taxes on £500 or over. This would leave an available market for 123,380 cars.

With the repeal of the M'Kenna duties, however, and the reduction in price, which will range from 10 to 20 per cent of the previous schedule under the tariff, this number is likely to be increased. One of the leading agents of the best-known American automobile in England believes that after August first, the man or woman paying income tax on £400 will come into the field of motor ownership. This will almost double the list of available purchasers.

If the American car is to have a bigger market under the repeal of the M'Kenna duties, it must get over through expert selling, efficiency of product—which is undisputed—and appreciation of the fact that the Englishman wants a small-horse-power vehicle. He always keeps the fact of a tax based on horse power in mind.

The tendency toward the 8-or-10-horse-power car is increasing all the time. Men of ample means that I have known in England for years are selling big automobiles and buying the small ones. This extends to every walk of life. Members of the aristocracy and former high government officials have no hesitancy in dashing around town or country in miniature automobiles that almost look like watch charms.

The fact of the matter is that the English manufacturer is scarcely able to make a car small enough to meet popular consumption. If the American is to widen his market in a big way he must produce a 10-to-15-horse-power machine. This would cause him to change his whole system of output. There is at the moment a likelihood that the motor tax may be changed from a horse-power unit to a figure based on gasoline consumption.

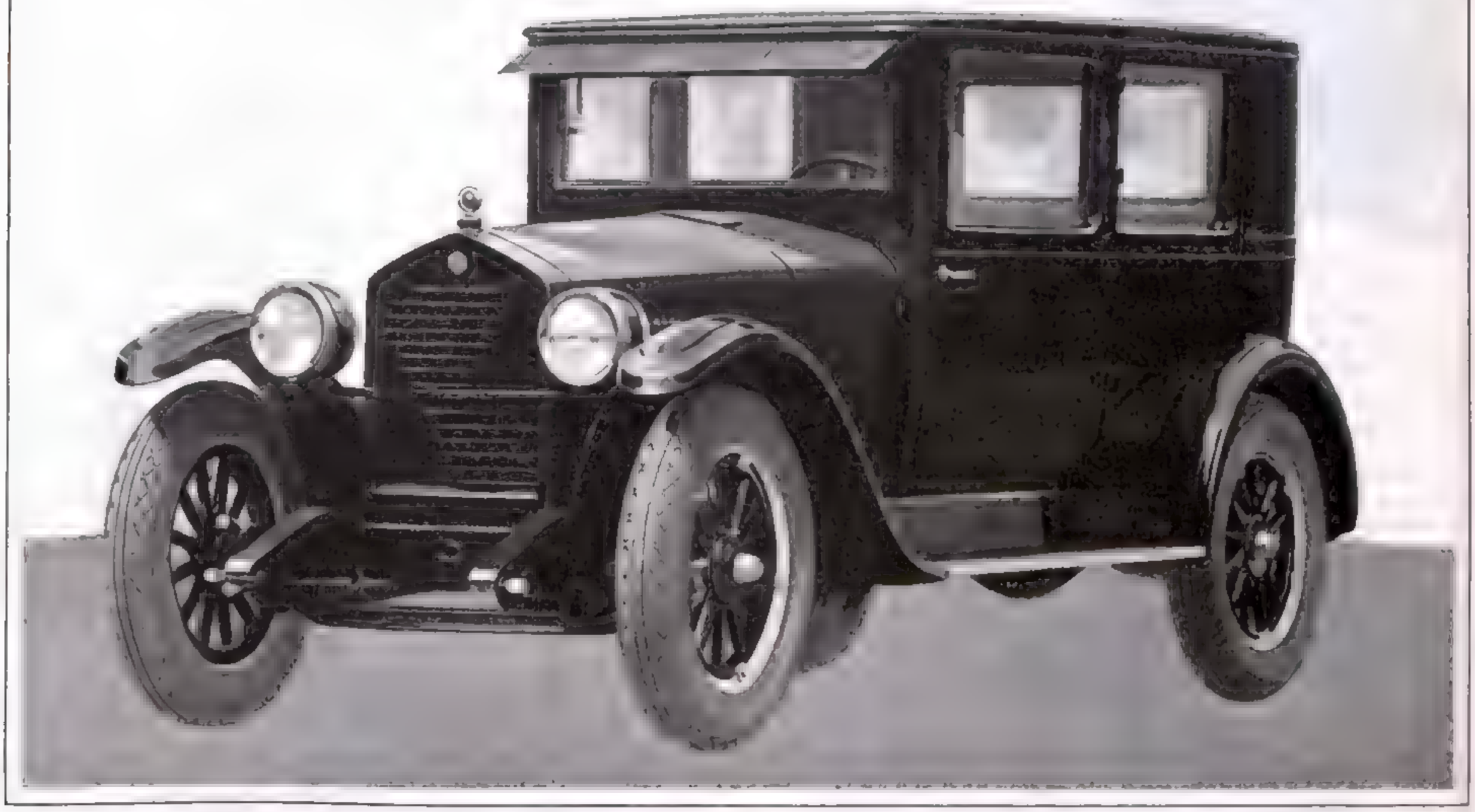
In the last analysis the American car will probably have to depend for its future big sale in Britain on price, and an efficiency which goes without saying. With characteristic enterprise representatives of Yankee car manufacturers in England launched a big advertising campaign as soon as the budget repeal was announced. They offered cars at the existing price, but with a refund payable August first when the abolition became effective. Those who sold cars with American names but assembled with parts made in Canada and other British possessions were honestly able to advertise an empire-built car and thus overcome hostility or discrimination created by the inevitable British selling appeal, based on patriotism and not on product.

The Englishman who now believes that because of the repeal of the 33⅓ per cent duty he will get his American car one-third cheaper, has another think coming. The

(Continued on Page 50)

At Open Car Cost

The Coach Gives All Closed Car Utility, Comfort and Distinction



with BALLOON TIRES *Standard Equipment*

ESSEX
SIX
COACH
$1000

HUDSON
SUPER-SIX
COACH
$1500
Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson and Essex Are of One Quality

Be Sure to Get Parts Price List from your dealer

The outstanding buying choice this year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." The Coach alone provides them. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. Everyone knows it gives highest closed car value.

And because no other type or car shares its position it is the largest-selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

Balloon Tires Now Enhance World's Greatest Value

Naturally when balloon tires had established their superiority Hudson and Essex would adopt them. They are now standard equipment. They add an even greater measure of riding ease, steadiness and good looks to the notable values of the Coach.

You see the Coach everywhere in increasing numbers. Everyone wants closed car comforts. They will no longer accept half-utility when all-year usefulness and comforts cost no more in the Coach.

Consider how the growing trend to closed cars affects resale values. The diminishing demand for open cars means far faster depreciation in that type. As the wanted type, the Coach maintains exceptionally high resale value.

In workmanship, materials and design both Hudson and Essex are of one quality — built in the same factories, under the same patents. Your choice between them will rest solely on the price you want to pay.

"THEN use Continental Fibre next time. Short circuits are expensive. We've got to have dependable fibre."

In installations of lesser importance, other fibre may serve. But when utmost *responsibility* is demanded, *Continental* is the name to remember.

Electricians, mechanics and engineers everywhere know *Continental Fibre* is to be trusted to do its duty unfailingly.

Continental Vulcanized Fibre

Flawless raw materials, expert processing and patient seasoning are accomplished by workmen who are veteran fibre makers and who are instructed to reject every piece of fibre that is not perfect in every way.

Continental Vulcanized Fibre is sold in sheets, rods, tubes and special shapes in red, black and natural (approaching white) and in all thicknesses. Large orders can be filled quickly from an enormous stock.

Write for our book, "Insulation," for full information on Vulcanized Fibre or laminated phenolic condensation materials—and ask for prices on material to fit your needs.

THE CONTINENTAL FIBRE CO.
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Service on Vulcanized Fibre (Also Bakelite-Dilecto, Continental-Bakelite, Contex and Conite) from:

NEW YORK, Woolworth Bldg. — CHICAGO, Wrigley Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, 301 Fifth Ave. — SAN FRANCISCO, 75 Fremont St.
LOS ANGELES, 307 S. Hill St. — SEATTLE, 1041 Sixth Ave., So.

Offices and Agents Throughout the World

(Continued from Page 48)

reason is that heretofore all importers have been shaving their prices to such an extent that the profit has been meager. Shipping freights have not come down. In the matter of French and Italian cars, which have a certain popularity in England, the fluctuations of exchange naturally add to price uncertainty and keep them up.

The French flivver king has established a large factory at Hammersmith and is assembling low-priced cars from parts imported from France. Since he has a short haul on freight and also meets the British need for a small horse power, he is already making his presence felt in the market.

These are the facts in the new automobile situation. Regardless of horse-power requirements there is not the slightest doubt about the desirable opening that exists for our cars. It is up to the American manufacturer and his agents to do the rest.

The economic consequences of Labor are largely inconsequential. There is one effect, however, not exactly economic. It does concern the individual pocketbook in one sense, and will constitute a permanent hang-over for various of the horny-handed who have mounted to ministerial and other eminence. It is summed up in the sentence—Life will never be the same again. I must except a man of the type of Ramsay MacDonald, who brought a real cultural background to the post of Premier.

The truth of the matter is that not only do some of the socialists like the trimmings and social by-products of power but they will miss them once they retire from public life. Incidentally they have cultivated expensive tastes—that is, expensive as compared with the former mode of life. A story is told of a certain high Labor official who is said to have exclaimed during one of the many crises that the government has faced: "If I go out, who will pay my tailor?"

A Picturesque Commissioner

This reminds me of the best anecdote now going the rounds in London. It deals with another high Labor personage who had not been accustomed to the boiled-shirt and long-tail-coat features of so-called society. With his wife he was asked to dine at the house of a peer. It has become the fashion, by the way, to include a few unreconstructed socialists in every big party.

After dinner the wife of this particular Labor person went to her hostess and said that she was leaving, whereupon the lady of the house said, "You must not think of going. There is to be a reception later on and many interesting people are coming."

"No," retorted the Labor wife. "We must be off. My shoes are tight, my stays are tight and my husband is tight."

The most picturesque incident that has attended the socialist régime was the installation of Jamie Brown, the Scotch miner, as Lord High Commissioner of the Scottish General Assembly. As such he was the representative of the king. Had the Prince of Wales come to Edinburgh during Brown's tenure of office he would have been outranked by this worker. When the newspaper men went to interview Mrs. Brown on the day before she went to Edinburgh, where she was called Her Grace, they found her frying sausages in the little two-room whitewashed cottage that the Browns have occupied for years in the village of Annbank.

To the credit of the Browns it must be said that in this almost magical transformation from the simple life to princely pomp they preserved a rare dignity of conduct and demeanor. What is equally important, they made no breaks. The only sad feature of the miner's régime to many was his insistence upon cold water being the sole beverage at state functions at Holyrood Palace, a terrible blow for the Scotch and the only flaw, as they saw it, in an otherwise admirable administration.

This leads me to the one individual in the Labor Government who has surpassed all his colleagues in sterilizing some of the prejudice against his kind. I mean J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who is a two-fisted, all-around human being. More than this, he has a sense of humor. Nor has he any illusions about himself and his job.

It was not until I went to see Thomas that I got a real visualization of the tremendous change that has come in the British Government. I talked with him in his room at the House of Commons.

The last time I sat in that beautifully paneled chamber with its long tradition of British dominion throughout the world, Winston Churchill was Colonial Minister. In lineage, education, temperament and personality he represented what has always been regarded as the ruling order in Britain. Now his place had been taken by a one-time engine wiper who cocked his feet up on the desk, pulled at a strong pipe and spilled his hatches all over the place.

I asked Thomas to give me his idea of the real meaning of the Labor Government and he said:

"Whatever the outcome, this Labor Government has done two historic things: One is to destroy the impression that Labor is unfit to rule. We have shown that there is neither rank nor birth in efficiency and administration. Why should one class have, or think it has, a monopoly on brains? The second is that we have proved that the Constitution can be enforced by the humble as well as the great. However ill-informed people may have been a few months ago, and however much it was forecast that all ills would follow putting a Labor Government in office, the position of the country today not only demonstrates the unity of the empire but shows that this is the only country in the world where every section of the people could undertake the responsibilities of government, and where the Constitution was broad enough to accept it."

I asked Thomas how he reconciled the ease with which he and his colleagues adapted themselves to all the social trappings of office. Thomas in particular has been one of the most consistent and persistent attenders of royal functions clad in all the habiliments that the occasion demanded. The reply was:

"Why shouldn't we fit into the picture? It is all part of the job. Just as working men can enforce the Constitution as well as the so-called upper classes, so can they do this other thing.

"Take the example of my wife, who was once a servantgirl. A few nights ago she stood alongside the queen at a court presentation and held her own with all the rest."

On the future policy of Labor in England Thomas made this statement:

"There is no reason for alarm about any future policy of Labor. As I have often said, we believe in evolution and not revolution. In the end you will find that we will depend upon the ballot and not the bullet to have our way."

Labor points with pride to insurance against unemployment, old age, accidents and sickness, but it has not provided the all-essential relief, the antidote against those economic ills which, as a man remarked to me, "will make England a third-rate industrial nation unless they are soon remedied."

When you put this failure up to the men high in the Labor Government, as I did, they all say: "We can do nothing because we lack a decisive majority." Yet the fact remains that they have exposed most of their tricks and the best solvent they offer is a further raid on the public treasury. One reason, of course, is that there is not a practical business man in the cabinet.

Communism in Britain

Linked with the inability of the Labor Government to deliver the economic goods is the fact that the extremists now regard MacDonald and his associates as moderates and therefore with suspicion. It is not so much because they wear cocked hat and sword at royal functions and ride in expensive motor cars as because they have indulged in the restraint with which the government has become synonymous.

This leads to the matter of British communism which is a necessary part of this narrative. At the Communist Congress held at Manchester in May the delegates scored the Labor Government as tools of that well-known myth, the capitalistic conspiracy. One of the resolutions adopted stated that, "in this diabolical stratagem the present leaders of the Labour Party grouped in the Royal and loyal Labour Government of His Majesty King George, are playing an active part as the willing tool and accomplice of the exploiters. A real Labour Government must forget the exploiters and realize the dictatorship of the working class, not in Parliament, but in the mass organizations of the workers."

The British Communist program as set forth at Manchester contains these amiable provisions:

"Nationalization of land, mines, railways, shipping, cotton, and woolen industries and the banks without compensation; disarming of the bourgeoisie, the arming of the proletariat, and the creation of a proletarian Army, Navy, and Civil Guard; abolition of capitalist law courts and the establishment of workers' tribunals; State monopoly of foreign trade and of the Press; annulment of State debts, with an allowance to small investors; confiscation of all fortunes over £5,000; nationalization of all property except that owned by small tenants, and rents to be paid to the State; abolition of the Monarchy and all hereditary titles; liberation of the Colonies held in military and political subjection; repudiation of the Versailles Treaty and the canceling of war debts and reparations; universal simultaneous disarmament."

Sooner or later there must be a showdown on this question of communism. MacDonald has already faced a revolt from the extremists—the wild men from the Clyde, as some are called -who have blocked his legislation. These wild men, by the way, were responsible for the most extraordinary measure introduced in Parliament since the Labor régime. It prevented a landlord from evicting an unemployed person receiving the dole. It was just like making it unnecessary to pay your grocer or butcher bill if you happened to be out of a job.

Liberals and Conservatives are now saying, "If communism is to be put into its place, let MacDonald do it. It will save us the trouble." That is why, if an election were held tomorrow, Labor might come back with something like the strength that it now has.

The Fascist Movement in England

Whether the MacDonalds, the Snowdens and the Thomases—and they represent the most constructive element in the Labor Government—will draw the fangs of menacing Bolshevism or not, another agency is shaping which will try to do the job, once the emergency arises. It is nothing more or less than a British Fascisti which takes its cue in almost every detail from the organization which saved Italy from anarchy. It is a secret society, definitely registered—we would call it incorporated -at Somerset House as British Fascisti, Limited.

It was formed mainly to combat communism. So quietly has the work of the organization been perfected that millions of the people in England do not know of its existence. Only a few days ago a well-known Briton told me he had definite assurance that, if the emergency arose, the British Fascisti could mobilize 300,000 members overnight. When I asked him if they were armed he replied, "That is the least detail. Nearly every able-bodied man in England today knows how to handle firearms. The weapons would be easily available. The main task—that is, to have a close-knit organization that could rally on signal—has been achieved."

One interesting detail of the British Fascisti is that it is coeducational, because some of the most enthusiastic members are women. One of them is general secretary.

And now the final question that all England is asking—How long can the Labor Government hold together? It is merely a matter of how long those patient oxen, the Liberals, will remain patient. No one knows, and political prophecy, always difficult, is doubly so in this instance.

The Labor Government seems to have as many lives as a cat. During the three weeks that I have spent in London there have been three divisions that might have caused a real overthrow in normal times. The Liberals, with ranks still divided, always came to the rescue. The fact is that no one wants a general election until the autumn. By-election straws show a growing Conservative strength.

There are many in Britain who contend that before long only two parties, Conservative and Socialist, the Right and the Left—for socialism has come to stay—will face each other at the polls.

When that election comes, be it soon or late, the British may vote as the French when they overthrew Poincaré. Despite all the talk about the Ruhr being the dominant issue they really voted on high prices and high taxes, rather than high politics. The pocketbook remains the eternal leveler.

Meanwhile the life of the present Labor Government is just one reprieve after another. Its death warrant is written, but undated.

An ACHIEVEMENT of definite meaning to any motorist

Delco IGNITION

—used on the winning cars at the Indianapolis Races for 5 *Consecutive Years*

Joe Boyer and Lora Corum after winning the 1924 Indianapolis 500-mile Speedway Classic. Joe Boyer being crowned King of the Speedway

TO HAVE been on the winning car once—either through accident or merit—was a possibility; but to win year after year for five consecutive years is undeniably a proof of supreme dependability.

Consider the tremendous service exacted from the electrical equipment of a car traveling at an enormous speed *averaging nearly 100 miles an hour* steadily for 5 hours or more!

During this time the ignition equipment must deliver to the cylinders about 350 sparks per second, 21,000 sparks per minute, or 1,260,000 sparks per hour. On Joe Boyer's car, designed and built by Fred S. Duesenberg of Indianapolis, which won the recent Indianapolis Race, it is estimated that the Delco Ignition System was obliged to deliver 6,413,000 sparks without a single failure.

Under such conditions as these, Delco has achieved the following records at the Indianapolis Races.

In 1920—7 of the first 10 cars, including the winner, used Delco Ignition.

In 1921—all 10 winners drove Delco-equipped cars.

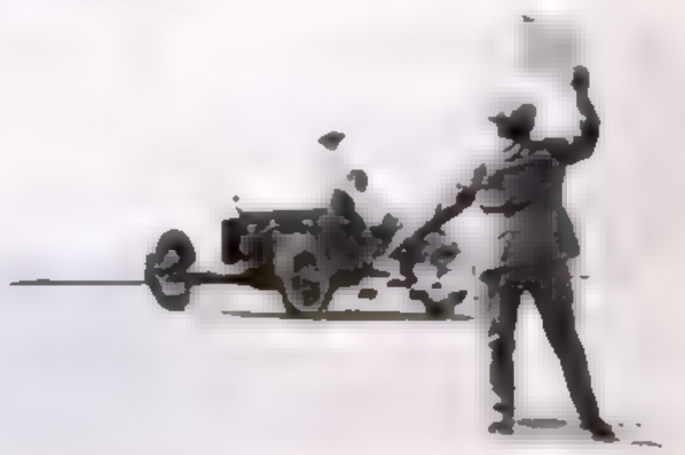
In 1922—the winner and 9 of the first 10 cars were Delco-equipped.

In 1923—the winner and 7 of the 10 winning cars were Delco-equipped.

—and in 1924, a race in which all previous records were broken, all 10 of the winning cars used Delco Ignition.

And these are some of the many records of remarkable achievements on land, in the air and on water that prove—if Delco equipment is on your car—you can have the utmost confidence in its performance—and easily understand why it is recognized as the world's finest starting, lighting and ignition system.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.



Why Mix Dust with Motor Oil?

YOU wouldn't think of deliberately mixing dust with the oil that you put in your automobile—yet your motor breathes dust-laden air every second that it runs.

Just strain the drainmgs from your crankcase through a cloth—note the gritty substances that are left and you will realize that you are mixing destructive dust with your motor oil.

As this dust mixes with the oil in your engine it sets up an abrasive action which scores cylinder walls and cuts away the piston rings causing costly repairs. This is unnecessary.

A United Air Cleaner will prevent dust from entering your motor and quickly pay for itself in repair bill savings. Send the coupon below for literature and the name of your nearest dealer.

The United Air Cleaner is quickly installed on any standard make of car. It is automatic and requires no oiling or attention. It is fully guaranteed. It is standard equipment on many of the better cars today.

United Air Cleaner

"Dustless Air to the Motor"

United Mfg. & Dist. Co.
9713 Cottage Grove Ave
Chicago, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me literature and information about the United Air Cleaner

Name

Address

Make of Car _____

GREEN PAINT

(Continued from Page 14)

"And if the first shop doesn't have it, just you look until you find a shop that does have it," said Matilda. "I won't be put upon by these people just because they want to make an extra profit. Now do you know what you are to get?"

"A paintbrush, three inches wide, not over seventy-five cents. Half a gallon of French-green paint ——"

"Outside paint," said Matilda.

"Outside paint," repeated Augustus. "Favorite Styles, sixty cents."

"Yes," said Matilda, and she wondered whether the walk to the village, making these purchases, and the return walk, would give her time to get rid of Emmy Tutz.

"And, Augustus," she said, "I don't want you to go the short cut through the wood. I'm afraid of that wood every time I walk through it; and with this red-haired bandit holding people up everywhere, I don't think it is safe for you. Heaven only knows what you'd do if you ever came face to face with a bandit. Now, mind, don't go through the woods."

"No, Matilda," said Mr. Uffing, obediently, and he arose from the table. He coughed gently. "I—I'll have to have some money, I'm afraid, Matilda."

"Of course," said Matilda. "I wouldn't think of letting you go without the money."

She got her purse from the sideboard drawer and counted out what Mr. Uffing would need, for he had been trained to turn over to her his salary when he received it.

"And I'm giving you fifteen cents extra, Augustus," she said, "for you may want to get a soda; it's so warm this evening."

"Why, thank you, Matilda," said Mr. Uffing. "I don't often care for sodas, you know."

"Well, I know you don't," said Matilda, "but you might. If you do feel like one, just you get it, Augustus."

"Well, thank you," said Mr. Uffing.

It was indeed a warm evening, and Mr. Uffing had nothing to put on but his straw hat; but Miss Matilda went into the hall with him to see him put it on. When he had put it on she moved it ever so slightly to one side, straightening it on his head, as if to say, "You see? You couldn't even put your hat on correctly without your Matilda's help, you poor child!"

"French green, three-inch brush, Favorite Styles, sixty cents," she said at the door; and when he had closed the screen she closed it again, showing him that there was a right way and a wrong way. She closed it exactly as Mr. Uffing had closed it, but even these little things help.

Mr. Uffing walked to the corner and turned south. At this corner, had he wished, he might have taken the diagonal path through the woods, but Matilda had warned him not to do that. The woods were merely two blocks of undeveloped land, overgrown with bushes and small trees, and diagonally across them wandered the well-beaten footpath; but Mr. Uffing followed the sidewalks as he had been told to do. He thought nothing about it at all. At the end of the two blocks he turned west again and followed the main road down into the village.

The night was so warm and so beautiful that many people were out. The automobiles were so close together on the main road that when a car tried to enter from a crossroad it caused quite a congestion of waiting cars. On the sidewalks many young couples were walking; some were arm in arm, some walked with clasped hands swinging between them, some walked slightly apart. Mr. Uffing hardly noticed them; he was thinking of green paint. He passed the huge structure of the old cement warehouse, now the shops of the Granger-Ultimo Bombing-Plane Company, and did not so much as notice that every window was alight, because the concern was working night and day on the order it had received from the Government. At the point where the main road met the main street a man on a box was selling pot-metal safety razors, and he addressed some remark to Mr. Uffing's beard that made the little crowd laugh; but Mr. Uffing did not hear either the remark or the laugh. He did not so much as know there was a man selling safety razors. His eyes were on the brilliantly lighted window of the nearest paint-and-oil shop.

But Mr. Uffing did not enter the paint shop. Like a child who saves the frosting of his cake until last, Mr. Uffing walked on down the street to the nearest news stand to buy Favorite Styles, sixty cents.

"Huh? Favorite Styles? No, we ain't got it. We got Cream of the Modes. You don't want Favorite Styles, mister. Everybody gets it this Cream of the Modes nowadays. Maybe your wife don't know it yet. You take it, she'll be better satisfied, you'll see."

"I—ah—I'm sorry," said Mr. Uffing. "I was told to get Favorite Styles and I think I'll have to get it. Ah—perhaps there'll be something else some other time."

"Did you see him?" asked the newsstand man when Mr. Uffing had gone out. "He was scared stiff when I told him to take something else, the poor fish! I bet he's one what his wife tells him where to get on and off at, huh? If I had a wife that bossed me the way some of these fellers gets bossed—say!"

Mr. Uffing continued up the main street, seeking Favorite Styles, sixty cents.

"No, I'm sorry," he said to a persistent woman who was bound to have him take Cream of the Modes; "but it's not for me, you see; it's for my sister, and she was very particular. She told me quite positively. I'm sorry; perhaps there will be something else some other time."

He found Favorite Styles at last at Zincowski's. Mrs. Zincowski, fat and jolly, made no ado about it.

"Sure we got it!" she said as soon as he had asked, half apologetically, for the style book. "Ain't we got everything? Himmel, what a lot of magazines we got to keep yet, to satisfy everybody! And whatever we got they want something else yet. Can you beat it? You ain't a dressmaker?"

"Dear me, no!" exclaimed Mr. Uffing.

"Well, you got it such a beard like an artist," laughed Mrs. Zincowski, "I thought maybe you should be. It ain't such a bad job. Wait, I wrap up the magazine; your wife ain't going to like it when you get the pages all torn."

"You needn't ——" said Mr. Uffing.

"Ah, I know these wifes. Ain't I one? Maybe you get a page torn and back you come and I got a bum magazine on hand then. There! Fine! Sixty cents."

She snapped the cord and handed the longish cylinder to Mr. Uffing, who tucked it under his arm.

He was almost at the far end of the main street now, and that was as well, for if the first or second paint shop did not have three-inch brushes for seventy-five cents he could stop in other shops on the way. But the first shop did have cheap brushes. It also had French green in half-gallon cans and Mr. Uffing made his purchases there. He let the paint man wrap the brush, and he put it in his hip pocket, but he took the weighty pail of paint by its wire handle. To the soda he gave not another thought. He started for home.

At the jeweler's next to the paint shop Mr. Uffing paused to note the time. It was now ten minutes after nine and he stood the pail of paint on the walk between his feet while he regulated his watch. It was three-quarters of a minute out of the way. Then he glanced carelessly at the array of sparkling things in the jeweler's window, but the only thing that caught his eye was a spark of green—an emerald in a ring, with a small diamond at either side. It was beautiful, Mr. Uffing thought; as beautiful as fresh green paint, almost. But on the other hand, an emerald must be hard to cut; nothing like the delightful gliding of a full brush of paint along a well-planed board. The only trouble was that when paint was sold as mixed paint it always had to be stirred and stirred and stirred before the accumulated thickness in the bottom of the pail was thinned and the floating thinness at the top of the pail was thickened. If the paint did not get so thick as you neared the bottom of the pail when painting ——

A daring thought came to Mr. Uffing, the most daring thought he had had for years. He still had the fifteen cents Matilda had given him for a soda. What if he bought a bottle of turpentine with which to thin the paint when it got thick? Of course Matilda had not said to get turpentine; but she had given him the fifteen cents. Surely, if he did not want a soda, and did want a bottle of turpentine, it would be all right to buy the turpentine. Mr. Uffing went back to the paint shop. He found that he could buy a bottle of turpentine for fifteen cents, and he bought it and put it in his other hip pocket. As he passed the jeweler's he noticed that it was then 9:29. He looked at his watch and found it was one-tenth of a second wrong, so he set his watch. Then he picked up the pail of paint again and went homeward.

Mr. Uffing turned into the path through the woods, quite unconscious that he was doing so. He was thinking of the back fence and the pail of green paint and the delightful time he would have spreading the paint on the fence with the three-inch brush. There would be whole hours during which Matilda would not come near him. For hours, while he wielded the paintbrush, he would be as good as any man; he would be on his own and his own boss. Matilda would keep away from him; she would not yell at him to drop what he was doing and come into the house to do something else. She would be afraid that he might get green paint on things, and she would leave him alone. For entire hours, while he painted, he would be as free and independent and unenslaved as Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte or George Washington ever dared be when they were painting back fences. Mr. Uffing, striding along the wood path, swinging the pail of paint in his right hand and holding the cylindrical Favorite Styles package under his left arm, did not know whether he was walking a wood path or on the clouds.

As he walked, coming down hard on his right foot, the swinging of the heavy paint pail took on a rhythmic pendulum swing, and in his brain, but silently, Mr. Uffing began singing a little song to himself:

"Oh, there was an old man,
And he had a wooden leg ——"

He was very happy. He had not been so happy for years. He rounded a little turn in the path

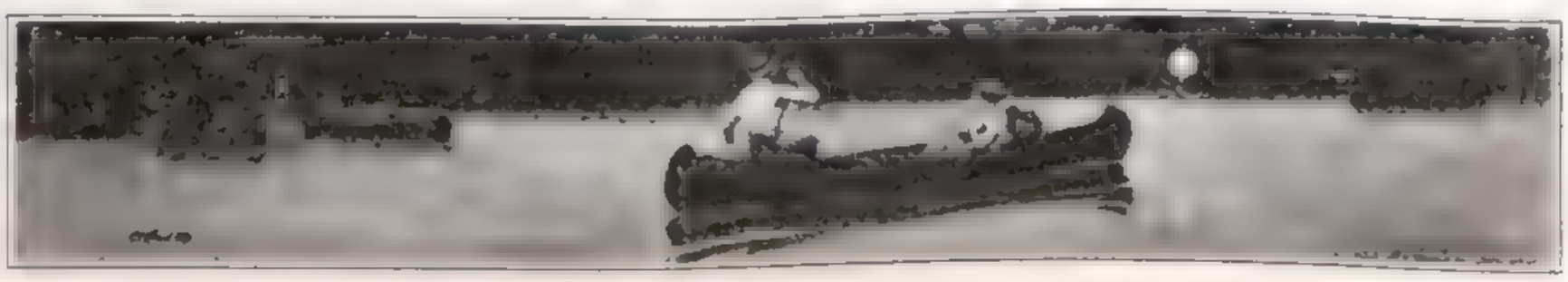
"Oh, there was an old man,
And he had a wooden leg,
He was too ——"

"Hands up, you!" said a cold, hard voice; and Mr. Uffing looked into the ugly round hole in the end of an automatic's muzzle. Beyond the automatic he saw a black mask and the red hair of the red-haired bandit.

"Oh, there was an old man ——"

repeated Mr. Uffing's brain automatically and his hands went up instantly. They went up with the swing of the paint-pail pendulum, quickly and unhesitatingly; but an amazing thing happened. The heavy paint pail on its upward swing jarred leadenly against the underside of the bandit's chin and the bandit dropped the automatic and pawed comically in the air for an instant, as a tortoise paws when turned on its back. Then the bandit tottered backward and lay on his back in the path, motionless.

(Continued on Page 54)



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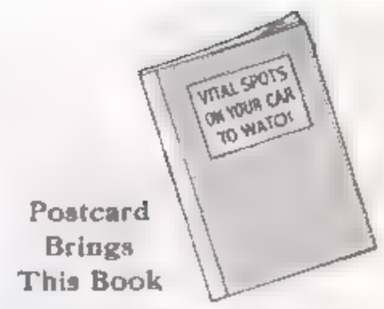

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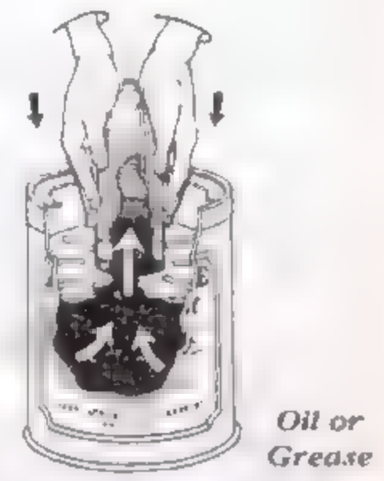

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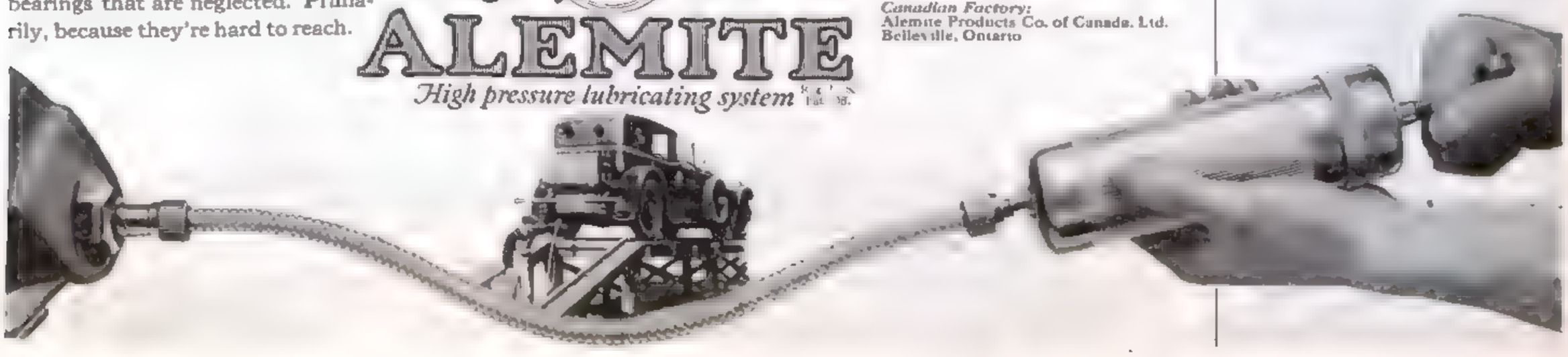

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(Continued from Page 52)

For a moment Mr. Uffing stood bending forward, staring at the red-haired bandit in utter amazement.

"'Oh, there was an old man ——'" His brain kept repeating "'Oh, there was an old man ——' Why, this is odd! He seems to be quite inert. 'Oh, there was an old man ——' I believe—I do believe I have rendered him unconscious —— 'And he had a wooden leg ——' I—why, I believe I have knocked him out —— 'Oh, there was an old man ——' Why, I have knocked him out —— 'And he had a wooden leg ——' And I believe there was a reward offered for his capture —— 'And he had a wooden leg —— And there was an old man —— And he had a wooden leg ——'"

As carefully and painstakingly as when Matilda made him carry out the garbage pail, Mr. Uffing removed the black mask and tore it into strips and bound the red-haired bandit's hands and feet.

"He might have got my paint," thought Mr. Uffing. "It is lucky I knocked him out —— 'And he had a wooden leg——' But perhaps I'd better not say anything to Matilda about it. She told me not to come through the wood. 'Oh, there was an old man ——'"

Mr. Uffing, tying the bandit's feet, kicked with his own foot, for it had caught on something—something that clung to the hem of his trousers leg. He turned to loosen it and found it was the end of a piece of barbed wire. There were yards of the barbed wire, coiling like a snake, and carefully and painstakingly Mr. Uffing wrapped it around the red-haired bandit and around a small tree that stood there. When he had finished, the red-haired bandit looked like a barbed-wire entanglement on the Western front in the Great War, or like a poorly constructed cocoon.

"'Oh, there was an old man,'" Mr. Uffing's brain rhythmed as he straightened his back and picked up his pail of paint and his cylinder of Favorite Styles. "I can tell someone that the red-haired bandit is here in the wood," he thought. He felt in his hip pockets to see that the turpentine and the paintbrush were there, and they were. "Matilda need never know. Matilda would never let me go out again at night if she knew a bandit had pointed a pistol at me. 'Oh, there was an old man ——'"

With a backward glance at the red-haired bandit, who was still unconscious, Mr. Uffing went on.

He reached the street and did not notice it, because he was raising the paint pail up and down, hefting it, swinging it, to gage just how dangerous as a weapon a paint pail was.

"Why, I knocked out the red-haired bandit!" he thought suddenly. "I did it! I, Augustus Uffing, did it! He pointed a pistol at me and I whacked him in the chin—alone, without help!"

Mr. Uffing crossed the street and entered the second block of wood, and he was holding his head higher than he had held it for years. He took a deep breath and swelled out his chest—swelled it more than he had swelled it for years. He reached up his left hand and set his hat askew rakishly.

"Oh, there was a tweedledum,
And he had a tweedledee ——"

Mr. Uffing grinned and whacked his ribs with his elbows. Big man! Some bandit knocker! Come on, you bandits! In the dusk of the dark wood, where no one could see him, Mr. Uffing actually strutted. Hah! After all, a man who could knock red-haired bandits cold with one blow of a paint pail wasn't such a worm!

As Mr. Uffing came out of the woods at the corner of the second block he stopped instantly the jiggy step he had permitted himself in the dark, for at the corner, in the shadow of a tree, a man stood by a panting motorcycle. The man had a cap pulled well down over his eyes and he came at Mr. Uffing with an oath.

"Thunder and blazes!" he growled. "Blood and briskets! Where you been all this time? You think it's safe for me to hang around here all night? Why in tunket wasn't you here when you said you'd be?"

"I—I ——" stammered Mr. Uffing.

"Well, don't stand there like a pie-eyed codfish!" the man in the cap growled. "I gotta get away from here. Gimme them papers. Here!"

Rudely the man in the cap grabbed Matilda's Favorite Styles and jerked the cylinder out from under Mr. Uffing's left arm. He thrust something into Mr. Uffing's hand and leaped astride the seat of the motorcycle.

"Here! Come back here! That's Matilda's magazine!" Mr. Uffing cried, but the man was already under way on the popping motorcycle. Mr. Uffing did not hesitate an instant. A powerful he rage boiled in him and he heaved the paint pail over his head and let it fly at the departing motorcyclist.

The paint pail crashed into the rear wheel of the motorcycle and for a moment there was a twanging of breaking spokes, a showering of green paint, a clang of metal as the motorcycle fell. Then the man in the cap leaped up and grasped the Favorite Styles and sped down the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Hah!" exclaimed Mr. Uffing triumphantly. "They can't do things like that to me!"

Then he looked at the soft thing the man in the cap had thrust into his hand. It was money. Mr. Uffing stepped over to the electric light on the corner and looked at the money. He counted it. There were fifty bills—ten-dollar bills—five hundred dollars.

"Well! Well! Well!" said Mr. Uffing. "Now, I wonder what that fellow thought Matilda's fashion book was!"

Then he did a most un-Augustan thing. He took the bottle of turpentine from his hip pocket, and without taking particular aim slammed it against the motorcycle. The brush he sent after the turpentine.

Ten minutes later Mr. Uffing was leaning in a rather swaggering way on the glass show case of a jeweler's shop that was adjacent to a paint shop.

"A very good emerald," the jeweler was saying. "Not so large, maybe, but flawless. One hundred and fifty dollars, and not a cent less. Now here is a ruby ——"

"I want it green," said Mr. Uffing in a tone that was almost bloodthirsty. "Green! I'll give you one hundred and twenty-five for the emerald."

"Oh, it can't be done! One hundred and fifty is the very lowest figure. Not a cent less."

"One hundred and twenty-five—take it or leave it," said Mr. Uffing positively. "And speak quick; I can't waste time on it."

"It's yours!" said the jeweler. "And it is a pleasure to do business with you—a man who knows what he wants."

"You can bet I know what I want!" swaggered Augustus. "How long is it going to take you to engrave 'A.U. to E.T.' in that ring?"

"Five minutes," said the jeweler.

"In five minutes I'll be back," said Mr. Uffing, looking at his watch.

At the police station, Mr. Uffing had the desk man sitting straight in one sentence.

"I got that red-headed bandit for you," he said. "He pointed a gun at me, up there in the woods, and I knocked him down and tied him to a tree. Augustus Uffing is my name, if you want to know it. The reward is mine, isn't it?"

"Hey, Jimmy! Mike! Henry!" shouted the desk man. "Come on out here! Here's a guy says he's got the red-headed bandit! Get a move on, youse!"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Uffing, when they had taken his name and address. "No, I won't go with you. I've got business to attend to—important business. You can get him. You won't need me. But you might take a pair of wire clippers; you can get to him easier that way."

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Uffing pushed the bell of Emmy Tutz's door long and commandingly. From an upstairs window, after a slight delay, Emmy Tutz called down.

"Who is it?" she asked. "What do you want? I've gone to bed."

"Then get up and dress," replied Mr. Uffing. "This is Augustus Uffing, and I want to talk to you."

"But, Augustus, isn't it very late?"

"I don't care how late it is," declared Mr. Uffing. "If you don't want me to stand here ringing this bell all night, you get up and dress and let me in."

"But what do you want?" asked Emmy.

"I want," said Augustus brazenly, "what I've wanted for twenty years. I want to give you an engagement ring."

For a moment Emmy said nothing.

"Just a minute," she said then, "and I'll be down."

ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 13)

race must retain its native probity and talk in maxims from a scholarly past.

In the office of a tourist bureau where we go for tickets there is a go-getter, up-and-coming American who has developed his personality. He is buying tickets to Siam and telling the clerk he wishes a letter of introduction to the king and will pay a good price for it.

"I want," says he, "that I and my family should have a chance to take tea at the palace and I'll pay five pounds for the right letter of introduction."

The clerk stupidly tries to say that this isn't done, but the American is one of those sterling types that have worked up from nothing and learned not to take no for an answer. He repeats his offer—five pounds for a simple letter of introduction to the King of Siam. The clerk, it is plain, would like the five pounds. But so would we. Of course, it isn't much at present rates of exchange, but every little helps. We are about to tell our compatriot that we, ourselves, will give him a warm letter to the King of Siam, not only mentioning tea for him and his family, but a nice little home-cooked dinner, with perhaps a few twins in to meet them, and charades afterward in the living room. But the clerk has recovered his wits. He writes the letter himself and gets our five pounds for something probably not half so good as our letter would have been.

We are tempted to trail our American to the palace door, but time presses. We leave Singapore the more regretfully because the orchestra at dinner—with never a saxophone—plays Love's Dream, After the Ball and the Beautiful Blue Danube and some bits of prehistoric Offenbach; plays the stuff with perfectly straight faces, seeming not to suspect how funny it is in a day when music has its hair bobbed, its ear lobes rouged and wears no corsets.

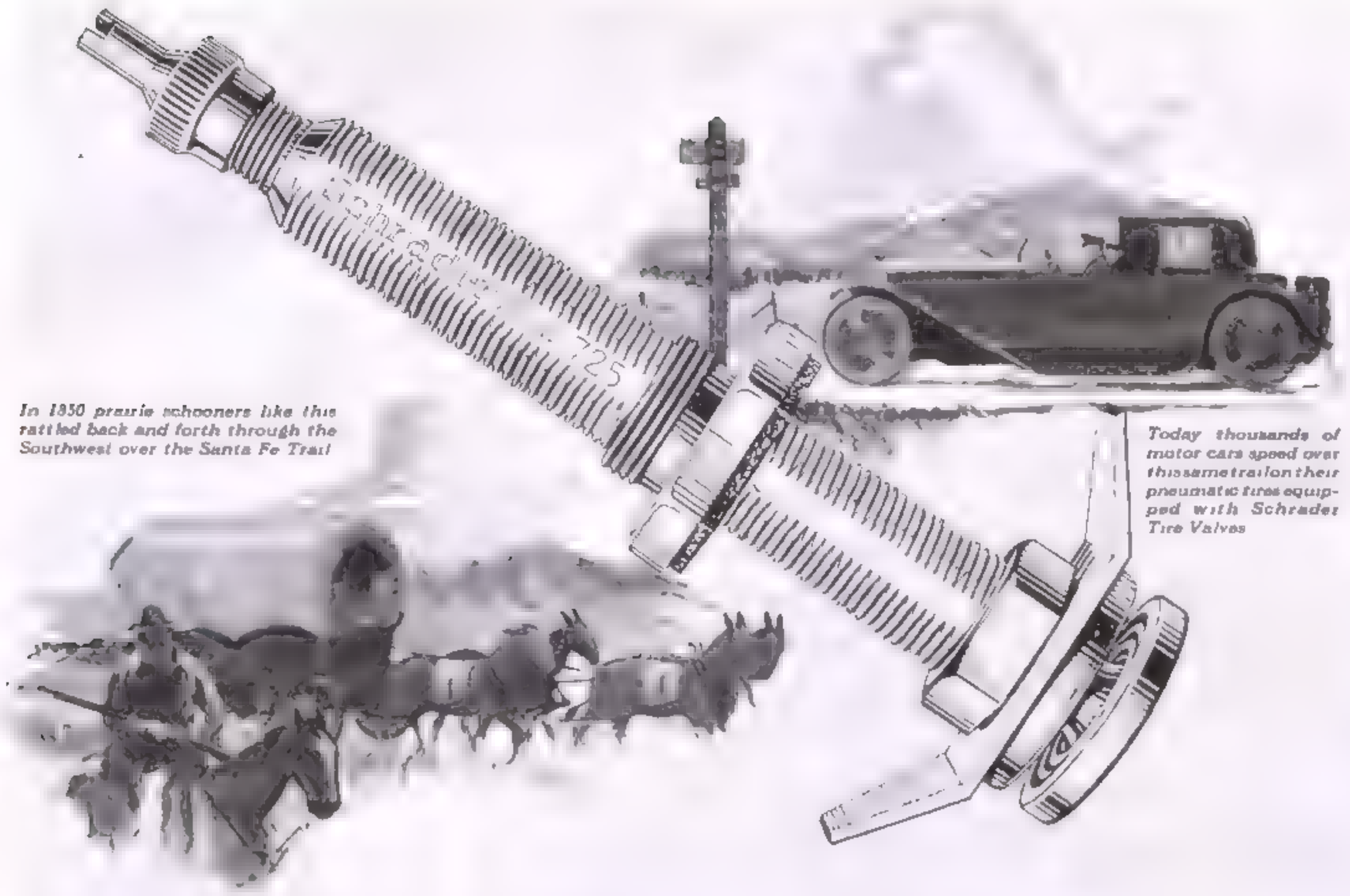
We make harbor in the blue of a tropic night and lay by till morning. Ahead looms the bulk of a great cone spangled with lights. This is Hong-Kong, twinkling like a giant Christmas tree, its girdling candles helped by gilt and silver stars let down from the ceiling. By daylight the candles are blown out, the stars withdrawn and the tree is seen to be set in water. Around its base strange craft are cutting narrowly across one another's bows to the discomfiture of evil pursuers, for Chinese devils are not content with chasing poor ricksha boys.

They run on the sea, and even the stern eyes painted on every junk prow frighten only the more timid of them, the others must be shrewdly lured in front of oncoming boats. Our ship ups anchor and we move to Kowloon wharf, usefully running down devil after devil as the crossing junks miss our bows.

Our fifty Chinese deck passengers, now lined along the forward rail brushing their teeth, are noisily hailed, as we sidle to the dock, by boarding-house runners in sampans. A dozen of these are jostling noisily along the ship's side as we tie up. The heavy sweep of the nearest is wielded by a sturdy little woman in black jacket and trousers and the carefully neated hair of all Chinese women in all situations. She sends her boat grating along our iron side with short jerks of the sweep, and in time with these is jerked the head of a baby strapped to her back. It is perceived that these jerks must eventually loosen the baby's head, which will then fall into the water and be lost. The mother ignores this certain mishap, though it is true that the infant's head as she touches us is still, if insecurely, fastened where she last saw it.

She drops her sweep, seizes a bamboo pole with a hook at its tip, catches this over our rail twenty feet above, clutches the butt with her small hands, presses her bare feet against the ship's side and casually strolls up to us. The baby's head jerks to her steps, but relaxes in the limpness of sleep when she has climbed the rail and

(Continued on Page 56)



In 1850 prairie schooners like this rattled back and forth through the Southwest over the Santa Fe Trail

Today thousands of motor cars speed over this same trail on their pneumatic tires equipped with Schrader Tire Valves

From horseshoe to tire

FOR four hundred years the inhabitants of this country looked to the iron-shod horse and iron-tired wagon for transportation.

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SCHRADER DUST CAP. Goes over the valve and protects the valve stem threads. Can be attached and detached with a few turns of the hand
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SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with all parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve. Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

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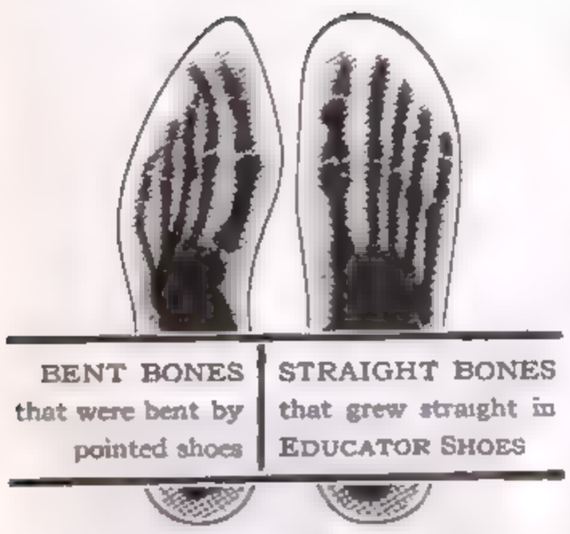

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(Continued from Page 54)

rushed to canvass the deck passengers for clients. Men runners are by this time also walking up the ship's side, their incensed chatter being perhaps to the effect that woman's place is a level surface.

Singapore was old and dingy and rather carelessly Oriental. Hong-Kong seems new and solid and tidily British. Singapore's buildings are likely to be trimmed with streaks of purple or pink or yellow, or all three. Hong-Kong's buildings are a decent gray or brown, with no trimming nonsense, and its street names are not of the East—Ice House Street, Seven-and-Sixpenny Street, Scandal Point. Also its hotel is gulfed from Singapore's by fifty good years of progress in the art of plumbing. Its bar is a proper American bar and its frequent orchestras play the modish spasms.

But let us have the morning paper. At the very edge of China proper, let us look over an unspoiled people talking in the high lucidity of Confucian maxims and so honest that less upright people must have them for cashiers. And, believe it or not, the outstanding headline on the first page is Bandits Coöperate For Winter Outrages. Bandits Take Heavy Toll Along Hankow Railway, runs its neighbor. Chinese bandits, be it added. Again we find, Another Bandit Outrage, telling how a train arrived at Kuanting during a raid and "The train, being fired on, retreated." This, we gather, is supposed to have been discretion, not cowardice, on the train's part.

Mah Jongg Proves Fatal

At Hong-Kong, as at Singapore, the Chinese are misbehaving. A shipping-line clerk, also on the first page, obtains 10,992 taels by check forgeries so clever that a white man might have been the artist. He is traced to "a palatial house he had bought and put in charge of one of his lady friends, but the bird had flown." He is still at large, but the police "have several important clues and hourly expect to make an arrest." It is all so homelike. There follow a pay-roll robbery in the New York manner, stabbings, murders and burglaries, all by Chinese talent. There is a good kidnaping redolent of Latin New York. The son of Chan Yan Po, master of the Hip Wo pawnshop, is held for a ransom of $80,000 and 800 taels of opium. The son writes to his father:

"Since I was kidnaped you have not been able to find any trace of me. This has prevented me from writing to you and indeed I have been unfilial. I am kept in the den of the robbers and the members of the association give me many strikes of the cat each day. My body is wounded all over. I can get no food when in hunger and no beverage when thirsty." The bandits add a postscript: "We beg you will think this matter over again and again. Money spent may be regained, but a man killed can no longer live."

In the entire paper the only Chinese mentioned except for grave misconduct is Kung. He appears under the headline Died at Mah Jongg; Fatal Non-stop Game. Kung, known to a wide circle of friends as the Mah Jongg King, arranged a game with three of them, "it being understood that unless two hundred rounds were played without a halt the players would not be deemed brave." At round 172, after two days and one night of play, Kung "suffered bad pains" in his spine and was compelled to lie down for the last time. He was game, however, and to the last "eagerly discoursed the White and Red Dragons" to all about his couch.

So here we must concede that gossip has maligned, or at least unjustly reproached, the Chinese. Long supposed to be incorrigibly honest—with an honesty in Western eyes not easily to be distinguished from feeble-mindedness—they are seen to be not helplessly upright. This is encouraging for their future. To be sure, no white race lauds dishonesty; on the other hand, a race honest because it doesn't know any better is—not precisely held in contempt perhaps. Still, there is something about it to arouse emotions of humorous pity in races not constitutionally inhibited from the other thing. We like to feel that we are honest because we wish to be and not from any neutral defect.

But let it be recalled in China's behalf that her contact with the more agile Western mind is a thing of yesterday. Had that Great Wall been built this side of China instead of the other, had the slogan been Keep China Yellow, it is probable that honesty would still be rather instinctive among them and the word of a Chinese so good that no bond would be thought of. Even yet, in the remote interior, unthinking honesty is said to be practiced along with other primitive rites. But along the edges where these people have been blessed with more sophisticated contacts they have made really admirable progress. Many of them, it appears, have to be watched as closely as the whites long since learned to watch each other. They couldn't learn everything at once, to be sure, but we have read papers enough to know they are coming on. China in no spot at present affords, for example, the entertainment that our own national capital has provided for six months; but think of the longer practice we have had!

And we should note the Oriental genius for coöperation. The significance of the first headline quoted is not there are Chinese bandits, but that they are coöperating; and it will be recalled that the kidnaped youth spoke of the "association of robbers." They seem to have learned from Western exemplars that coöperation is a cunning deodorant. And Chinese labor has learned to strike, overnight as it seems. In the last year its new unions have won 90 per cent of their strikes. In 1922 its first notable strike was had. Thirty thousand seamen, mostly employed on British-owned ships at Hong-Kong, struck for higher wages And when Chinese strike, they strike. In this instance they threatened death to the entire family of any deserter, and there were none.

After two months of inaction, the seamen began to straggle back to their homes in the interior, where a living could be made some other way. To foil this knavish design the Hong-Kong authorities barred the trains to them. Then they started afoot. When they reached the boundary line between the British leasehold of Kowloon and China proper they were barred again, this time by British troops. Their British employers couldn't force them to work, but at least they could keep the silly beggars starving at Hong-Kong. A number of them, stubborn to leave British territory, were shot down at the line. And by those shots the seamen won their strike. At once every Chinese in Hong-Kong left his job; every cook, nurse, house boy, hotel employe, butcher, baker, chair boy and the rest; and Hong-Kong was paralyzed. Within a week the seamen had won all their demands.

Evening in Singapore

The next week a British captain on the Yang-tse River sank a Chinese junk by his backwash. When he tied up for the night £1000 was demanded and until it was paid his crew struck, no coolie would handle his cargo, no merchant sell him food, nor could he get drinking water.

Shortly after that an American captain sank seven junks—doubtless bent on having him run down their following devils—and was forced by strike and boycott to pay a bill that left his company all but bankrupt. Junks are now meeting the sincerest deference up and down the good old Yang-tse.

And unionism still spread. The incense makers organized, the pillow-box makers, ricksha coolies, joss-paper makers, wood carriers, firecracker makers; and out of hundreds of strikes only three were lost. The hairdressers' union secured a 60 per cent raise. At Pu-Tum a factory strike was caused and won when a foreman dismissed a worker for smoking on the premises. The singsong girls of Canton staged a walk-out. Peking school-teachers refused to work until back salaries were paid. Strikers at the Hanyang arsenal were fired on by troops and retorted by exploding the arsenal at a damage of £1,000,000. On the Hankow-Canton railway strikers threw themselves across the rails and more than 100 were killed when the troops ran trains over them.

A Piece of Social Gossip

All this in Southern China in two years. In Northern China the provisional constitution forbids labor to strike or even to organize. But the provisional constitution without a doubt is presently going to be jolted in that particular clause. The All-China Industrial Salvation Union or the All-China Workers Self-Salvation Union will proceed to demonstrate—as our own better element has already done—that a constitution is not inherently sacred. To be sure, the Chinese by nature lack that essentially Nordic genius for craving and forcefully acquiring properties of value possessed by others, and hence they would have no one to respect them in a League of Nations; but the more enlightened of the people seem to believe that the infirmity causing this handicap may be cured in time. Other handicaps are that China changes its language as often as Australia its railway gauge; that the Chinese have never taken but a friendly, well-wishing interest in the religion of other people, nor thought religious beliefs anything to fight about; and they have never, for one reason or another, learned to eat meat and drink whisky with the gusto of the predatory whites. These things, of course, make for backwardness, but China knows that time is long.

We now read a bit of social gossip; how the No. 1 wife of China's new president, Tsao Kun, nearly lost face in the eyes of Peking officialdom. It must have been especially annoying to the president, whose wholesale bribery of parliament at $5000 a head to secure his election had just ceased to be chattered about by the yellow press. And this latest contretemps was no fault of his. He had done all that the president of any republic could do. He arranged that wife No. 1 should be the first to leave his home at Pao-ting Fu and therefore the first to reach the executive mansion at Peking. Wife No. 2 was to follow an hour later, both having special trains. Wife No. 1 being delayed by a motor accident—never again, probably, will she ride in that make of car—Wife No. 2 reached the station first, was hauled to Peking by the train awaiting No 1 and whisked off to the White House. An hour later the superior wife arrived at Peking and learned the disgraceful truth. She crossly refused to play any longer and commanded a special train to take her back to the old home. Then came President Tsao Kun to exercise a bland and compelling diplomacy. One sees that he will capably meet the emergencies of his new position, for they will all be of a gravity inferior to this, and the hurt dignity of Wife No. 1 was healed.

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

"It has been impossible," says a Hong-Kong paper wistfully, "to gain any idea of what occurred when the two wives finally met."

All of which again shows how backward China is, both in the handling of presidential specials and in newspaper enterprise. With us, the thing could hardly have happened; but if, by some mischance, it did happen, we should have known precisely what the ladies said on meeting. We should have had photographs of them saying it too.

Let us get closer to these backward but promising people. We can't see them all as we could see practically all Australians, because China is half again as large as Australia and her 450,000,000 plus are scattered. Canton, however, is close at hand and thick with Chinese. We hope to pick a boat for the night's ride that will probably, or at least perhaps, not be annoyed by pirates. The boat of two nights before had figured in what the paper described as a Grave Affray on River Boat. It had carried as first and second class passengers some fifty competent Chinese who, halfway up the river, disclosed themselves as a pirate crew with quite distressing results to the ship's officers, Indian guards, crew, cargo and passengers' valuables. Notwithstanding their Western talent for cooperation, the quaint old term "pirate" is still applied to these go-getting big business men of the East, all of them qualified to have their portraits in The American Magazine.

Sightseeing With Kwang Tai

On our boat nothing enterprising seems to have been scheduled. The iron-barred gates between first and second cabin are put to no strain, and the fiercely bearded Indian guards, cartridge-belted and rifle-bearing, are not once harmed during the night. At dawn we tie up at the City of Perfection—so-called by some boosters' club back about the time that Tutenkhamun took to his bed with what was doubtless supposed to be only a cold. We are in an apparently endless line of houseboats, the craft on which one has so often read that 100,000 of Canton's 2,000,000 are born, live and die. Just now they are all living, and from the steamer rail we look down upon their unaffectedly simple domestic arrangements. These boat dwellers are cheerful; noisily having a better time than many houseboat people one has remarked in Florida. And one sees they are fond of pets. Their cats are either kept on leash or in wicker cages and their cunning chow puppies more zealously guarded than their babies, who clamber precariously along the deck's edge, protected only by an amulet or two of tried worth. Already it may be seen that the Chinese have a genius for minding their own business. Nordics bunched so close would clash; there would not be the grinning good nature displayed by these too-near neighbors.

On the wharf, Kwang Tai, best first-class guide, awaits his party. He is suave, sleek-faced, plump, round-headed and clad in a sumptuous robe of gray brocaded silk. He fans himself as he summons chair boys and one sees that his hands are the short-fingered cushiony hands of a rather large baby. We climb into the chairs—their bearers have the air of schoolboys released for a holiday—and plunge directly into Canton's Main Street. It is eight feet wide, but so thickly hung with gay banners that it has a carnival effect even when the corridor runs between high buildings and would otherwise be gloomy. The street is miles long and has a thousand turns. When it widens to ten or twelve feet, as sometimes happens, it doubtless takes the name of Prospect Avenue. It is lined with shops of the open front and all that Canton eats or wears or finds decorative is being made and sold in plain sight. Cheerfulness is still the house flag. One sees only friendly, interested faces when the shopmen are not too busy to glance up, or when the opposing stream of traffic, as often occurs, must thin itself against a wall so the chairs may pass. The chair boys shout constantly to warn these oncomers as we are borne down or up damp stairways and about sudden and astonishing corners.

Shop displays demand frequent notice. Jade and ivory and silk; we see at his loom a weazened craftsman who has wrought the same silk pattern these forty years. Still feeling good about it, he pauses while we inspect his work, lighting his pipe for the three whiffs it holds and taking the cover from the cage of a singing bird he brings to work with him each day. He will have a bit of field music while he smokes.

Then there are food displays. In one shop a large and apparently unworried fish floats languidly in a tub of water. He seems not to have noticed, or, being overweight, not to have regretted the several steaks already clipped from his person for patrons wishing to know their fish is fresh. The future holds practically nothing to his advantage, however, because steaks will continue to be cut from him until he can't help knowing that things are all wrong in Canton. As a show, he arouses no enthusiasm, nor does the neighboring mural adornment composed of gaudy oddments from the secret nooks of a lately slaughtered pig, flanked by souvenirs from other sources more or less ambiguous. It is felt that we should leave here at once and go to another silk shop, to something more subdued in many ways.

We stop at the carvers of ivory and the shop of those who so cunningly compose with the blue feathers of the kingfisher. We stop in Jade Stone Street and at a lantern shop. We price crystal and porcelain, view ancient Chinese scrolls and buy for $50 the brocaded silk shawl that a San Francisco dealer wished to have $500 for. And whether it be lacquer or enamel, gold, silver, silk, linen, feathers, mother-of-pearl or jade, or merely bamboo or straw work, an artist has somehow left his mark upon it in a cramped slum that richly smells of everything but beauty.

From one of these bellagged crevices we enter an alley of what Kwang Tai astonishingly calls the poor quarter. We have gone, we gather, from Canton's Fifth Avenue to its East Side. The alley winds past low one-room, windowless huts lived in by still unaccountably cheerful folks. Mothers stand in doorways proudly holding their babies to be noticed by the passing nobles and smiling widely when they are noticed. One is at first puzzled by the neatness of this alley. There is not a rubbish heap in its whole length. Later it is remembered that rubbish heaps are the sign of a certain—if modest—affluence. These people can't afford rubbish. Then, as suddenly as are all transitions here, we enter a temple garden where peace has brooded a thousand years, immaculate from the turmoil just beyond. The only sound here is made by fat pigeons stuttering in their throats.

Pagodas and Temples

We enter the profounder stillness of the temple, sunlit to show its five hundred genii sitting side by side in long rows, immense in carved graystone. They strongly resemble five hundred portly Buddhas and are perhaps his younger brothers. But they do not stare in rigid meditation at their folded feet. They have relaxed in chatty attitudes, half turned to one another, some with legs comfortably crossed. They have pleased, expectant faces and have been well fed. They seem to chat about the wonder and beauty of life, regarding it highly as an adventure, and to inhale with mild enjoyment the incense here and there lighted at their great stone feet by worshipers. It is a seemly after-dinner atmosphere. We stare along the row of listening or questioning faces and half expect one or another to nod assent or turn benignly to the other neighbor.

We proceed to other temple gardens where the spirit of China has meditated in quiet beauty through how many hundred generations of her people still shrill beyond the carved gates: the garden of the Flowery Pagoda, the Five-Story Pagoda, the Smooth Pagoda, the Temple of the Three Buddhas—none of them perturbed by its urgent need of repairs. We come to a Family Temple of Ancestors' Names, a splendidly spacious, high-vaulted forum, its lofty back wall covered by small tablets hung to preserve the names of the Lee or the Kee or the Chan family. There are thousands of these, and no flatter disturbs their repose when indecorous alien whites stare at them and comment in lifted voices upon the joyous wood carving that frames them. Still, they have been worse affronted, for Sun Yat-Sen, the rebel leader of South China, has a troop of cavalry with its horses camped here in ruthless disregard of mere ancestry.

These Lees or Kees or Chans probably won no enviable notice when they were quick in the town's maze of warrens, perhaps as merchants in Jade Stone Street or minutely experimenting to see how much flesh could be subtracted from a living fish. Now, named distinctly in the ear of eternity, they are certain of notice. Here the dead have a prestige seldom won by the living. We go to another reminder of this, the City of Guests on High. It is a quiet little city, charmingly laid out within walls, entered through an alley of trimmed box, and those who come in should walk and speak softly. Off the open court give certain attractive apartments where the chested remnants of Guests on High—with money for the superior accommodation—tarry a week, a month, a year, on their way to permanent sepulcher. In the best room is the city's oldest inhabitant, a Manchu general, effectually secluded by his envelope of polished ebony, which cost $1100, says Kwang Tai. Here he has reposed many years, since the revolution in which he became a Guest on High. Beside him—within easy reach—a table is spread with tea and almond cakes and enameled holders in which incense burns. The cup of tea is but half full. Above the table are hung devices tortured out of paper for the confusion of evil spirits that might trouble the general's calm.

A City of Beauty

The other rooms hold minor guests less expensively interned, but each has his spread table, his almond cakes, his half-drunk tea, his incense and his paper inventions to rout evil spirits, who may be scared off every time if one knows just the right pattern. Some of these newer citizens are receiving friends. They sit at the table, light new incense, nibble an almond cake and sip tea with the ultramundane host. The general is not receiving. He has been so many years a citizen that his friends seem to have fallen away, though the thought of his seniority in time may come as a compensation for having his tea water boiled by a mere sacristan or janitor, who is perhaps not above skimping with the tea and the incense. There is a rather lively solemnity, a not wholly subdued gayety, about these tea parties that makes death plausible, almost ingratiating. The West, of course, has quit that; turned its temples into laboratories where death is fought as an enemy because, largely, of plain doubts that there is any High for Guests, however august. But the East still believes death not worth while dodging; it will merely so garnish it with social rites that its rudeness is all but hidden. In Canton death has merit. With a friend or two in for tea and the right devil scarers, it becomes almost seemly.

We go back to the quick, down those dank alleys that would be depressing but for their brave flaunt of pennants from every door. Their throngs are still cheerful. One has read of the despairing look of slum dwellers, but so far from despairing, the Cantonese are exultant. They are having a good time and they are making beautiful things. In all Canton the only shop seen with an ugly display was one filled with American hanging lamps. So atrocious were these against surrounding harmonies, one suspects the hardened owner must be ostracized now and that few friends will drop in for tea after he goes to a certain city.

We emerge from the labyrinth to the Bund, and in the free air try to eject an accumulation of thick smells that are thought undesirable. After a few comparatively pure breaths, we hear male singing voices and turn to regard four bare-legged, broad-hatted coolies marching down upon us. Their two stout shoulder poles bend under an enormous burden. It is covered by matting, but it might easily be a piano. The music they march to sounds like a distant harmony of four small silver bells. It is a stern little chant, plainly a song of warning and defiance. It tells that these are four invincible fellows on a progress of triumph. One exultant note disparages their burden. It is only a feather's weight. Their shoulders never feel it. Only if it were ten times heavier would they be aware of it. Yet you must make way for them; they really can't turn out for you—this tiny package of thistledown must be hurried to a great mandarin. Admire them, as you will be compelled to; look your fill, but do not let admiration freeze you in their path or they will have to march straight over you. They are giving you fair notice of your danger. The stout poles bend and the little air is sung over and over. Perhaps this conveys Canton, exulting under burdens it pretends are light, making a bannered carnival of foulest squalor and of death a festival.

(Continued on Page 61)

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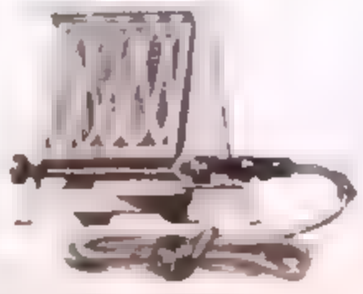
Turnover Toaster

Rectigon
(battery charger)

(Continued from Page 58)

Canton restaurants have opened after a three weeks' closing because of a new meal tax. With us the remedy would have been instantly perceived, but in far Cathay it took time to see that the tax should be passed on to the ultimate consumer. We have a room in the most fashionable restaurant, splendid with teak carvings and strange smells and beaten gongs. Kwang Tai commands a dinner of note, for in Canton the cooking is the best in all China. Certain of the party, having been made sensitive by observing provision shops, insist that each item of the menu shall be known at a glance when it comes. It must be plainly this or that. So we have expensive bird's nest soup, shrimps, fish and duck, all gayly embellished and exotically seasoned.

In the apartment next to ours a wealthy fried-pork magnate is giving a dinner, so that we have the free enjoyment of his splendid gongs. Later we recline on settees and are refreshed by singsong girls with their samisens. Kwang Tai translates the songs:

"That is very old song of ninth century. It is one poor girl's sad history. All her father and mother die—very bad fortune. This slave girl cost $2000 to buy."

The second girl sings a practically modern thing of the twelfth century.

"A very bad history," says Kwang Tai. "Her poor husband die one time, so how will she become married again? This one will cost $1800."

We regretfully tell him that both prices are reasonable, but one must think also of the duty. And the songs are the only disconsolate note we have heard in Canton.

From the restaurant we go to an opium den that Kwang Tai has promised. There is high anticipation, because opium dens have been made familiar to theatergoers and novel readers. We shall see one of those foul cellar dens with bunks in which obscene human derelicts huddle, kept by a leering creature of basest aspect who is aware that all nice people must abhor him. And the den is disappointing, without one thrill. It is a cheerful, clean room with a couch, and has pictures and homely little ornaments about the walls. It has rather the air of being fixed up like certain spare bedrooms at home. Its keeper is a Chinese woman of middle age, courteous, amiable, modest. Her hair is wonderfully done—there seems in all China to be no woman with untidy hair—and her face is finely the face of a lady, so eloquent of the most delicate and tried refinements of instinct and character that its general effect is one of great beauty. She has the repose and breeding of those Chinese women we watched in Hong-Kong carrying bricks on their backs for the new building across from the hotel. One has not yet studied faces richer than theirs in all that civilization is said to produce. This one is the charming hostess as we drink tea with her.

Paying Tribute

Returning to our hotel, we talk wisely to Kwang Tai about the pleasant ways of his people. We speak of a thing all day noticeable—their fondness for pets, for dogs and cats, reminded of this by a passing coolie who carries a wicker cage of kittens.

"Yes, ah, yes," says Kwang Tai; "very fond of pets. That chap had some good eating cats in his basket; taking them to market."

Somewhat aghast, we return with "But how about those little dogs?"

"Yes, ah, yes; chow dogs. You know 'chow'; you say it yourself to mean food. They are fine little food dogs."

One serenely recalls that the duck at dinner was very certainly duck.

"Tomorrow you can go see the big cat-and-dog market," says Kwang Tai; and adds, "Even the poor prefer not to starve."

We ourselves prefer to be far from starving. That we have not always been so far as could be wished may be gathered from a Shanghai advertisement read some days later:

"The Ritz Café. Get real steaks right off an American ship—the kind you haven't eaten since you came to China."

At Shanghai also, a lately arrived American bride tells a brightly Chinese incident of her new housekeeping. She has paid tribute through her No. 1 house boy to the head of the beggars' guild, thus insuring immunity from certain of its members better paid than looked at. Then comes another caller, a dapper and businesslike Chinese who confers briefly with the No. 1 boy. She is told, "This man, he No. 1 thief; we give him forty cents for one month, so not have thiefs." She wishes to know if we ever heard of anything so outrageous. We tell her that in an American city where we lately rented a house the No. 1 thief came to us in the same manner, only we had to pay him ten dollars instead of forty cents a month for immunity. Of course, he spoke of his guild as a private detective agency. We tell her that Chinese genius may have invented the game, but that America has perfected it.

The world's serious thinkers are just now concerned about the threatened supremacy of the white races. Their output for five years makes a library of itself—The Revolt Against Civilization, The Rising Tide of Color, Mankind at the Crossroads—that sort of thing, in which it is ominously proved that the white man had better watch his step or the hordes of Islam will get him, or the Little Brown People, or a mélange of Asiatic colors. Or it may be China. "China alone," says Race and National Solidarity, "when industrialized and militarized, will be able to test the strength of the combined nations of Europe."

The China of the Future

Poor China! Probably no race since the Heidelberg man lost his jaw has been so much written about by professional guessers. China has been pretty fairly industrialized for five thousand years or so, and there is every reason to suppose that it will never be militarized, even against foreign exploiters. It hasn't the slightest wish to test the strength of the combined nations of Europe. It knows a game worth two of that. As before hinted, China conspicuously lacks the predatory genius of the white races. It has none of those exalted ideals of robbery on the grand national scale that have built up white civilization and made the world the satisfactory place it is today. China militarized for conquest, for governing other people for their own good on a cost-plus basis, is unthinkable. This is what has made China the yellow enigma. No proper white race can understand such nonsense. There is supposed to be some subtly sinister design back of this apparent intention to mind its own business.

And these forward-looking writers detect another peril -overpopulation by the whites. Prof. E. M. East, of Harvard, in Mankind at the Crossroads, expertly surveys the world's agricultural resources and finds the feedable maximum for its future population; a maximum which will be reached, at present rates of increase, in 100 years.

"The world," he says, "will then be filled with a seething mass of discontented humanity struggling for mere existence."

Here, we grant, is a real menace, a certainty not to be avoided if figures have any meaning. And here, we suspect, China is going to figure in a highly spectacular manner, but in a manner no forward thinker seems yet to have divined. Let us, to be moderate in prediction, multiply Professor East's 100 years by five, which amply allows for those salutary catastrophes observed by Malthus. By that time the seething mass of humanity will be seething indeed. But to be still safer, let us go on another 500 years, by which time the situation of the white races will be more discomfortable than any professor has yet cared to consider. That is, in 1000 years the white races will have caught up—as to necessities and difficulties of feeding—with China of today, and the spectacle of a Harvard professor fingering the ribs of a cat for the Sunday dinner will excite no more remark than it would in Canton today. But China will have held its own, because it has already been holding it for a few thousand years. It may even have reduced appreciably its present slender minimum of necessary food. It has already learned to live on what the frugal Japanese would throw away; and, by methods often harsh, it will have kept its own rate of increase adjusted to its food power. We wish some professor would check us up on this calculation.

Utopia mongers, from Sir Thomas More to H. G. Wells, have pictured ideal societies in which all movement has become frozen to a delightful static by some freak they neglect to explain. Their people dress in hygienic garments, speak politely to one another, and no one wants more than anyone else. The problem of overpopulation so distressing to our statisticians is blandly side-stepped. But there it still is. So far the professors seem to be right. Meanwhile, if we were to write one of those Utopia things, we should be compelled—by signs all too convincing—to picture the world all yellow at the date of our tale—say, A.D. 3000. And we would have it come about without ever a shot being fired by China, the world absorbing those best fitted to survive, on little and in close herds, as peacefully, as undramatically as a sponge takes up water. No wonder China has never wanted to conquer other peoples in war. Confucius or one of her lesser columnists must sometime have said, "Why fight to hurry a boon now irresistibly on its way to you?" So China merely keeps in training for the Grand International Endurance Sweepstakes that is bound to come, conscious of its vastly superior equipment of mind and body for sustaining life under adverse pressure.

We rather think our tale would have a prologue laid in French Tahiti, where a handful of Chinese contract laborers, brought there many years ago, has grown to 3000, a third of the present population, and its most important commercial factor, doing the great bulk of its merchandising. It would open with a banking scene. The author carelessly enters a beautiful French bank to obtain money on his letter of credit. He finds he shouldn't have come in carelessly, because an official rebukingly directs him to take off his hat. He feels that he has profaned a cathedral, and would like to slink out; but he needs money. An interview with authority being presently vouchsafed, he makes known his destitution and a consultation of banking heads is called. A possibly incriminating letter of credit is sharply scanned for defects, while visions of gendarmes and the phrase "ten years' penal servitude" race through the applicant's already guilty mind. A man who would enter a bank without removing his hat deserves to be suspected. At last he tremulously achieves his signature and watches this being analyzed, presumably by the bank's forgery expert. He keeps still because he knows that anything he says will be used against him. It seems to be regretfully decided that the letter of credit has some merit, though at the last moment the guilty man nearly spoils all by nervously putting his hat back on his head.

Snappy Chinese Banking

Then, after twenty-five minutes has crawled by on leaden feet, the culprit gets his money. It is paid with the reprimanding air that he had better not let a thing like this happen again. Another time he might not get off so easily. He escapes past stern eyes, wondering if he will be shadowed. He also wonders if there is another bank in Papeete. There is.

A few days later he enters the Chinese bank of Chin Foo. His hand goes to his hat; but no one orders it off, so he brazenly wears it. He asks timidly if money may be had on bankers' checks or a letter of credit.

"Sure," says Chin Foo without even a glance of suspicion. "Which you want? How much?"

As against twenty-five minutes in the French bank—and in the banks of New Zealand, Australia, Java, Singapore and Hong-Kong—Chin Foo cashes checks in two minutes and pays money on a letter of credit in four minutes. He is so pleasant and quick, one often goes back for money not really needed just to observe that ominous Chinese efficiency. By starting thus, the prologue will easily go on to show that the Chinese banker and the Chinese merchant could always beat white bankers and merchants at their own game. The rest will almost write itself.

How good to have a real home paper once more—to be again in touch with things that matter—Chewing-Gum Sales Last Year, $27,000,000; Elinor Glyn Says True Love Dying Out; Men's Bible Classes of Kansas City and Long Beach, California, Hurl Charges of Liar and Cheat in Attendance Contest; Five Women Shoppers Injured When They Crash Through Plate-Glass Window in Bargain-Counter Rush; Young America Dances on Volcano's Edge, Says Noted Divine; Washington Scandal Pot Tars High Officialdom. Perhaps our professors needn't worry so much. At least Western civilization is where we left it five months ago.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Wilson. The next will appear in an early number.

Williams
Shaving Cream

It's a boon to travelers

The cap cannot come off—it's *hinged on*, not rolling around loose with the cream getting chummy with your shirts and collars.

And when you try the shaving cream itself you will find that it has more and greater advantages than the Hinge-Cap.

The closer texture of the Williams lather holds the moisture in against the beard so that quicker softening results. This lather actually lubricates the skin while shaving so that irritating razor friction is absolutely eliminated. And finally, Williams contains a soothing ingredient which leaves your face smooth and flexible.

Try Williams tomorrow morning. Large size, 35 cents. Double size, 50 cents, containing almost twice as much cream.

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Glastonbury, Conn.

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WE'VE scored again! Aqua Velva is the new product—a *scientific* preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 17-B.

The Chandler Pikes Peak motor is Harrison cooled

HARRISON RADIATORS

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HARRISON COOLED

THE MARK OF RADIATOR SATISFACTION

RUM

(Continued from Page 11)

"Good morning, Mr. Horrigan," he said in the tone of one striving for a prize in elocution. "What can we do for you today?"

The screen door slammed as Sundstrom departed.

"What can you do for me?" snorted Horrigan, his piggy eyes blinking. "Why ——"

"Miss Regan," Edward interposed blandly, "it's past your lunch hour. Mustn't let work interfere with the routine of life. Go right along."

"Come into the inner office," William chimed in, opening the door. "This is a surprise. I understood you'd left the colony. Things are very slow now, but we're hoping if the House reduces the tariff on liquor ——"

The door closed behind the trio, muffling the last words. Miss Regan looked at it with compressed lips and puzzled wrinkles about her eyes for a moment before she left. Why should Brick Horrigan, gang leader, hijacker, promoter of sundry violences in Nassau and suspected of innumerable upon the high seas, call upon the proverbially righteous firm of Hake & Hake before taking his unregretted departure for his native New York? She left with this problem still unsolved. If she had remained a few minutes longer she might have obtained at least partial enlightenment through the sudden burst of merriment from the inner office.

"Haw-haw-haw!" Horrigan's voice bellowed. "That certainly wins the celluloid poker. Bellyache and Headache, the Heavenly Twins, framing up a double cross! Why, you old rascals!"

"Hush!" implored Edward, his Adam's apple jiggling frantically.

William uttered a moan of intense pain, opened the door a crack and peered into the outer office. Assured that the room was empty, he returned to his chair and, removing his derby momentarily, mopped his bald pate industriously. Edward turned upon the still-chuckling Horrigan.

"Well," he demanded, "in or out? I don't see the joke."

"Let me get this right now," Horrigan begged, beating his big hands together in delight. "You take the cargo north, land it and then it's up to me. Whose liquor is this and who's going to be the Iphigenia's skipper?"

"Count me in," he said with a hoarse chuckle when Edward had informed him. "There ain't two more righteous birds in the colony than Montague & Jackson—unless it's you two old buzzards. Haw-haw! This is rich! And that square-shooting squarehead too! Oh, this is good! Now let's get down to cases ——"

The firm of Hake & Hake were alone in their office when their clerk returned from her noon hour. They lowered their voices discreetly as she entered.

"The fifteen hundred dollars we paid Horrigan leaves us almost flat," William said nervously.

"Our credit is excellent," purred Edward.

"But," protested William, his pale eyes sliding here and there, "we'll have to provision the Iphigenia, and there's stevedores and other expenses. Even our credit will crack if we stretch it too far."

Edward rubbed his long-suffering mustache industriously and looked fixedly into space. Then his gaze shifted to the white figure of his clerk and was blank no longer.

"Miss Regan," he said, clearing his throat, "will you step here one moment?"

The harbor rose and fell breathing softly. Over the stern of the skiff, Norah Regan looked down upon sand gleaming a strange faint blue, upon dark weeds waving and writhing in the mud tide. Eighteen feet of water was between her and the harbor bottom, yet she could count every pebble.

Back of the reefs beyond the harbor mouth the sun was going down in a fury of red-and-yellow cloud. Twilight and the smoke of evening meals mingled in a violet haze above the flat roofs of Nassau. Anchored craft stood out black against the amazing sky; sponge vessels, yachtlike in outline and hideous in smell; rum craft, inconspicuous in color and stubby-masted, waiting resignedly for cargoes from the Bahamas' failing trade; a seagoing tug, brought south to carry liquor and held in duress while governments at Nassau and Washington argued interminably over the sinister complications of her purchase.

About the ships swam the unbelievable water of the harbor, colored like an oil pool—blues that mocked the pale sky overhead, turquoise and peacock greens, flashes of pure emerald, twined and mingled with the scarlet and gold of sunset.

A disreputable sloop drifted past, bound for an out island and manned by barefoot negroes who droned one of the interminable ballads of the water front, fashioned this month and forgotten next.

Da Myst'ry, da Myst'ry,
Ve load har up vid risky.

Their voices chimed and dwindled and faded out across the water. Norah Regan nodded.

"Someone's going out to the Iphigenia."

A motorboat was puttering toward the schooner, its wake cutting a barbarically hued wound in the tranquil harbor. Sundstrom shielded his eyes against the glare of the sunset and looked.

"It's Bellyache. I can tell by that hat. Why do you let your boss wear such a thing anyway?"

"He's stubborn," she said with a smile. "When the Hakes came here first from the States, everyone laughed at his derby. He's worn it ever since. If he should lose it, he'd probably buy another just as big, and stuff the lining with paper to make it fit."

"Buy it secondhand, too, if possible," Sundstrom mused, his eyes on the launch. "They're a stingy pair. He's going to the schooner for a look-see. We start loading tomorrow."

"I thought you didn't want a job," she said with faint malice. "I thought you were through with the game."

He grinned with the open adoration in his face that always exasperated her.

"If I hadn't got this job," he confided, "I'd have had to borrow the minister's fee from my wife. Another week on shore and I'd have been buying cigarettes one at a time in the nigger tobacco shop; two weeks and I'd have been living on fish-head chowder with the rest of the geechees. If this turns out right, I'll have passage to Canada for both of us, and more than enough for the parson."

"If this turns out right," she repeated—"there's no chance that it won't, is there?"

"I've never lost a ship or a case," he boasted. "Beginning to worry about me, honey? Norah, please marry me when I come back. I'll ——"

"No, I'm not worrying about you," she snapped. "I'm worrying about my money." He stared at her. "I'm putting my savings into the Iphigenia this voyage," she explained; "two hundred pounds. I've saved fifty. Daddy left the rest. Mr. Edward gave me this chance as a special favor. Why shouldn't I worry? It's all I've got."

"It will bring luck," he told her. "You can begin spending your profit tomorrow, honey."

"Brick Horrigan came in to see the Hakes this morning," she said irrelevantly. "I can't help wondering whether ——"

"I was there when he came in. They didn't expect him. Hake & Hake wouldn't deal with his sort. Edward said ——"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted; "but he sounded like someone speaking a piece at a church fair. They took him into the inner office and told me to go to dinner. I suppose I'm silly to worry."

"Sure you are," he agreed. "Why, the Hakes are proud of their reputation! They can't speak of the weather without dragging their good name in. Your money is safe, even if they were crooked. I'm commanding this voyage, honey."

"Stop calling me honey."

"Then don't call me Captain Sundstrom again."

"Sigurd," she reflected—"Sigurd Sundstrom. That's a funny name."

"It's a good name. You'll grow to like it when you've worn it awhile."

"Not in a thousand years!" she snapped.

"In a month or so I'll be bringing you back your marriage portion," he promised with a wide grin. "We'll be awful happy," he added softly a moment later.

She made no answer. Dusk had washed all the color from the harbor. The thick white stalk of the lighthouse burst into yellow flower. A pale star quickened in the west like an answering signal.

(Continued on Page 64)

The Phaeton

Chrysler Six Results Upset All Your Ideas of a Motor Car

No ordinary standards of speed, power, and ease of riding, operating and upkeep cost, can be applied to the Chrysler Six.

This car compels so complete a revolution in all previous ideas of motor car performance and value, that you can comprehend its sensational results only through a personal experience.

Science has wrought new wonders in this different kind of car. True, it is built on fundamental engineering principles.

But in the Chrysler Six these principles have been made to yield results heretofore unknown. No description could possibly convey any adequate idea of Chrysler performance.

Nothing more than an actual riding and driving test is needed to show you that the Chrysler Six is as important a forward step in automotive engineering as the oil-burning, turbine-driven ocean liner of today in contrast to the Mississippi side-wheeler of Civil War times.

When you analyze the engineering which makes Chrysler performance possible, you find vital improvements which are literally *typical* of this car.

For instance, its capacity of 68 horse power and over 70 miles an hour from a stock car motor of 3-inch bore, transcends all earlier power development.

Yet this extreme of revolutionary performance is combined with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon.

A new perfection of gas distribution, special combustion chambers, an air-cleaner for the carburetor and scientific heat distribution, through the applied science of thermodynamics, result in a flashing pick-up which must be experienced to be comprehended.

Equally typical of Chrysler scientific engineering is the fact that its power is delivered without vibration.

Chrysler engineering has not "smothered" vibration—it has eliminated it. There is literally no "period." A 7-bearing crankshaft heavy enough for a two-ton car, fully machined and perfectly balanced, combines with scientifically designed and balanced reciprocating parts to produce vibrationless power at all speeds.

Smoothness of operation is further assisted by the Chrysler oil-filter which, by cleansing and purifying all motor oil every 25 miles, adds to long life and gives extraordinary oil economy.

When you ride in the Chrysler, you will note with amazement that it can be driven in comfort at 60 miles an hour and upward over rutted roads or cobbled streets.

Due to scientifically distributed weight and a center of gravity lower than ever before; to perfect spring balance and a new type of spring mounting, the Chrysler, which weighs 2705 pounds ready for the road, rides as solidly as a car of twice its weight.

You will note, also, the ease of handling. Never did a car answer so promptly and willingly to the steering wheel—or to the slightest pressure on the pedal controlling its Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

This is a partial recital of the bald facts. You cannot begin to realize what Chrysler performance actually is, until you have experienced it.

The Chrysler Six must tell you its own story, if you are to grasp what it must inevitably mean to the public, and to motor car practice.

It invites you to find out for yourself, by actual experience in the car, that it is, in literal fact, as great an advance over motor cars built to present standards, as are those cars over the automobile vehicles of fifteen years ago.

All Chrysler Six dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

The Touring, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1725; The Brougham, $1895; The Imperial, $1995. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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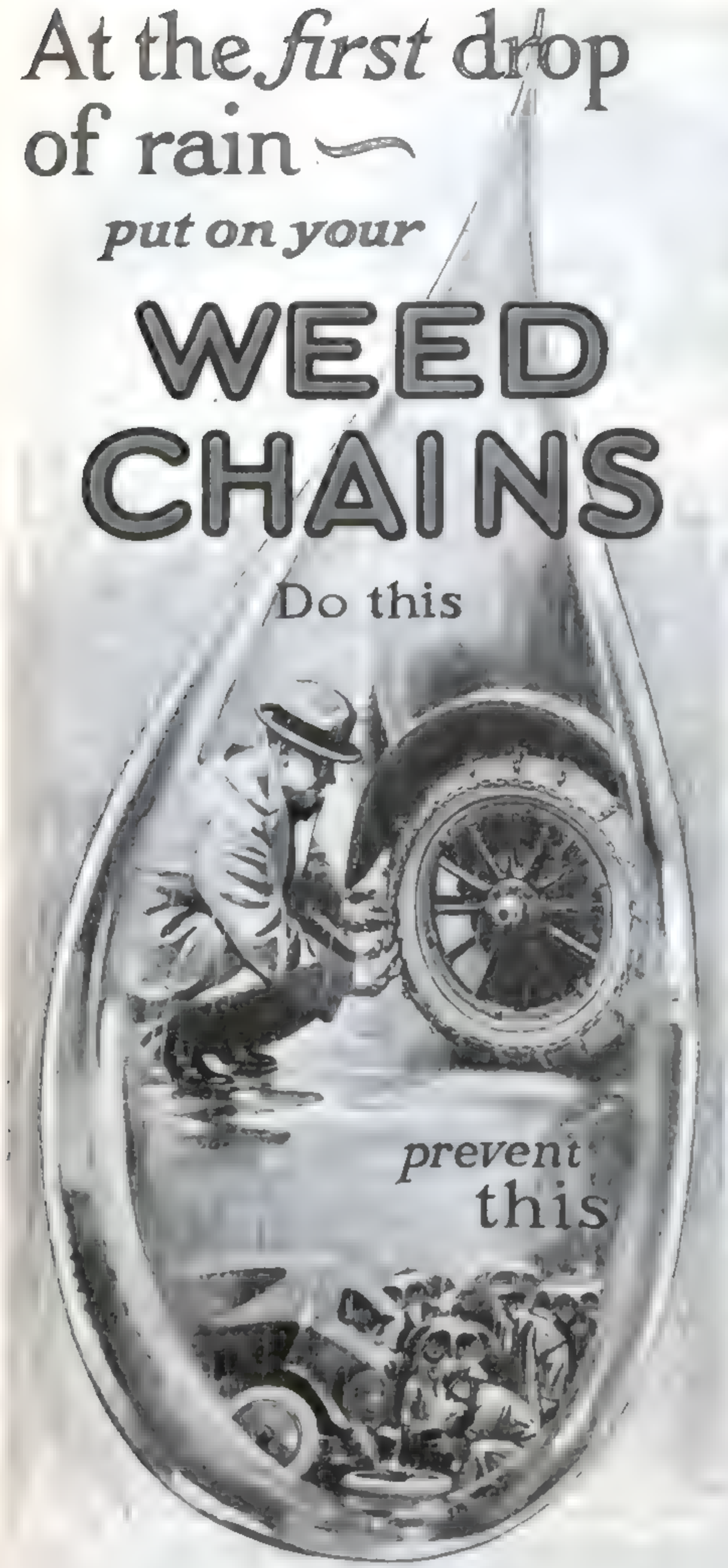
The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cris-ler



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(Continued from Page 62)

Basil Jackson, of the wholesale liquor firm of Montague & Jackson, emerged from the Iphigenia's cabin and picked his way across the littered waist to where Captain Sundstrom and his partner stood, checking off the burlap-wrapped packages of a half dozen bottles each that a line of negro stevedores poured over the side and into the forward hold.

"Cheerio!" he said briskly, with the ultra-British accent of the Bahama conch. "All neat and tidy, eh, captain?"

"Here comes the last," Sundstrom replied, nodding to the wide-eaved liquor shed beyond the wharf.

"Just bade Bellyache good-by," Jackson resumed with a glance toward the cabin. "Glad he's going along; glad you're in command, old chap. We'll sleep better for it, eh, Tevis?"

"Wouldn't take this risk with anyone else," the burly Montague grumbled, pocketing his checking book as the last stevedore crossed the gangway.

"Risk with the Hakes and Captain Sundstrom," Jackson repeated. "No chawnce! No bonds needed for them, eh? Well, fair winds and a fawst run, captain. Toodle-oo'"

They left in the rear of the retreating stevedores. Sundstrom glanced at his watch and then vainly searched the idlers strung along the water front for a slender figure in white. The mate bawled at the seamen battening down the hatches. Two negroes ran forward, wrenches in hand and clambered up on the forecastle. Sundstrom watched them absently. Then he muttered a curse and strode forward.

"Hey you," he demanded, "what's this?"

The darkies looked up from their labor on the standard of the one-pounder bolted to the forecastle.

"Owner's orders, sar," one of them volunteered, nodding at the little cannon in its canvas cover. "He say ve take dis down, carry him ashore, yas, cap'n."

"You touch that gun and I'll skin you," Sundstrom promised. "Get down off there'"

The negroes obeyed, teeth gleaming in prune-black faces, and Sundstrom strode aft, his sunburn a full shade darker.

In the cabin, Edward lifted his glass and drained it, nodding toward William.

"Health," he muttered, and sucked at his mustache. "The rest will be easy, William."

"For you," his brother retorted, his face gloomy beneath the funereal eaves of the derby. "Suppose Sundstrom finds out. You won't be around."

"Suppose Montague & Jackson find out," Edward countered. "You won't go to jail. Remember now, you go ashore at Atlantic City and send the two wires. Then let Sundstrom take absolute charge. Give him the receipts in the presence of witnesses and let Horrigan do the rest. Then wire for me."

"I'll cable, 'Accomplished according to plan,'" William suggested.

"There are cable tolls between here and the States," Edward remarked coldly. "Wire me one word—'Success.'"

"Sundstrom ——" began William uneasily, but his brother interposed.

"We've been over all that seven times," he snapped, his Adam's apple jumping irritably. "When that fathead figures out what happened, we'll be in Miami buying transportation for New Orleans."

The subject of conversation entered the cabin so abruptly that both brothers started.

"Well, captain," William purred, "come to chase my brother ashore?"

"Who ordered that gun forward taken down?" Sundstrom demanded.

"I did," Edward replied readily. "Got a chance to sell it, and you don't need it on a trip like this."

"I may." There was stubbornness in Sundstrom's voice.

"What for?" Headache queried mildly.

"Do you know," the commander of the Iphigenia asked, "why I've been lucky each trip I've made to the fleet? It's because I've never trusted to luck. No one comes alongside my schooner unless I've a gun laid on him."

"Keep it then by all means," Edward conceded. "I was just telling William that after he sends a telegram to our consignees from Atlantic City, he's to be merely a passenger and you are in charge."

Wrath faded from Sundstrom's face.

"Maybe I was hasty," he stammered.

"Not at all," Edward contradicted, rising and holding out his hand. "Don't let William fall overboard. Nothing I can do for you ashore, captain?"

"Guess not," Sundstrom answered. "Well, you might tell Miss Regan, your clerk, that she hasn't a thing to worry about."

Edward passed out of the bright heat of the deck to the shade of the liquor shed, biting his mustache and wrapped in thought. Behind he heard the voice of Sundstrom join that of the mate as the schooner Iphigenia was cast off.

Witherspoon, the mate, a fat renegade New Englander with a sardonic grin, wabbled across the reeling deck and clutched the taffrail close to where Sundstrom stood with the curve of the spanker soaring above him, stiff as sheet metal with its load of wind.

"His nibs," the mate announced, "is feelin' better."

"Up yet?" Sundstrom grinned.

"No," answered Witherspoon; "but he's got his derby on again, anyway, and he's quotin' Scripter about the way of the transgressor. I told him he better come on deck. Sea's goin' down a little, ain't it?"

"I'm looking to pick up the fleet almost any time."

"Swift run," Witherspoon remarked. "Jerusalem, the old girl did act up last night! Seemed's if she was gonna roll the yards right off of herself. . . . Gosh, here he comes!"

Swathed in yellow oilskins, but with his derby pulled well down over his ears against the blast, Bellyache gasped at the buffet of the wind and then skittered across the quarter-deck and brought up against the rail, to which he affixed himself, limpetlike, gazing at the gray backs of the herding seas.

"Little cribbage?" Sundstrom proposed. "I'm off watch."

"After a while, perhaps," William murmured. "I'm not quite myself yet."

"If we get a blow like last night's going back empty, you'll know what rolling is," promised the captain. "Wind's dropping with the sun. It'll be quiet tonight. . . . Hello!"

The sun was a cherry globe, descending through haze toward a leaden sea. All at once something more solid than mist cut a slice from its lower rim.

"Atlantic City," Sundstrom explained. "That's the roof of one of the big hotels. Too thick tonight to see 'em. The fleet is right here somewhere. We've made a quick run."

Before dusk completely blackened the diminishing waves, the Iphigenia had joined her sisters of the trade, a long line of dismal craft, rocking and reeling in the surges. North and east they stretched away—dingy schooners from the Indies, seagoing tugs and a big French square-rigger from St. Pierre, rust-streaked tramp steamers direct from Brest or Hamburg. Decks deserted, sails furled or stacks cold, the rank of floating liquor stores curved away into the mist, stretching, an hour's steaming from shore, all the way from Atlantic City to Montauk, waiting for the customers that dusk would bring a-marketing in swift power boats.

A submarine chaser came plunging down the line in a smother of spray, sniffing at the heels of the herd like a suspicious dog. As she lurched past the Iphigenia, luffing to anchor, Sundstrom caught a glimpse of a revenue officer standing, wide-legged, on her bridge, glasses to eyes.

"Won't get our name tonight," the captain assured Hake, shouting above the roar of chain from the schooner's hawse hole; "and tomorrow we'll be gone."

The namesake of the sad daughter of Mycenæ's king swung round parallel with her neighbors and rode at anchor, bare-poled. Riding lights were beginning to twinkle through the dusk like fireflies. After a time the chant of a motor came across the water and a big black craft swung in under the schooner's stern in a hissing curve of foam. Someone shouted through a megaphone:

"Any Scotch?"

"No," Sundstrom bellowed through cupped hands.

"Whatcha got?"

"Consigned cargo," the captain shouted. "Retail district to starboard."

The motorboat bounced away over the waves and Sundstrom called to the mate:

"Mister, get the cover off that gun and keep a man by her. Lay her on anything that comes alongside and warn 'em off.

(Continued on Page 66)

CORRECT BALLOONING

reduced to its simplest terms

1 Follow these simple Miller methods and you may enjoy the superior riding comfort and car protection of Miller Balloon Tires—easily, quickly and at low cost:

The Miller Real Interchangeable Balloon, medium pressure, for your present wheels and rims put on without wheel change.

2 The Miller Full Balloon Low-pressure Tire for smaller wheels, put on with only a change of spokes and rims. Any Miller dealer can equip your car now.

Miller Balloons are fully developed—the perfected result of over eight years of Miller research and three years' actual use of balloon construction.

3 *Call on the Miller dealer for complete information about equipping your car with Miller Balloon Tires.* He can do the job to-day. Safeguard your balloon tire dollars. See the Miller dealer *now*. Made in all sizes. All Miller Balloon Tires are Real Balloons.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
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FULL BALLOONS — REAL INTERCHANGEABLE BALLOONS — HIGH PRESSURE CORDS

A Keds athletic-trim model—built for the hardest sports and vacation wear

Only parents know

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ONLY *they* know the results of the constant racing and running—the climbing, hiking and baseball playing—the amazing all-day-long activity of young feet!

There's no better proof of the wearing quality of Keds than the fact that these shoes are selected by millions of parents when they buy vacation footwear for boys and girls today. More Keds are now worn than any other brand of canvas rubber-soled shoes made.

Keds soles are made of an unusually tough, long-wearing rubber grown on our own plantations in Sumatra. With these soles, uppers of specially selected strong canvas are combined, and a complete system of reinforcements added to produce the sturdiest sport shoes that can be made.

Keds, of course, are not only the ideal vacation shoes for boys and girls but are the leading shoes for sports and athletics throughout the country. *They are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style, from $1.25 to $4.50.*

It is important to remember that not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company.

They come in a wide range of styles and prices. But every pair of Keds is built to give longer wear and better service.

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To the right is one of the many Keds models designed for general wear as well as for sports

(Continued from Page 64)

Mr. Hake and I are going ashore in the motor dory."

"In waves like this?" protested William as a roller burst against the bow in a spout of ghostly spray.

"Easy," Sundstrom scoffed. "If you don't want to try it, I'll take your wire and send it."

"Oh, no; no, indeed. Quite willing. Confidential message, you see."

Two hours later William Hake disembarked from a hired automobile in front of the telegraph office and staggered toward its entrance.

"Sea legs on yet, eh?" Sundstrom remarked, catching his elbow.

He steered his convoy through the revolving door and up to a desk with its pad of yellow paper. Then he retired discreetly into the middle distance and stood looking out of the window. William composed his message, oblivious of the fact that a semitransparent image of himself was reflected in the glass.

"Suspicious," Sundstrom whispered to himself as Hake looked up for the sixth time from his carefully guarded writing. "And two wires instead of one," he added a moment later as his owner approached the counter behind which keys whirred and chattered.

"All set?" he asked aloud as William rejoined him.

"My job's done now," Hake said with a sigh. "It's your responsibility, captain. Whew!" he added as he plumped down into the tonneau. "I wish the earth would stop going up and down!"

"Back to where you picked us up," Sundstrom told the driver; but as the car started he exclaimed, "Oh, thunder! Wait! Brought my hack chronometer along," the captain explained. "Want to get the right time. Wait a minute."

He tucked his timepiece under his arm and reëntered the office.

"My partner," he explained with a guileless smile to the girl at the counter, "thinks he gave the wrong address on one of the telegrams he sent. Patrick Horrigan is the name."

"Five hundred and eight West Ninety-fifth Street," the girl replied, shuffling a stack of yellow blanks.

"Quite correct," Sundstrom replied. "Thanks."

"Well," William queried as the car got under way again, "was it right?"

"No," replied the captain absently; "she was."

A motorboat bore down upon the Iphigenia as she tacked back and forth aimlessly off the New England coast late that Friday. A man in her bow sawed the air with his right arm. Hake, on the forecastle head, replied and then turned to Sundstrom.

"All right," he triumphed. "Start your engine and follow him in. There's a cove we can enter at high tide, and a pier. They'll unload her in half the night."

"And suppose," Sundstrom demurred, "a prohibition-enforcement lad comes along and catches us in the trap?"

"He's come," William said, self-conscious with importance, nodding toward the shoreward-heading launch. "That's him. It makes it easier to have one of them in on a deal like this."

When the auxiliary engine of the Iphigenia began kicking her shoreward in the wake of the retreating launch, Sundstrom took the wheel from the mate, who slouched forward and began stripping the cover from the one-pounder.

"I wouldn't bother with that gun," William said uneasily to the captain. "I know whom I'm dealing with."

"I don't," replied Sundstrom, his eyes on the motorboat ahead.

"Oh, well," Hake sneered with a shrug. "you're in command of course. If you're afraid ——"

Sundstrom shifted the wheel a trifle.

"While I'm in command," he said, "I'm looking out for interests of owner and shipper alike. I've run too much liquor to take chances."

William said no more. After a pause he drifted forward and clambered to the forecastle. Presently Witherspoon straightened up from his task.

"Bring on your hijackers," he grinned, unscrewing the lugs and swinging the slender muzzle through an arc. He made it fast and then dropped to the deck, leaving Hake standing with his back against the foremast, watching the darkening shore and a few lights twinkling far to the north. When he rejoined Sundstrom on the quarter-deck twilight had obscured all the guiding craft ahead but the light set in her stern.

This led toward the sullen roar of breakers and at last to a gap in their uneasy line of white. Through this the Iphigenia panted and pounded, the rocks on each side flinging back a fusillade of echoes, and slid into a cove where electric flash lights twinkled on a pier. As she drifted up to it, with her engine silenced, Sundstrom caught the sound of many voices and the coughing of a motor truck descending the dirt road to join those already waiting.

The Iphigenia groaned against a pile. A line went serpenting out through the darkness and was made fast. William hailed and a voice answered him. Two dark forms leaped from the pier to the deck.

In the cabin Sundstrom found Hake, a lean man with a cap well pulled down over his eyes whom he judged to be the renegade prohibition officer, and a fat, vivid-faced Spaniard, all seated about a bottle. Witherspoon followed his captain in.

"Come in," William welcomed. "This is Mr. Smith"—nodding to the golf cap—"and our consignee, Mr. Jones. We've just settled. Pretty, eh?"

He spread twelve $10,000 gold certificates fanwise in his hand and chuckled.

"C. O. D. is our motto. I'm going to turn them over to you for safe-keeping, captain. Oh, yes, indeed! You're looking out for the interests of shipper as well as owner. Besides, I shall be with our friends here, checking off, and you can stand behind the gun and defend our receipts."

Liquor may have brought the flush to the usually pallid cheeks of Bellyache, and the glitter to his eyes. He tossed the fortune across the table to Sundstrom, who gripped it and instinctively thrust it out of sight in his pocket, so swiftly that the Spaniard laughed.

"I think we better watch our friend—w'at?" he said, rising. "He take 'old queeck. And now let us begeen."

"Watch Honest Sigurd Sundstrom?" William wheezed, following the others to the door. "Safer than a bank, my dear—Jones. He has a good name wherever he goes, and a good name ——"

The cabin door, slamming as they departed, bobtailed William's favorite quotation. The mate hesitated.

"Take the deck," Sundstrom ordered, and sat for a minute alone, one hand drumming upon the table top, the other gripping tight the small roll of bills in his pocket. Once he stopped the tattoo to scratch his yellow thatch in perplexity.

Feet shuffled quickly back and forth across the deck. Men collided with one another in the darkness, and cursed. Presently the roar of a motor truck told that the first installment of the Iphigenia's cargo was on its way inland. Sundstrom rose and chose another chair. Then he seated himself and waited, his back to the wall, his face to the door. After a time another motor truck roared away.

Dawn had turned the opaque portholes to translucent gray when Hake, red-eyed from sleeplessness, and yet strangely elated, reëntered the cabin.

"Oh, that's where you are!" he said to Sundstrom. "Well, we're through. Nice smooth work, captain, and we've got you to thank for it. Whew, I'm tired!"

Sundstrom held up the yellow bills in a tight fist.

"You really want me to take charge of this?" he asked.

"I'm just a passenger now," Hake replied, stripping off his jacket and hanging the semipermanent derby on a peg. "All the rest is your job. I'm going to turn in."

His breath filled the little gray-sided cabin with the reek of alcohol. He hiccuped and smiled vaguely as Sundstrom rose and uprooted his shirt.

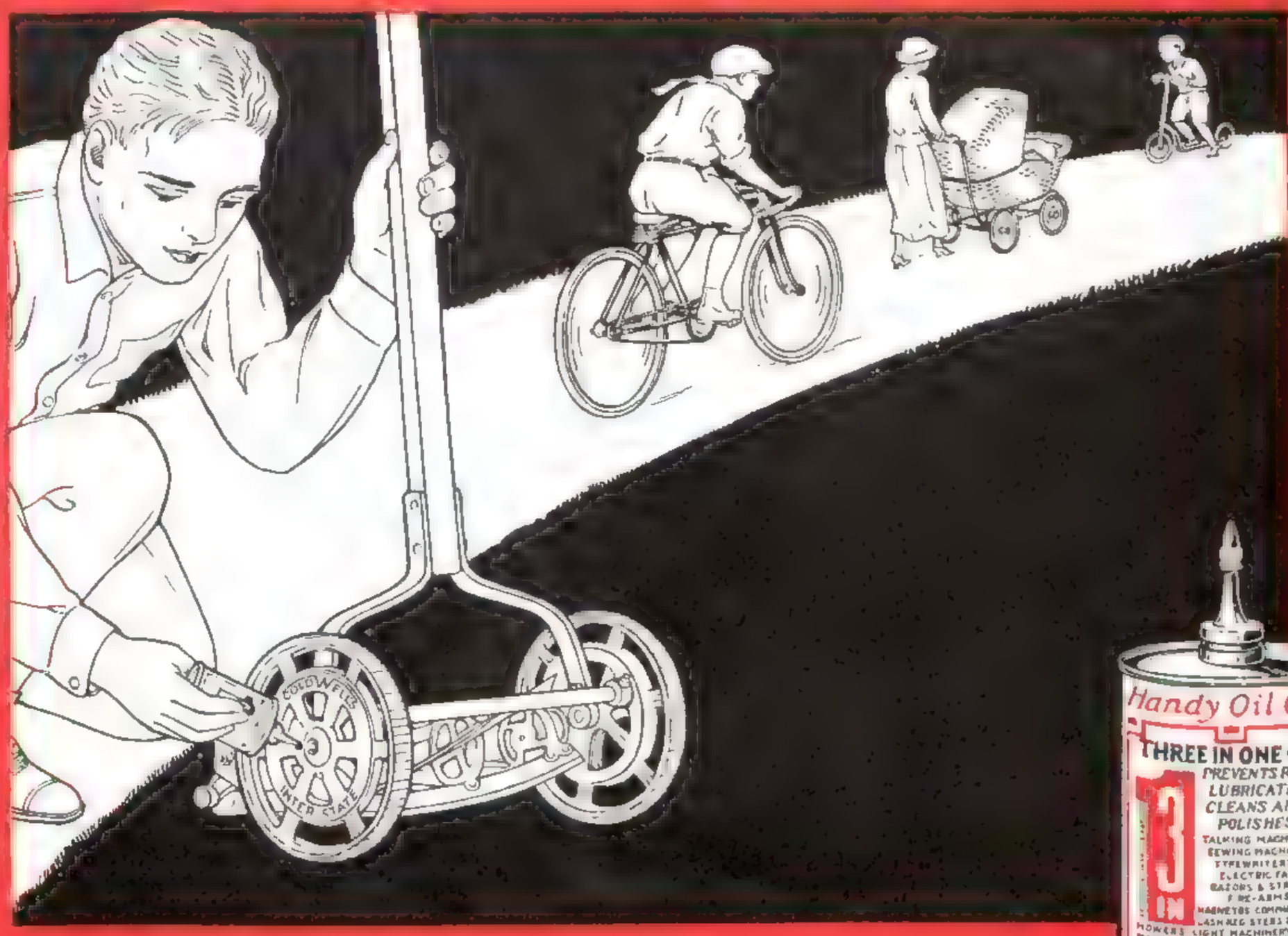
"All right," the sailor said, "I'll wear it next to my hide then. Better pray I don't fall overboard."

He thrust the bills into a canvas money belt and rebuckled it carefully while William watched.

"Two hours still before high tide," Hake yawned elaborately. "I'm going to snooze."

He stumbled into the adjoining chamber and slammed the door. Sundstrom's blue eyes flickered here and there about the cabin. He frowned and rumpled his straw-colored hair still further as he glared in succession at the porthole, brightening with the day, at the flyspecked map pasted upon the wall, at the derby of William Hake,

(Continued on Page 68)



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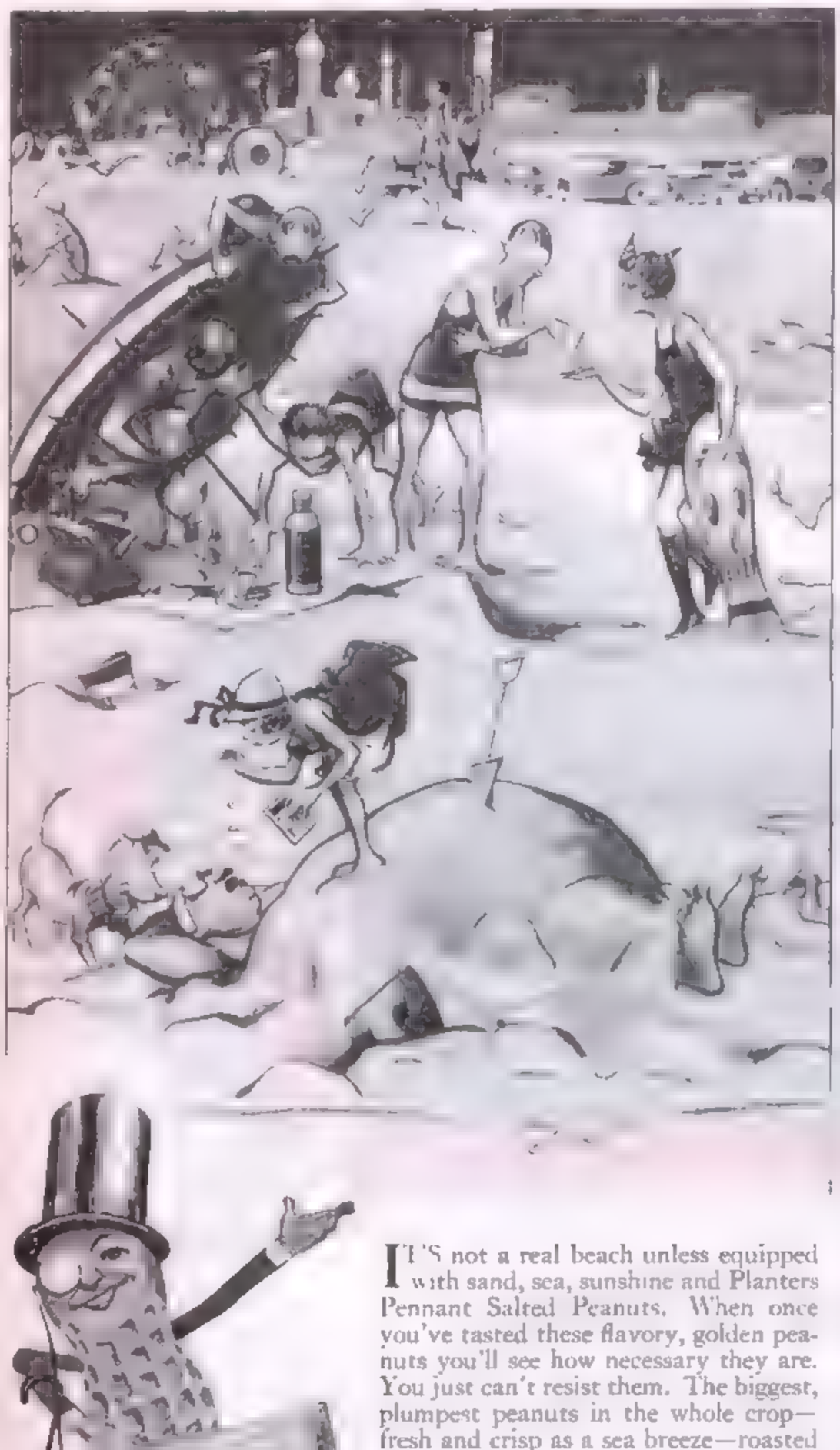

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(Continued from Page 68)

wavering on its peg as the incoming tide gently rolled the schooner. He swore softly to himself. Then all at once he chuckled aloud.

From the kerosene reek of the cabin, he stepped out into the gray freshness of early morning and hailed the mate, who superintended the replacing of the hatch covers.

"I'll take the deck, mister," he announced. "Get forty winks if you want 'em."

Despite his professed weariness, William appeared upon deck while the reviving auxiliary engine was still choking and banging. His sleep had not refreshed him. He stood on the after deck, trembling visibly and biting his finger nails. Twice he raised his hat to mop his forehead, though the air was cool.

The Iphigenia swung away from the pier and pointed her bowsprit for the mouth of the cove. She clattered through the rock-walled gut to the open sea beyond. Wind and sun spangled the blue with golden flecks. Gulls veered overhead. Sails flapped and thundered as they were raised. Save for a tug hurrying along under a cloud of smoke a mile to starboard, the schooner had the ocean to herself. She heeled over as the wind took her. "She'll walk now!" Witherspoon bawled. "Bear a hand, you scum! We're going home where they's no twelve-mile limit."

Neither Hake nor Sundstrom heeded him. The latter stood at the wheel, the former by the rail, watching the oncoming tug. The stubby bow, with its necklace of foam, shifted a point or two and bore down upon the Iphigenia. Sundstrom bit his lip and glanced at the fat back of Hake, who was elaborately gazing in another direction.

"Friend of yours?" he called in a harsh voice; but William did not turn. He stood with his shoulders hunched like one awaiting an explosion. Then the captain devoted his entire effort to averting a collision. He put down his helm, but the tug swung also and came panting alongside. Its fenders screeched along the schooner's flanks, a breath of hot oil swept across her deck and men boiled up over the rail and boarded.

"Hijackers!" the mate screamed, and went down as he shouted. Seamen on the schooner raised their hands above their heads and professed surrender at the top of their voices. Two of the pirates charged across the deck, caught Hake by wrist and collar and slung him, none too gently, over the rail and into the tug.

Sundstrom had deserted the wheel and was running for the forecastle. A familiar bulk interposed itself. He dodged, and Horrigan struck with his blackjack, but missed. Then he pursued, bellowing curses. Sundstrom reached the one-pounder as the pursuer drew himself up on the forecastle. The captain threw the gun loose with a jerk, swung it upon the advancing pirate and jerked the lanyard. A feeble click was the only response, and the thud of a blackjack echoed it. Sundstrom collapsed on his face. From the deck of the tug, William shrieked something. Horrigan, purple-faced and sobbing for breath, kicked the unconscious man over on his back, tore open his shirt and then ran, cramming the money belt into his pocket. He scrambled over the rail. A geyser spouted under the overhang of the tug's stern and she moved away. The Iphigenia yawed wildly until one of the frightened darkies of the crew recovered himself sufficiently to take her wheel. After a little, the mate revived and staggered to his feet, grinning vacantly.

Queer that the rain should be so heavy while the stars were shining! And Norah had nothing to protect her wedding dress but the hat the Hakes had given her as a dowry. Bellyache and Headache—a headache was a terrible thing—and the rain was coming down faster, and here he was, just married, and going to be seasick

At the third bucket the mate poured over him, Sundstrom opened his eyes, struggled to his feet and then, deathly ill, sought the rail.

"Once more," he gasped, nodding to the bucket, and the mate soused him again. Gradually the dizziness ebbed away.

"Where's Hake?" he asked.

"Kidnaped"—Witherspoon grinned sardonically—"hard hat and all."

"They got my money belt, too," Sundstrom muttered, gazing down at his sodden shirt and then at the diminishing cloud of smoke through which the tug hurried away. "Pirating by broad daylight! I didn't think they'd have the nerve."

"They was experts," the mate returned; "Horrigan and his gang."

"He gave me this," the captain mused, feeling the egglike lump on the back of his head with tender finger tips. "Did you load that gun?"

"I sure did."

"She's jammed, or else I'd blown Brick in half. See if you can fix her. We may need her yet."

"We're cleaned out—what's the difference now?"

"We may need her yet," Sundstrom replied over his shoulder as he went aft.

Under the push of all the sail she owned, the Iphigenia lay far over, displaying a wide area of barnacled flank to the sunlight. After a time, Sundstrom turned the wheel over to a seaman and went forward to where the mate, bending over the open breech, filed away to the accompaniment of earnest blasphemy.

"Some misbegotten swine," he complained, rubbing his grease-smeared hands on his breeches, "burred the breech and jammed an empty shell inside the ejector. Lucky I did a hitch as gunner's mate or we'd never get her fixed."

"How much longer?" Sundstrom asked.

"Twenty minutes or a half hour, anyway. Expecting another war?"

"Yeh," Sundstrom answered, jerking his head astern

The smoke cloud was blacker, heavier and undoubtedly nearer.

"They must have forgot something," Witherspoon exclaimed, picking up his file.

"Speed it up," the captain counseled grimly.

He stood with a long lean shell in his hands, while the mate filed frantically at the breech, and watched the tug loom up on the white trail the racing schooner spilled. The red pilot house showed clearly with the belching stack behind. Now he could see her hull with a dark cluster of men in the bow.

"Have to hurry," Sundstrom said mildly.

"Try her," Witherspoon suggested, stepping back.

The captain thrust the shell into the breech. It slid home as the block clucked and jarred. He bellowed to the man at the wheel and the Iphigenia changed her course and ran at right angles to the oncoming tug.

Witherspoon, chewing tobacco solemnly, stood with his shoulder to the gun, keeping her sights on the mark while the schooner dipped and swung.

"All right," Sundstrom said suddenly.

The mate jerked the lanyard. The discharge boxed their ears sharply. Smoke stung the captain's eyes, but he marked where the shot took the sea in a thin feather of spray. The smoking shell case flew out as the block dropped. Sundstrom thrust another charge into the breech. The gun spoke again and a white fountain rose almost under the tug's forefoot. It swung wide and abandoned the chase.

"Enough," the captain announced.

"I'd have got him next shot," Witherspoon protested.

"We might have hit Bellyache," the captain explained.

"Huh!" the mate retorted. "I'll bet all the money we haven't got that he's mixed up in this mess somehow."

"Yes?" Sundstrom queried, with no expression in face or voice.

Twenty-four hours later Miss Norah Regan tapped on the inner-office door behind which Edward Hake sat in solitary and decidedly nervous state engendered by a two weeks' ordeal of pacifying ever more urgent creditors with calm promises.

"A cable for you, Mr. Edward," she told him, placing the blue-lettered envelope on his desk.

The Adam's apple worked frantically; but he only nodded, and made no motion toward the message until she left the room. Then he ripped it open savagely.

Long years of practical economy under the tutelage of his elder brother had not been wasted upon Bellyache. Even in disaster, he thought of cable tolls and remained admirably laconic. The message read:

"Stung. Returning."

Mr. Edward Hake's feelings were mixed, without one pleasant ingredient in the mixture. The dominant sensation was nausea, accompanied by a cold sweat. His thin moan of agony brought his clerk to the door.

"Did you call, Mr. Edward?" she asked.

Continued on Page 70

VICTORIES
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LEADERSHIP

Firestone Leads on Speedway With Five Record Breakers

When the race driver selects his tires he does so realizing that his life and chances for success depend upon them. It is significant that all of the ten money winners in the Indianapolis race were Firestone shod. On May 30th, the following drivers broke the world's record for 500 miles over this brick track, making many rounds at over 100 miles per hour. Never before were tires put to such gruelling service.

Driver	Time	Miles per hour
Joe Boyer—L. L. Corum	5:05:23:51	98.24
Earl Cooper	5:06:47:18	97.99
Jimmy Murphy	5:08:25:39	97.27
Harry Hartz	5:10:44:29	96.55
Bennett Hill	5:11:07:00	96.46

Leadership in Everyday Service

Millions of motorists are profiting by the lengthened service of Firestone tires. Scores of unsolicited testimonials, from every part of the country, lay emphasis on the long mileage Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords are delivering—which builds leadership in service, safety and economy.

Cab and Bus Line Leadership

Taxicab and bus line operators must of necessity select the tire that will give them the best and most economical service. The largest taxicab companies in the five largest cities in the United States use Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords exclusively. One fleet alone, the Yellow Cab Co. of Chicago, uses over one-half million tire miles per day. This affords Firestone tire experts a great, practical laboratory for rapid and thorough tests of every refinement they develop.

Pioneering Built Leadership in Truck Tires

Ship by Truck

Firestone for years has been first to develop tires and rims complete which would meet the heavy trucking loads, great strains and demand for traction. By originating and carrying forward the Ship by Truck movement, and establishing Ship by Truck bureaus in all large cities, Firestone helped to speed up highway transportation and reduce costs.

Balloon Tire Leadership

The Mark of Quality

Firestone's latest contribution to motoring is the low air pressure or Balloon Tire. This, the original full-size Balloon, was made practical by the special Firestone Gum-Dipping process, insulating every fibre of each cord, adding great strength and stamina. Firestone has also simplified the application of full-size Balloon tires to your present car by designing a special unit consisting of tires, tubes, rims and spokes applied by any dealer at a very low cost.

Stockholder Employees and Specialized Tire Plants

Every Firestone employee is a common stockholder whose entire efforts are concentrated on the building of better tires, in plants specially designed and equipped for the most efficient and economical exclusive tire manufacture. Such concentration makes every man an expert, developing the best chemists and engineers, who, with the backing of unlimited resources, are determined to increase Firestone leadership.

Leadership Against British Rubber Restriction Act

Attacking the unsound and uneconomic character of the British Rubber Restriction Act limiting the exportation of rubber from the Far East, Firestone was the one large tire manufacturer to take up the cause for the car owner. Soon after the agitation was started for America to produce rubber under its own control, the cost of crude rubber was reduced and tire prices brought back to normal.

Firestone's activity led the government to investigate the practicability of growing rubber under American protection. Today there is every indication that American capital will soon begin an independent and unrestricted production of crude rubber.

Dealer Leadership Through Tire Quality and Service

Through Firestone dealers you can obtain organized service and the soundest values on the market, whether you need a Ford 30 x 3½ Fabric, a set of full-size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords or a 10-inch truck tire.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER—H. S. Firestone

The Blabon floor of Linoleum in this inviting porch is pattern 344 Inlaid—a light gray mottled tile effect, with black lines and a 6-inch border of Blabon Plain Black Linoleum. Doesn't it look attractive?

Open air delight with a Blabon floor!

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have this new 32 page 9" x 12" booklet beautifully illustrated in color. It explains the correct use of color and materials. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 15 cents.

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A Blabon floor is easy to keep clean. It makes housework easier—and surely no woman objects to this, especially in hot weather!

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The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 73 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

(Continued from Page 68)

"No," Edward replied, with a desperate effort to collect himself. "Bad news, though—for both of us, Miss Regan. William's wire means we've been double-crossed. It's obvious who did it. Captain Sundstrom's run off with our money."

She looked at him for a moment in white dismay. Then she spoke, as the color flooded back to her face.

"Why," she said, "you awful old liar!"

With his own crumbled hopes as a working model, Edward Hake devoted the subsequent hour to wholesale demolition. He discharged the weeping Miss Regan for insubordination. He then repaired to the home the brothers had occupied since their arrival in the colony and on which at that moment a quarter's rent was overdue, and unpacked the luggage he had prepared for sudden departure.

After canceling his passage on the Miami boat, he called at the office of Montague & Jackson to ruin their expectations and, if possible, mourn with them over the wreckage. He discovered it impossible to fulfill this last item on his schedule. Montague & Jackson, apprised of the cable, showed no inclination to mourn. Edward, instead of keening with sympathetic associates, found himself obliged to argue rapidly and forcefully against determinations possessed by Montague & Jackson which included suits in the courts of law, and even arrest.

Norah Regan cried herself to sleep that night. Montague & Jackson slumbered only fitfully and Edward not at all. William, in the upper berth of a southward-speeding train, napped occasionally between waves of shuddering recollection. Capt. Sigurd Sundstrom alone slept soundly, while the Iphigenia, with all sail set, went rolling homeward.

The proprietress of Miss Regan's boarding house tapped at her door six days later and announced, "Gentleman downstairs to see you."

"If it's those old Hakes," Norah snapped, "you tell them I'm not home."

"It isn't. It's a Captain Something or Other, a big blond man."

The porch of the boarding house, latticed in true Bahama fashion, withheld from the eyes of passers-by the greeting which the landlady, lurking in the hall, enjoyed to the utmost.

"There, there, honey," Sundstrom soothed at length, "not a bit of use crying. Everything's going to be all right—I guess."

"There's a warrant for your arrest," Norah gasped, wiping her eyes, "and everybody says you got away with three hundred thousand dollars—everybody but me."

"That's a real moderate estimate—for Nassau," Sundstrom replied. "William back yet?"

"He came on the Nassauvian day before yesterday. He says you had him kidnaped and then absconded."

"Got the same old hat?" the captain asked irrelevantly.

"Yes," she replied; and catching a glimmer of what she thought was laughter in his eyes, added coldly, "It's nothing to be funny about. Think of what I've been through!"

"Worried about me, eh?" he queried tenderly.

"Worried about my money," she retorted as he stepped toward her.

"I haven't got it," he shrugged; "not a shilling."

Her eyes widened.

"Sigurd, if you've the effrontery to stand there and say ——"

"Wait an hour or so," he begged; "then I'll come back and say it. I'm going to see Montague & Jackson and we'll call on the Hakes."

He kissed her and ran down the steps.

In their office, the harried firm of Hake & Hake were embarking upon a third day of mutual reproaches.

"He's just a slick, double-crossing crook," William repeated for the thousandth time since his return. "We'll never see him again. That's what comes ——"

"That's what comes of sending a fathead to bungle a job," Edward snarled.

"But we agreed," his brother moaned, "that I was to give Sundstrom the money in the presence of witnesses so that ——"

"We've been over all that before." Edward twisted his scrawny neck so that the nervous Adam's apple stood out in sharp relief.

"I wish he'd come back," William muttered abjectly.

"A fat lot of good that would do us," his brother retorted, scrubbing his mustache violently. "If he brought back the whole roll, there's no legitimate profit in our contract with Montague & Jackson. If he did come back, it wouldn't help us a bit."

The door opened and the expressions on the faces of the brethren confirmed the truth of Edward's words. Basil Jackson entered first, white and breathing hard through his nose. He was followed by his partner, red and puffing, and Capt. Sigurd Sundstrom brought up the rear.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully.

For a moment no one replied.

"You infernal scoundrel!" Edward said with a masterly assumption of outraged decency, when the silence became unbearable.

"My idea exactly," Tevis Montague rumbled. "Turn him over to the police at once, I say. Basil's a fool. Insisted we confer with you first."

William Hake, betraying all the preliminary symptoms of suffocation, removed his derby and wiped his forehead. Edward sat immobile, except for the uneasy eyes that darted from one visitor to another.

"Has he the money?" he demanded at last

"No," Jackson snorted; "he says the deal was framed up by you two and that William took the receipts when he was kidnaped."

William turned a rich mulberry hue. Recollection of certain painful hours he had endured with the thwarted Brick Horrigan contributed to his indignation and made his expression of affronted innocence convincing.

"Lies!" he bellowed. "Absolute lies! He's hid the money somewhere and is trying to square himself."

"He admits that," Jackson confirmed.

"Oh," Edward sneered, "a hold-up game, eh? Going to come through with part of it if we share with him. Before I'll submit to that I'll see you in ——"

"—— jail," Montague prompted helpfully as he paused.

"Well?" queried Jackson, turning to Sundstrom.

The sailor's face was pale, but he spoke quietly, with an effort.

"William gave me the money, didn't you, Bellyache? So we agree that far. He saw me put it—twelve $10,000 gold certificates—into my money belt. Didn't you? Unanimous to date.

"Then we were pirated and I was knocked out by Horrigan—someone jammed the one-pounder. They kidnaped William and he went pretty damn willingly. He took the money with him."

"Oh," the accused snorted, "I suppose I took it out of your belt when you weren't looking, eh?"

"Horrigan took the whole darned belt," Sundstrom replied; "but it wasn't there. I'd hidden it where I thought it would be safe and no one would think of looking for it. I had it ——"

He stepped forward, snatched the hat from William's head and then retreated, clutching his trophy. His fingers trembled a little as he turned the padded sweatband outward.

"—— in William's derby!" he concluded. Twelve yellow bills, longitudinally folded, fluttered to the desk before the petrified Edward. Sundstrom picked them up and counted them.

"Here they are," he said mildly. "I'll walk to the bank with you gentlemen and collect my wages and the crew's. Also, Miss Regan's share in this voyage. You can adjust your own business later. I'd like to have that warrant called off too."

Messrs. Montague & Jackson accompanied Sundstrom down Bay Street toward the white façade of the bank building. Hake & Hake had professed themselves unwilling to walk.

Actually, they were unable. They sat and stared blankly at each other for a time. At last Edward spoke.

"Well," he said in a half whisper, "we're ruined."

William moaned feebly, his unpadded hat resting upon his ears.

"Iphigenia," he muttered at length—"wasn't there someone somewhere in history by that name who got burned or something? If the Iphigenia was to catch fire accidentally—I was just thinking, Edward—she's insured."

"Shut up!" Edward commanded. "I'm trying to think."

"I guess it was her name made me think of it," William sighed. "Oh, well, a good name ——"

It was then that Edward hit him.

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WESLEY SEES THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 21)

Thelma and Wesley escorted the Martin girl to the camp gate in the morning.

"We'll follow you about Friday," said Thelma.

"I'll be watching for you every minute. You'll find me waiting for you at the gate. Good-by, Thelma. Good-by, Wes."

Though Medford was but a few hours away, the Lutzes rose before dawn on Friday, as was their custom when migrating. That line of poetry about the Arabs who fold their tents and silently steal away was never written about an auto camp. Pa Lutz, who rose first, roused the others with a fine, hearty voice. All of them except Aggie had to be called several times. Then he stumbled about in the dark over tent ropes and unexpected tin cans while he began to load the car. In no time at all Aggie had breakfast ready, and the family straggled out to stand up and eat, for pa's frenzied packing had by this time dismantled the camp. He took their very cutlery away before they were through eating.

"George, don't wash that spoon yet."

"One spoon's enough for the crowd of you. Pass it round."

"Bring back my fork, papa. How d'you think I'm going to eat this fried egg?"

"Get a move on then! It's after five."

"Where's Thelma?"

"Over helping Wesley polish his car."

"My gosh!"

It was nine o'clock before they were all ready, and ten before they had gone through the amenities of writing their tribute in the camp register under the column headed Remarks—that humble bid for immortality—and said farewell to old friends of a week's standing.

Before the eyes of the astonished Lutzes Thelma ignored her usual position on the back seat with Aggie and Mary Pickford and climbed into the coupé with Wesley, who adroitly gave them his dust.

Wesley held scrupulously to twenty miles an hour; but Pa Lutz was delayed by three blow-outs, so the coupé arrived at Medford first, still smart and dustless.

Thelma, who wanted the Martin girl to see her, honked loudly. The noise merely brought out the usual quota of camp casuals, among them Mr. Grigsby of Bangor, who eyed them without enthusiasm.

"I wonder where Ina is?" asked Thelma.

"She must have gone, poor kid. I know she wouldn't have missed seeing us if she was anywhere round."

Wesley tossed Thelma a chamois, and together they began to massage the flivver.

"Goodness!" gasped Thelma presently. "Look!"

"A scratch?"

"No. Sh-h-h!"

The girl from Butte was walking by, and she was not alone. Beside her swaggered gallantly a tall man in his thirties, khaki-clad and sunburned, but plainly no ordinary camper.

"Handsome, isn't he?" whispered Thelma. "I'll bet he's a movie actor."

She took him in from head to heels, while a battle light gleamed in her blue eyes. She dashed out suddenly and kissed the surprised Miss Martin.

"Hello, Ina!"

"Well, well," said the new man, "I'm here too. Don't be stingy."

"Why, the idea!"

The Butte girl scowled.

"Meet my friend Mr. Platt. This is Miss Lutz."

"Call me Tex, sister. All the girls always do. I hadn't been in France two hours before every girl in the village where we were billeted was trying to say it. Try it. It isn't hard."

"All right—Tex. See, I can do it," dimpled Thelma.

Miss Martin laid her hand firmly on Tex's arm.

"Good-by, Thelma. We're going swimming."

"M'm—that would sure feel good after our hot ride."

"Come along, kid."

"She doesn't want to come now," said Miss Martin decidedly. "She wants to wait for her folks."

"Yes, of course we do," affirmed Wesley from under the coupé.

"Hello, what's your little brother hiding under the car for?"

"He's not my brother. He's just an Oregon boy we met up at Roseburg," disclaimed Thelma. "Thanks for the ride, Wesley."

Tex sauntered off with a girl on each arm. Wesley stared after them, dazed and furious.

"Now, little one," he heard Tex say to Thelma, "I want you to tell me just one thing and tell me quick—did you ever meet another guy like me?"

Thelma giggled.

"Not outside of jail," called Wesley snappily.

"Ha, the sheik of Corvallis speaks!"

"I'm not from Corvallis. I'm from Salem."

"Ever been away from home before?"

"I most certainly have."

"He says he's been to Portland on the north and Roseburg on the south," volunteered Thelma.

Tex slapped his leg a mighty crack.

"Oh, hey! I thought I saw the greenest, tenderest flowers in the world when I was a captain in a draft company, but I guess some of them were so young that they left them home on the bush."

Both perfidious girls laughed delightedly.

"I'll bet you've been most everywhere in the world," Thelma said.

"That's what makes me so interesting. Now tell me the truth, girls. Did you ever meet another guy like me?"

"No; but you remind me of William S. Hart," said Thelma, pulling her best line.

"Big old roughneck," muttered Wes as he returned to polishing his car. "I'll bet he's nothing but a tramp, bumming his way around the world."

It cheered him somewhat when a man from the chamber of commerce gave him a sticker of a Rogue River apple to add to the slowly growing collection on his windshield.

It seemed to him during the next few days that the whole Lutz family was bewitched by the brazen Tex. Pa Lutz in particular was seen in frequent and intimate converse with him.

"And We Certainly Have Met Some Nice Folks Here," Said Mr. Lutz as He Looked Up From the Pine Block Out of Which He Hoped to Whittle a Chain if He Stayed Here Another Week

"What are you always over there for, pa?" Mrs. Lutz asked.

"Talking business."

For Tex, it developed, made of auto camping both a business and a pleasure.

"I'm seeing the world and selling the nicest little line of camp accessories you ever saw. My best is a can opener, tire wrench and knife in one, with the blade cupped to make it nice for eating. I've also got a filler for worn-out tires that makes an old car ride as easy as a hearse. Then this here is a hot-water heater that lays flat on the top of your car and heats from the sun. Think of the luxury of a hot bath the minute you get into camp!"

"You could have enough for the whole family on Saturday by saving it up all week," suggested Mr. Lutz.

"I wish you carried a few good patent medicines, Mr. Platt. I'm all out of Nerveall, and I do feel the need of it."

"I think perhaps I've got a few bottles of good tonic, Mrs. Lutz."

Mr. Lutz coughed strangely.

"I don't believe you have. You told me them bottles had gas in them."

"I've got just the right thing for you. It comes a little high, but it will make you step off like a three-year-old."

"I'm all wore out. A good tonic——"

Mr. Platt came back in an hour with an unlabeled brown bottle.

"That will be three and a half, Mrs. Lutz."

Mr. Lutz stared at him fixedly and opened his mouth as if to speak, but merely spat out a large quid of tobacco while he counted out the change in grim silence.

"That's not more than a half pint," he said finally.

"About that," said Mr. Platt coolly.

But, as Mrs. Lutz often remarked in the ensuing week, the medicine was cheap at the price. You seemed to get the good of it instantly.

Wes watched her getting the good of it while he was cooking his lonely dinner.

"She's an old fool," he thought coldly. "Trying to jump rope at her age! And listen at her cackle! Why don't someone tell her she can't sing?"

Wesley dreamed one night that he was eloping with Thelma, with Pa Lutz and Tex hot in pursuit. Their voices, directing a hasty breaking up of camp, came through his dream in loud, convincing tones, but he drove the coupé faster, faster. When he finally awoke toward noon a horrid hiatus met his eye where the Lutz camp had stood. All—all was gone but an empty tomato can and an old brown cotton stocking. He remembered how clearly in his dream he had heard Mr. Lutz carry on because the key to the car had been packed in the kitchenette with the knives and forks; how convincingly intimate Mrs. Lutz's bulletin of her night's insomnia had sounded!

Wesley looked to the spot under a pine tree where Tex used to make his bed casually beside his hard-boiled car, with a gun for a pillow. Trampled grass and dust with fresh wheel marks.

From the surrounding tents came a ripple of mirth.

"She's left you flat, Fauntleroy," called Mr. Grigsby of Bangor, still resentful of the enforced washing which had so recently removed the proof of wide traveling from his car. "I've been settin' right here for two solid hours waiting to see your face when you got up."

"Say, there's a note pinned to your tent," said a woman in a knitted boudoir cap.

"No, by jiminy, it's gone! Mr. Grigsby took it off to read to his wife, and he ain't brought it back yet. Hey, Ed, the Salem globe trotter wants that bill of lading!"

"You leave my letters alone or I'll get you arrested," threatened Wes as Grigsby sauntered toward him.

"It ain't from your girl, anyway. It's from Mr. Platt. Listen: 'Good-by, little boy. We've gone to Crater Lake and the road is long and rough. You'd be sure to scratch up that pretty car and get some dirt on your nice new clothes if you tried to go, but you'll never see anything like it between Portland on the north and Roseburg on the south. It's time for you to be getting back to the soda fountain. Business must have fallen off something terrible among the girls since you've been gone. Tex. P S Thelma is riding with me.'"

Long before Grigsby had finished reading, Wesley dashed out of the tent, oblivious of his pink pajamas, oblivious of the interested community, in furious onslaught. Mr. Grigsby dodged between stoves and tents and cars with surprising agility for an elderly man, reading distinctly all the while. He finished the postscript with a flourish just as a low-stretched tent rope laid Wesley flat.

(Continued on Page 77)

519

A new era of taste in motor car finishes

APPRECIATION of quiet, lustrous finishes is notable today throughout the world. Cultured people everywhere prefer this more attractive expression of quiet elegance in their motor cars as well as in their homes.

Centuries ago when the craftsman of Queen Elizabeth's time or the wood-carver of old Spain made his oak and walnut furniture, its embellishment by carving was his chief concern; for well he knew that the touch of many hands and the weathering of many seasons would give to its surfaces a soft, rich finish unequalled by any other means then known.

The discovery and development of DUCO by du Pont Chemical Engineers mark the beginning of a new era in motor car finishing. It gives to your car the deep, vibrant color tones of ancient masterpieces. Its glowing satin lustre grows more beautiful with age and use.

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CADILLAC (Roadster)
CHEVROLET (Touring De Luxe)
MARMON (Sport Speedsters)
MOON (Roadster model "A")
HUPMOBILE (Roadster, Touring, 2-passenger Coupé, Club Sedan)

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CLEVELAND SIX
FRANKLIN
HUPMOBILE
LEXINGTON
MARMON
MOON

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Duco is of extraordinary hardness, and dries almost instantly upon application. It must be applied with a spray-gun. Duco automobile refinishing stations and instruction schools are being established rapidly throughout the country. In refinishing cars, care must be taken to remove the paint down to the metal, as only then will Duco give its characteristic velvety lustre and durability. Name of nearest authorized refinishing station on request

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Duco is adaptable to almost any product requiring a lasting finish in color. Due to its quick-drying qualities, it saves materially in finishing time, storage space and investment in finished product. Demonstration on request of any manufacturer. It is already being successfully used in the following industries:

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Automobile Accessories
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Novelties
Toys
Electric Parts
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets, Radio Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Medicine Cabinets, etc
Toilet Seats
Typewriters
Vacuum Cleaners

PALM

"Who is she?"
asks the stag line
Learn now the simple secret of her charm;
THEN—*attain* it in this way

We study her, this girl who seems to make wallflowers of us all. Is she clever? Is she brilliant? We feign indifference to hide the envy we feel. Yet—to be in her place if only for an hour!

WHEREVER we go, there is always such a girl. She is no prettier, no wittier than hundreds of others we've known. But hers the simple wisdom of attaining, then *keeping* that schoolgirl complexion—the charm that never fails.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you, just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

Do this just to see what a single week will do

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But *never leave them on* over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both* the washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply just a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring. Watch the results.

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No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

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The 2000 mile transcontinental unit of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, part of a perfectly equipped railroad system of more than 11,000 miles

(Continued from Page 72)

"Ed Grigsby, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, teasing a nice boy like that. You come right home this minute and help with the washing!"

The smile faded from Grigsby's face as he meekly dropped the note and followed his wife, rolling up his shirt sleeves as he went.

"Come on over, Mr. Ham, and I'll give you some breakfast. I've got a kettle of oatmeal on the back of the stove that's pretty near warm."

"No, thanks, Mrs. Grigsby. I don't feel much like eating."

He went back into his tent and tied the flaps and sat mournfully on his mattress, taking stock of his vacation. Two weeks to go to San Francisco, and here he was, with ten days gone, still in Oregon. Until the advent of Tex he had not cared whether he ever got any farther, but now travel seemed to him the most desirable thing in the world.

"Look how that goof won her off me, just because he had a big line about Peru and Australia and Japan. Nothing but a tramp! Red face, no manners, clothes I wouldn't of worn to a dog fight. Dirty car, though he did keep the engine up good. But women fall for that travel bunk. I'll bet he never was in half those places. But how you going to trip him up without a geography in camp?" He sat staring. "Not a geography in camp! There never is in any auto camp." More thoughtful staring, followed by a vigorous spring to his feet, with resultant collapse of the tent. No matter. He was going to pull it down anyway. "It's a pipe," he muttered. "No camp ever has a geography."

He crammed his camp outfit into the car helter-skelter and left without farewells. On the camp register, under Remarks, he found his premature comment, written on the day of his arrival, with Thelma at his side: "Beautiful camp. Accommodations first class."

He drew a line through it, substituting the terse words "Rotten camp," and drove away.

He had errands in town which he executed in grim abstraction. From the railroad station he garnered several highly lithographed folders of remote places. At a hardware store he bought a can of red paint and some brushes. At various other stores he bought high boots, whipcord breeches and flannel shirt, a wide hat, a gun and belt, all as much like those Tex wore as possible. Finally he bought a bottle of hair dye and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

For half a day he drove in reckless disregard of the twenty-mile clause, till late afternoon found him in that sparsely settled mountain region just over the California line. On each side of the road stretched fragrant acres of azalea, as high as the car, without a house in sight for miles. He plunged off the pavement into the beautiful pink jungle, which closed around him like the Red Sea over the Egyptians. Then he stopped and examined the tender, bruised flesh of his only car with a cold, merciless eye.

"Pretty good for a starter."

He brought water from the brook and mixed mud to the consistency of paint. With this he painted the whole body of the car, slapping it on the wheels and fenders with heavy hand. Then he ruthlessly scraped his treasured collection of stickers off the windshield.

"All of you bush-leaguers have got to go."

He hesitated over the bathing girl in the rear window.

"It sure does seem a shame to do up a nice girl like you for a black heathen with nothing on but a grass skirt she left home on the line."

He replaced the stickers with the hastily cut covers of a dozen foreign railroad and steamship circulars, fervently wishing the while that he had paid more attention to geography in school.

Across the back of the car he outlined two hemispheres in red paint, with a dotted line traversing them in fine disregard of topography. Then in red letters—the same with which he daily wrote "Fresh Raspberry Sundae, 20c," on the drug-store mirror—he printed "Around the World in 6 Months."

He stood back, panting and sweaty, to look at the destruction he had wrought. The car was blasé, worldly, charged with experience. It was as if an innocent, petted child had been turned into a gypsy overnight.

The Well-Dressed Man could no longer have sponsored Wesley's clothes. They were torn by azalea branches, stained with mud and perspiration, daubed with red paint. He wadded them up and tossed them into the thicket. Then with the hair dye Number Three, for auburn—he bathed his face, neck and arms till they dried bronze, completing his disguise by a streak of white talcum powder through his hair. When everything else was done, he put on his new clothes and drove out of the thicket a changed man in a changed car.

"Now watch me lay it all over those auto-camp road hounds. Not the women. I'm off them for life."

J. Stuart Monteith, charged with distinction, but affable, drove into the next auto camp at twilight. He stuck his pen deep into the ink at the office ——.

"Hardly know where to register from."

"Home town," said the custodian.

"The world's my home. I might as well sign it Persia or Brazil or any place you say."

The custodian rose with sudden interest.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Monteith. You're the first real foreign traveler we've had. Suppose you put down Abyssinia. It'll look fine on the register. Ever been there?"

"Sure," said Wesley abstractedly, deeply involved in the *y*'s and *s*'s of Abyssinia. "Say, Abyssinia's the heck of a place. If you'd ever been there you wouldn't want me to put it on your register. I'll say Peru, see?"

The custodian put two fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly.

"Hey, boys, c'mon over!"

The "boys" dropped their horseshoes and came on the run.

"Meet Mr. Monteith, the distinguished traveler and lecturer. You boys think you've gone some, but he's got you beat. He knows China like you know your back yard."

"How do you like California?" burst from three throats at once, followed closely by: "I'm from San Diego, where the climate doesn't vary ten degrees the year round, and ——"

"I'm from Oakland, the Athens of the Pacif——"

"Los Angeles is my home, the greatest city in America. I can sell you a bungalow on liberal credit if you're thinking of locating in the state."

"I'm not."

"I see you're driving an Oregon car," said a thin-faced man suspiciously.

"Yes. Three good cars have given out under me on this trip. The last one would have been good for another ten thousand miles if I hadn't rammed it in a fight with an elephant. Tusks went through the radiator like paper. Cylinders never seemed just right afterwards. So I bought this one up the state here."

A few women had now joined the crowd around the car.

"What town did you buy it in?" asked a girl in tweed knickers, with a red bandanna tied around her neck.

Wesley looked down into a round, sunburned face with very big black eyes and a frame of curly black hair. It was an unusually pretty and spirited face in spite of the nose being a little red and shiny. Wesley's knees wabbled pleasantly.

"Salem."

Her firm red mouth dropped open.

"Wh-h-y!"

She stopped and fumbled with her red bandanna without taking her steady eyes off his face.

"Where's your camp?" he asked.

She pointed to a neat brown tent under a towering redwood.

"Looks as if there would be room for another tent," said Wesley. He drove over next to it and spread out his simplified camp gear in a very fair imitation of Tex.

The black-eyed girl was camping with another girl of her own age.

"Aren't you afraid?" asked Wesley.

"I should say not!"

"I'll be glad to protect you."

"You don't need to do that, but you can rustle wood for us. My name is Margaret Shaunessy, and this is my cousin."

When everything was still that night the two girls crept over to Wesley's car. They peered at the operator's license with a carefully guarded flashlight.

"Humph! I knew it! Now what do you suppose he's up to?" whispered Margaret.

"Stealing the car?"

"Never! Well, we'll see."

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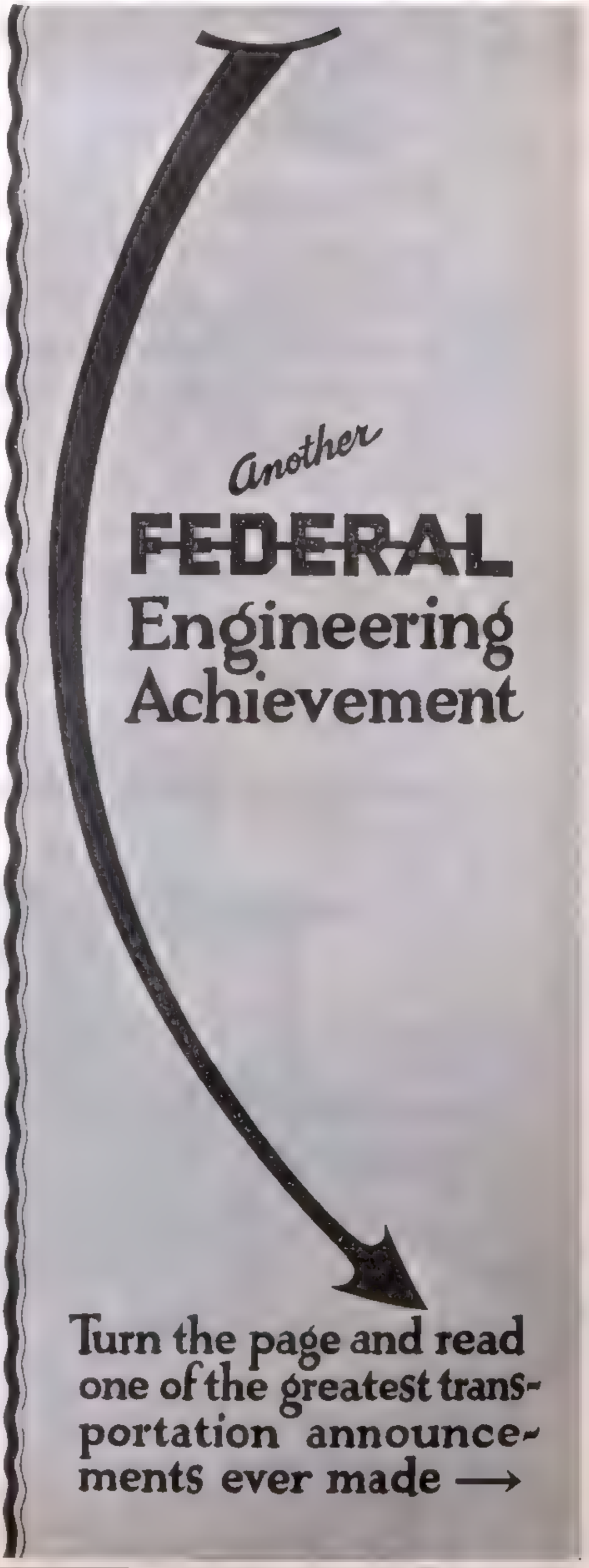

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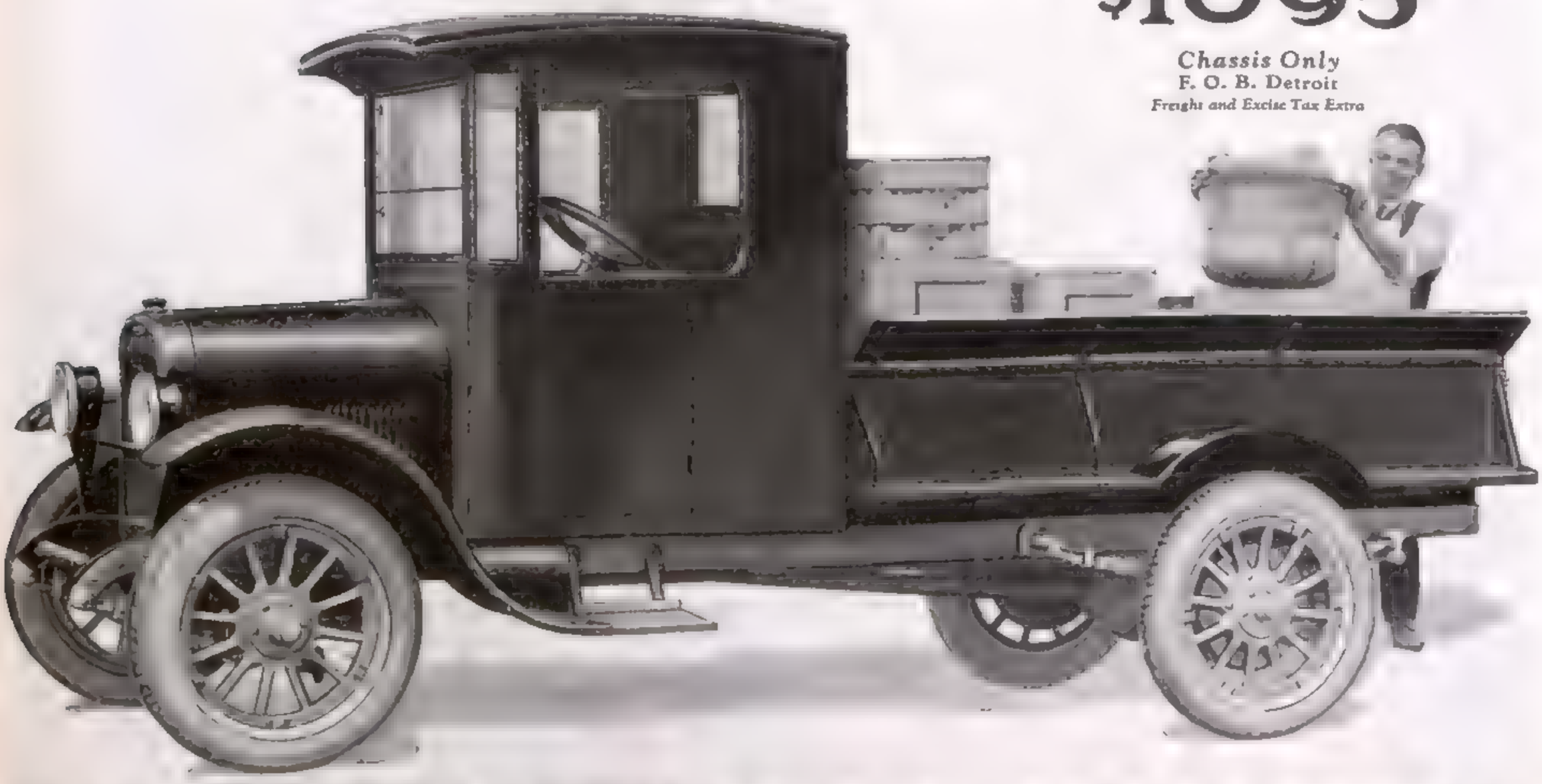

THE FEDERAL-KNIGHT

(Continued from Page 77

Never had Wesley experienced such deference, such cordiality as was accorded to him at the auto camp in the next few days.

At the Roseburg camp he had had an undoubted vogue among the women, but here the men also deferred to him, listened to his increasingly facile travelogues.

"Geographies sure do get out of date," they said. "Monteith tells you things he's seen himself, altogether different from the way I learned them."

The days slipped by delightfully. Wesley's vacation was up, but he made no move either to continue his journey or to return to the soda fountain. It was enough that Miss Shaunessy, always resourceful, always smiling, still camped under the redwood.

Meanwhile, at Crater Lake, Tex Platt was doing a thriving business, selling the water heater and the various other campers' joys. Thelma had never heard Emerson's pat line about the world building a pathway to the door of the man who makes mousetraps, but she did know that whenever Tex was sitting with her in the twilight, telling her what a good guy he was, they were continually interrupted by men who took him off and talked business.

Then one night he disappeared without a word of farewell.

Pa Lutz rubbed his stubbled chin reflectively.

"Someone must have tipped him off."

"Tipped him off what, George!"

"The wharf."

"George Lutz, you talk like a fool. The lake's a mile away."

"He sure carried a good line"

"Junk, I called it. All except that tonic."

"Oh, mamma," sobbed Thelma, "if we'd only bought one of those can openers to remember him by!"

Two inquisitive men with stars in the pockets of their flannel shirts descended upon the Lutz camp that morning.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Pa Lutz with a dramatic recoil. "No, I never bought a thing off him. He never peeped to me."

Aggie, Thelma and Mrs. Lutz stuck their heads out of the tent.

"Bought what, George?"

"Hooch. Mamma, these men say that Mr. Platt was a bootlegger."

"There'ssomemistake," pleaded Thelma. "He was going to get me into the movies as soon as I got to Los Angeles."

As soon as the men were gone Mr. Lutz began to pack.

"We've got to get going. There's no telling what they'll dig up, nosing around here. I'd rather keep out of the case." He turned on Mrs. Lutz sternly. "Now don't you go making any cracks about that tonic, ma."

So once more the Lutzes took to the road. On the third day they came to the long slope of a mountain road, just over the California line, that well-nigh winded their travel-worn car. The sun blazed down on acres of blossoming azalea on each side.

"She's a-boilin' like fury," remarked ma.

"I can see that for myself. What I want to know is where we're going to get any water for her."

"Looks like someone had driven down through those azaleas to the river. See how the branches are broken," said Aggie.

"No one but a crazy man would drive into a jungle like that."

"Or a man that was trying to hide his car," said Aggie thoughtfully.

Pa Lutz threw on his brakes.

"That son-of-a-gun! He had a lot left. Maybe he's cached it here"

He sprang out, followed by his womenfolk.

He sniffed and peered into the fragrant thicket like a particularly conscientious bloodhound.

"Hello, what's this?"

He held up a pair of gray checked knickers and a torn silk shirt.

"They're Wesley's!" gasped Thelma.

"Lemme see." Mary P. pushed in front of her. "He must have got awful careless with his clothes all of a sudden. What's that red stuff? Betcha it's blood."

Thelma covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, why didn't I hang onto him while I had him?"

Mary P. burrowed into the shrubbery.

"Here's his shoes, too, and those loud socks."

"Looks like there was a terrible struggle around here," said Mr. Lutz gravely. "Who do you suppose done for that poor boy?"

"I know! Tex!" exclaimed Thelma. "They always hated each other."

"I'll bet you! What chance would a soda jerker have against a bootlegger?"

Thelma spread the torn relics out on the ground

"They're his. Look at them, stylish even now! My, he was the swellest dresser!" She wept on Aggie's shoulder. "That old bootlegger made fun of him just because he's never been out of his own county."

"So did you."

"Don't make her feel any worse, pa."

"Tex must have stolen his car. The tracks just go this far."

"Here's the bathing girl off his car, and here's his lovely yellow silk curtains all ruined."

It was a bedraggled and solemn load of Lutzes that drove up to the sheriff's office in the nearest county seat. They told their story dramatically and exhibited the relics.

"A guy that would put yellow silk curtains in a flivver ought to get murdered," said the sheriff, who was a coarse, untidy person "Describe this man Platt."

Thelma supplied a picture of Tex that made Bluebeard sound like a Rollo.

"And he was a bootlegger, too," put in Mrs. Lutz. "The officers were after him at Crater Lake."

"Both after this girl?"

Thelma nodded with a nice blending of pride and grief

"That's the motive then. Looks like a pretty plain case. This little fellow, Bacon "

"Ham."

"Ham, then. He was jealous of this bootlegger. He goes and informs on him, see? And sets the officers on him. This Tex overtakes the other man, kills him, steals the car and makes his get-away."

"Where's the body?"

The sheriff made a large gesture.

"Plenty of country around here to bury it in." He rose. "You folks will have to stick around here for a day or two. You'll find the auto camp back of the hotel."

Thelma whispered to her mother.

"Of course, dearie. . . . George, I want some money. We're going downtown to buy some mourning for Thelma."

"What's the good of that?"

"Oh, George Lutz! Who would she put it on for if not for her fiancee?"

Mr. Lutz slowly freed his purse from its girdle of rubber bands and took out a dollar bill.

"I need a hat and a veil and a dress and a black camisole," sobbed Thelma. . . . "Oh, Wesley!"

Mary Pickford put back her head and barked in sympathy like a grief-stricken sea lion.

George Lutz knew when he was beaten. He hastily took out another bill.

"There! Mourn twenty dollars' worth if it's going to make you feel better, but not a cent more."

The women came back in an hour, with Thelma wearing a black organdie dress and a white sash. Under her black veil shone a new blue hat, a prophetic rift in the clouds. Her mother and sisters each wore a band of crape around their khaki sleeves. Mrs. Lutz advanced toward her husband with a strip of black in her hand. He dodged.

"You're not going to pin any of that crape on me"

"This isn't crape. It's a black necktie."

"I've got a necktie in my bag."

"It's red."

"I won't wear any mourning!" he protested.

But Mrs. Lutz was already fastening it at the back of his neck with a buckle. It was that kind.

"Now come on and set up the tent," she commanded.

The sheriff waked them at midnight with a lantern.

"I've got an answer from Eureka. There's a man down there driving a flivver with his license on it. He claims the car is his, but his name is Monteith."

"It must be Tex Platt."

"No; different description. Anyway, they've got this bird locked up, and we've got to go right down there to identify him."

"Can't we wait till morning?" queried Mr. Lutz

"No; this is a desperate criminal and we won't take any chance on him."

Margaret Shaunessy, after unavailing efforts to make her camp mate get up and cook the breakfast, was standing over the

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stove frying bacon and eggs when a man hailed her breathlessly.

"You ain't heard the news, have you? Monteith's in the calaboose."

"That's not a funny thing to say," said Miss Shaunessy coldly.

"It ain't supposed to be. I'm telling you he's in jail for killing a man and stealing his car."

"You're crazy."

"All right, believe me or not, he's a desperado. They sneaked up on him last night, overpowered him and carried him off to jail. . . . Your eggs are burning."

"Who said he killed a man?"

"They telegraphed to the sheriff. . . . Better take that frying pan off."

"They're a pack of idiots. That boy never hurt a fly."

"Your eggs are burning. . . . Where you going?"

She leaped over the table in one bound, with her apron fluttering in the breeze, started her car and tore off. The tent, which was anchored to it, went with her, leaving her cousin, who was dressing, running for cover, wrapped up in a blanket. Margaret was pounding on the jail door in ten minutes.

"I want to see that man you brought in from the auto camp last night."

"Can't do it."

"What's he in jail for?"

"He killed a man named Wesley Ham up near the Oregon line, and stole his car."

"Wesley Ham! Why, he's Wesley Ham himself!"

"That's what he's trying to tell us. His name's Monteith. This Ham was a blond, fancy dresser; altogether different."

"I tell you he's Wesley Ham. I can prove it to you. Give me a stiff brush and a can of cleanser and I'll show you!"

"Oh, all right, sister. Come along and look at him. You'll know you're wrong as soon as you take one look."

He led her down to the corridor. In the far corner of a cell sat a dejected figure that sprang up as they approached.

"This is all a mistake," he began. "I can explain ——"

"Tell me afterwards, Wesley." She turned to the jailer. "Bring me that stuff I asked for."

"I'll have to lock you in with him."

"All right. . . . Now, Wesley, sit down on that chair."

She wet the brush, whitened it with the powder and began to scrub Wesley's face.

"What in the world is this stuff? It sticks awfully."

"Hair dye. It won't come off."

"It will when I get through with it."

"Ouch! Can't you soak it off?"

"No time. You've got to get your face back to normal in a hurry." Scrub, scrub, scrub.

"How did you know my name?"

"Knew it all the time. Shut your eyes."

"I never saw you before."

"Maybe not. But I've seen you."

"Where? . . . Ouch!"

"Salem. . . . This is awful to get off your ears."

"You aren't one of my fountain customers."

"No. . . . Your skin's beginning to show through in spots now. I work in the Acme Garage, where you bought your lizzie."

"Are you going to have me arrested for spoiling it?"

"No. . . . One cheek's clean now. My, it makes you look funny!"

"I'm going to paint the car all up again when I get home. . . . Is that a wire brush you're using?"

"No, just stiff. . . . You'd better keep away from the Acme till you do. . . . Who are those goofs staring through the bars at us?"

Wesley turned his head and faced the assembled Lutzes.

"Wesley!" shrieked Thelma Lutz. "It's me!"

He rose majestically. His face was strikingly mottled where the cleanser had done its work, and his hair was roached with lather.

"Miss Lutz, I'll thank you for my Elks pin. I've got a new girl now."

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK

(Continued from Page 9)

the ice in his glass. "I've just finished it. I'll run up and get it for you."

He ran up and got it; came bounding back and thrust the manuscript into her hands.

"Here it is," he said, beaming and slightly breathless. "I wrote it on the back of the other one."

"On the back? Then they're both here?"

"Yes; you can read them both if you want to. I guess you won't have any trouble deciding which is the good play."

"I'll read it tonight," promised Lucy Smith, smiling and showing her pretty white teeth.

"You'll like it," he assured her. "And—er—thanks for the tea. Er—it's mighty warm, isn't it?"

"Isn't it!" echoed the girl.

That night, while Lucy was reading his play, Ernest roamed the footpaths of Central Park. He wandered about heedless and exalted, mumbling his immortal lines to himself. In imagination he identified himself with his hero. And the pure young girl, Violet —— Why, Violet was Lucy Smith! How extraordinary! Here he'd gone and written a play about a girl he'd never met till after he'd created her!

He pictured himself as a successful playwright, tasting the sweets of ineffable victory. How immaculate, how unsullied by the slightest touch of frost, are the laurels with which we crown ourselves in thought! Ernest saw himself leaving the scene of his triumph in the theater. Garlanded with the admiring glances of handsome, elegant men and beautifully gowned women, he returned to his modest boarding house, there to be met by Lucy, who stood blushing, with downcast eyes, waiting for him to speak.

"Lucy, it was you—you who inspired me. You are Violet—my Violet! You are all the pure young girls in the world. I love you."

Their lips met in a long kiss.

He wandered onto the grass and was shooed off by a profane young cop who asked what in blazes was he sticking out his lips for?

"I love you," repeated Ernest in a daze.

He was given his choice of two destinations by the cop, one of which was home. He chose the latter.

The next morning, early, he knocked on Lucy Smith's door. She was busy getting breakfast on a small gas stove, but she greeted him enthusiastically.

"Well, I've read it. I think it's great, Mr. Buxton!"

Ernest grinned at her.

"I knew you'd like it! Did you read the other one?"

"I glanced through it," admitted Lucy.

"It was terrible, wasn't it?"

"Terrible!" agreed the girl, laughing. "But the real one's a knock-out. It's so very modern too."

"Is it?"

"Yes. I'm sure Mr. Carrington would be interested in it. I'll take it to him if you like. Of course I've no influence with him, but ——"

"He'll like it," said Ernest. "He must know a lot about plays."

"Yes; oh, yes, he does. But you must have it typed."

"Typed? Isn't my writing plain enough?"

"No—yes; but I mean, he wouldn't look at it if it weren't typed. I'll do it for you if you like," she offered impulsively.

"That's mighty good of you, Miss Smith; certainly is good of you. Er—how much would it cost?"

"Nothing. I'll do it just because I like the play and for—for practice."

"Oh," said Ernest. He was worried. "I don't know whether I ought to let you do that. You're earning your own living, and I ——"

"That's all right," interrupted Lucy, with her quick, gleaming smile. "The fun of earning your own living is that you can be as extravagant as you please."

"Well, thank you," said Ernest. "I'd rather have you type it than some—er—stranger. But you must let me do something for you too."

"What, for instance?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know. I —— Have you ever been to Coney Island?"

Her smile became slightly fixed; then it rippled on her lips again.

"Yes, I have."

"I haven't," confessed Ernest. "I'd like to. Will you go with me next Sunday?"

"Sunday? Well, I ——" She hesitated a moment; then said charmingly, "Yes, I'd love to go with you, Mr. Buxton. But I'll have to be back by six. I have a dinner engagement."

That was on Monday. On Friday afternoon Lucy came home from the office with great news. She ran up to tell Ernest.

"Miss Peterson—you know, Mr. Carrington's secretary—has gone to Pittsburgh. She left at noon. Her father lives there, and yesterday he fell off a stepladder and broke his leg and sent for her. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful that her father broke his ——"

"No, no! I mean, that she's gone. Because for the next few days I'll be Mr. Carrington's secretary."

"Will you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I see," said Ernest brightly. "You'll be able to tell him about my play."

"I'll slip it in his brief case," confided Lucy. "He goes to the country on Saturday, and he always takes a few plays with him to read over the week-end."

"Have you finished typing it?"

"Almost. I'll get up early tomorrow morning. I can finish it before I go to the office. Then I'll find some way to slip it in among the others."

Ernest looked at her rather solemnly.

"I—I appreciate your kindness, Miss Smith, but I wouldn't have you do a thing like that for anything in the world."

"What do you mean—a thing like that?"

"Why, slipping my play into his brief case—without telling him."

She shrugged her reckless young shoulders.

"If he asks me about it, I'll say it was an accident."

"Oh, you couldn't do that! You couldn't lie!"

Now Lucy Smith had never read Horatio Alger, but she sensed the Algerian background. She sensed the iron in Ernest's nature.

"You don't think it's right to—to tell one little fib when so much is at stake?"

"No," said Ernest quietly and rather nobly.

"But it's all such a gamble, and a little fib now and then helps to turn your luck."

"I don't believe in luck," announced Ernest. "I believe in hard work, application and perseverance. I'd rather fail than win—the wrong way."

"I see," said Lucy. "You've got principles. So many people haven't nowadays."

"But you have; you must have."

"Yes; yes, of course. Well, then I won't do it. I mean, I won't fib."

He took her hand and pressed it. The impulse was irresistible.

"You couldn't," he blurted out; "you just couldn't. You're too good and pure."

"Mr. Buxton!"

"Oh, I'm sorry! Have I offended you?"

"Not at all. But—I think you'd better let go of my hand. After all, you've known me only since Sunday."

"Excuse me," stammered Ernest, and released her hand.

She turned and left the room, but as she went out she looked back and smiled at him. He thought her the most beautiful, the purest and loveliest girl that he had ever known. She was Violet—his Violet. She was his ideal of womanhood.

His Violet, at that moment, was standing before her mirror in the room below, reddening her young mouth with a lipstick.

"The lamb!" she said to herself. "The innocent lamb! He'd rather fail than ——" Here she dropped the lipstick and took up her powder puff. "He won't lie, he simply won't! Well, then, somebody else'll have to do his lying for him. There'll always be someone —— The lamb!"

She was up at six o'clock the next morning putting the finishing touches to Ernest's manuscript. When it was done, and the professional little brass fasteners were clamped into place, she tucked it under her arm and dashed down to the office, which was in West Forty-seventh Street, near Broadway. Thank heaven, Mr. Carrington hadn't got in yet! She slipped into his private office, found his brief case, already stuffed with unborn dramas, and crammed into it among the others Ernest's play.

As she did so she wondered why on earth she should be taking so much trouble for a man—he was really only a boy—whom she had known just seven days. Exactly why should she be doing this thing?

Well, she couldn't think of any answer to the question. So she decided that she was doing it without any reason whatsoever. Being a normal young female, that satisfied her. He was such a lamb!

At noon she saw Mr. Carrington, all unwitting, leave the office carrying Ernest's masterpiece in his brief case. She felt frightfully guilty and oh, so pleased! Nothing is so wholly satisfying to a woman as to succeed at a stratagem.

That night she told Ernest that Mr. Carrington would read his play over the week-end.

"He'll like it," Ernest assured her.

The next day, Sunday, he and Lucy went to Coney Island. They traveled to Brooklyn by Subway and there took the L. Lucy said she loved riding on the L; it was so bright and cheerful. You could look into the windows of houses and see bits of life—such intimate bits sometimes.

Ernest looked and saw a baby having its bottle in a soap box on a fire escape. He asked Lucy if she were fond of children.

"Not particularly," she answered absently. But when she saw his look of dismay she added hastily, "I mean, other people's children. I should adore children of my own—I mean, when I —— Do you like hot dogs, Mr. Buxton? They have wonderful hot dogs at Coney Island. Perfectly wonderful, with mustard, you know."

"We'll have some," promised Ernest recklessly.

The day was fine, the auspices propitious. They had hot dogs and soda pop and went through all the mechanics of amusement that the famous resort provided. So did a hundred thousand other moist and overheated humans, but the two young people nevertheless found themselves beautifully alone. For luncheon they had steamed clams—two huge stacks of them. Ernest never had eaten clams before, but Lucy instructed him in the matter of technic, and he loved them. By the time they'd finished luncheon and had got around to the scenic railway she was calling him Ernest and he was calling her Lucy. It seemed silly not to.

Going through the tunnel on the scenic railway Ernest experienced one of those irresistible impulses that sometimes attack the most serious-minded young men. He put his arm around Lucy's waist.

"Do you mind?" he murmured, his voice blending with the noise of the wheels.

"No," she murmured back.

He was immediately dissatisfied with so little. He drew her closer, leaned down and kissed her. She kissed him in return. Vaguely he realized that other young couples in the car were doing the same thing. But they were just ordinary spooners, while he ——

"I love you, Lucy. You're the dearest, most precious, most beautiful girl in the world."

"You nice boy!" said Lucy, and kissed him again. To herself she added, "The lamb!"

Going home on the L—they left early because of Lucy's dinner engagement—Ernest had a slight pain in his middle. Perhaps he had eaten too many clams. But it was nothing. He dismissed it. All the way back to the city he told Lucy how much she meant to him. At the door of the boarding house in West Fifty-seventh Street he tenderly said good night to her.

"I'm going for a walk," he informed her. "I couldn't bear to shut myself up in that stuffy little room of mine; not after what's happened today. I'm going into the park to think of you, my ideal!"

She smiled and pressed his hand.

"That's awfully sweet of you, Ernest. I mean, to think of me like that. Good night, and thanks for taking me to Coney Island. I've had a beautiful time."

She ran lightly up the boarding-house steps. He turned and walked toward the park. He wanted to be alone with his dream of her. Also, he thought that a good walk might ease the pain in his side. He wondered whether it was quite safe for natives of Ohio to eat clams.

He found that walking failed to relieve his slight distress. So he decided to return to his room and take a little bicarbonate of

(Continued on Page 83

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JORDAN

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JORDAN

(Continued from Page 80)

soda. Ernest, in spite of his idealistic tendencies, was a sensible young man. As he approached the boarding house he saw a large and expensive motor car standing before the door. He was rather surprised at the appearance of such a costly machine in that neighborhood.

The next moment he saw Lucy Smith descending the boarding-house steps. She was accompanied by a stout, red-faced man in a cutaway coat and a high silk hat. The red-faced man clutched the girl's arm with one pudgy hand; in the other he carried a handsome gold-headed walking stick.

Ernest stood and stared. His heart almost stopped beating. He felt dazed, helpless, weak. As in a nightmare, he saw Lucy and her rich-looking escort cross the sidewalk to the waiting motor car. A chauffeur in livery hopped out and opened the door for them. Lucy—his Lucy, his Violet—was going to get into that abominable machine with that awful red-faced man!

Involuntarily Ernest started forward, and Lucy saw him. For one agonizing instant her eyes looked into his. Her face flushed. She turned actually scarlet, and then, ducking her head, scrambled hastily into the machine. Her escort followed her. The car whirled smoothly away.

Ernest went up to his room and lay down on the bed without undressing. He had forgotten the bicarbonate of soda. He had forgotten his pain. He thought only of Lucy.

Oh, heavens! What was that wealthy man to her—to her, a simple stenographer? So that was why she had wanted to get home early from Coney Island! She had told him that she was going out to dinner; but she hadn't told him with whom. She had never mentioned this man. If he were merely a friend -but poor young stenographers didn't have rich men friends unless —— Oh, heavens!

He wished that he had never met her. He wished that he had never come East to succeed as a playwright. He wanted to die.

Perhaps this pain in his side would kill him. He hoped so. He fell asleep and dreamed fitfully of Violet, his pure young heroine. She was riding on the scenic railway with the red-faced man, and he, Ernest, was lying bound to the track. The car kept running over him, and each time it did so Violet would lean out and say "Thank you. I've had a beautiful time."

The next morning he didn't go down to breakfast. Mrs. Griffen, the landlady, came up to see what was the matter with him.

"I thought maybe you was sick, Mr. Buxton. Why, you are sick!" she exclaimed, laying a motherly hand on his brow.

"I'm dying," said Ernest.

"Oh, Mr. Buxton! Oh, no, you can't! You mustn't! I'll send for a doctor."

"Never mind the doctor. I don't want to see him. I want to see—Miss Smith."

The landlady shook her head.

"Miss Smith ain't in. She didn't come home last night."

"She didn't come home?" cried Ernest, sitting up pale and anguished.

"No; but she'll be in about five, I guess. She usually gets home from the office about then."

Ernest fell back upon his pillow.

"I'll wait till five," he announced grimly. He waited. Late that afternoon there came a knock at his door. He called "Come in," and Lucy entered. At the sight of her, so young, so lovely, so apparently innocent, he groaned aloud.

Why should she smile like that? She was positively radiant: and yet, as he continued to look at her, he saw—or imagined he saw—some concealment in her eyes. She blushed as her glance met his.

"Ernest! I've got the most wonderful —— Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Why are you lying down? You look ill. Are you ill, Ernest?"

He turned his face to the wall.

"Yes," he mumbled miserably.

"What is it? Have you any pain?"

"In my heart."

"Your heart?"

"I think it's broken," whispered Ernest. He stole a glance at her. She was looking down at him with such a startled sympathy that he could not restrain himself. He caught her hand.

"Violet! I mean, Lucy! Say it isn't true! Say I didn't see you last night getting into that car with that man!"

"But you did," replied Lucy gently.

Ernest gave another groan.

"And I thought —— Who is he, Lucy?"

"Why, he—he's just a friend of mine—a banker."

"A banker! Then he's rich?"

"Yes, he's rich. He's got millions."

"What's his name?"

She hesitated the least fraction of a second.

"Charles Hemingway."

"And where—how did you meet him?"

"Oh, I met him ——" Lucy broke off, and with a sudden movement withdrew her hand from his. "I don't see why I should have to explain all this to you," she said defiantly.

"You don't have to. I only asked because I—because I'm dying."

"Dying? Don't be silly! Of course you're not dying. What is the matter with you?"

"I told you my heart ——"

"Well," she interrupted rather sharply, "will it make you feel any better if I tell you that Mr. Carrington has read your play and is mad about it, and wants to do it at once—if he can get the money?"

Ernest lay perfectly still for a moment. It was too ironic. Here was the perfect culmination of his dream, and yet it meant nothing to him. Violet was dead and there was a terrific pain in his right side.

"I don't care anything about Mr. Carrington," he burst out, "or my play, or anything else on earth. I'm going to die!"

Lucy was genuinely alarmed. She said "Oh, Ernest, I'm afraid you are sick," and rushed out of the room. Half an hour later she returned with a doctor.

The doctor poked Ernest scientifically in the stomach with his forefinger. He asked the patient whether he'd eaten anything lately that had disagreed with him.

"Clams!" gasped Ernest.

"Oh, yes, it must have been the clams!" cried Lucy.

"He's got acute appendicitis," said the doctor. "I'll call an ambulance and have him taken to the hospital. They'll probably operate immediately."

Ernest started to protest, but Lucy put her hand over his mouth.

"You keep still, you poor lamb!"

Exactly three hours later Ernest was in bed in a private room in the Fifth Avenue Hospital and Ernest's appendix was in alcohol. They had removed it in the nick of time. They always do.

He was extremely ill for two days. Lucy came and brought him flowers. He looked at her and tears filled his eyes. He loved her; but he couldn't tell her so. The figure of Mr. Hemingway, the red-faced banker, stood horridly between them.

The third day he felt much better. He began to eat, and life seemed a trifle more bearable. His ideal of womanhood had been shattered, but he realized that Lucy still regarded him as a friend. Very well, he'd be a man of the world and accept her friendship. He'd stand by her, and maybe do something splendid for her some day.

He sent for the doctor and asked him what his operation would cost.

"Five hundred dollars," said the doctor.

Ernest groaned and turned his face to the wall. That afternoon Lucy came bursting into his sick room, opened her hand bag and shook out several legal-looking documents and a slip of paper with corrugated edges.

"Ernest, he's bought it! Here are the contracts and here's a check for five hundred; the usual advance royalty, you know."

"A check for—you mean, five hundred dollars?"

"Yes, and ——"

"It'll just pay my doctor's bill," observed Ernest gloomily.

"Never mind your doctor's bill. Don't you understand? Mr. Carrington has bought your play."

The young man glanced at her and sighed.

"It doesn't mean as much to me as it would have if—if ——" He stopped and sighed again. "Still, I guess that's a pretty good price for a play, isn't it?"

"Price?" Lucy stared at him; then she laughed. "Why, you silly boy! That's only an advance. If the play goes, you'll make that much a week, and maybe more—in royalties, you know."

"Good Lord!" murmured Ernest, picking at the coverlet. "Five hundred a week!"

"All you've got to do is to sign these contracts—they're all right, I've looked over them—and leave the rest to Mr. Carrington."

Ernest grinned feebly.

"It's easy, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" said Lucy.

She picked up the contracts and showed him where to sign. Then she took from her bag a fountain pen and handed it to him. It was a good fountain pen, an expensive one. Of course she might have bought it herself, in a moment of extravagance, but —— He shuddered as he took it from her. He was so disturbed by the connotations of the gold pen that he signed his name mechanically to several copies of the contract.

"That's a nice pen," he said, giving it back to her.

"Yes; it was a present from ——"

"From Mr. Hemingway?"

She stood silently looking down at him; then she turned suddenly so that he saw only her profile and the droop of her eyelid with its curled golden lashes.

"Lucy!"

"What?"

"I—I know it's none of my business, but I—last Sunday we were so happy, and I—and I ——"

"You have no right to think ——" she began; but he interrupted her.

"I'm not going to think anything. I'm just not going to think—about that at all. You've been mighty good to me, and I appreciate it. I'll stick to you, be your friend, as long as—I can. That's all I wanted to say."

She spun about and thrust out her hand. He took it, gave it a firm pressure and dropped it. She smiled.

"Now let's talk about the play. Mr. Carrington's planning to do it immediately, if he can get the money he needs—and a theater."

"Well, can't he?" asked Ernest.

"He has his eye on a theater. I happen to know, because I'm still acting as his secretary. There's a musical show at the Pandora, and Mr. Carrington heard today that the star was going to get temperamental and quit. As a matter of fact, she's going to Reno to divorce her husband. That means that the show will close, or go on the road, and Mr. Carrington will get the Pandora. Simple, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" said Ernest. "And how about the money?"

"Oh, I guess he can get that all right. There's usually someone with money—some rich man or other—who's willing to put money into a play if he has faith in the manager."

"So you think it'll really happen?"

The girl nodded, smiling faintly.

"I predict," she said, "that rehearsals will begin about next Monday."

Lucy was right. Rehearsals began on Monday, while Ernest was still in the hospital. He remained in the hospital another week. At the end of that time he was discharged, feeling perfectly well, except for a slight weakness in his legs.

His play, according to Lucy, was going beautifully. The star of the musical show had indulged her temperament and was happily on her way to Reno. Mr. Carrington had got the Pandora. Also, he had obtained the requisite backing from some source or other. Ernest did not bother to inquire as to this source. It was all rather vague and pleasantly exciting. If only he could still believe in Lucy, think of her as his Violet, his pure young heroine!

He sighed at the memory of that day at Coney Island, and a sharp pain stabbed his heart.

Then came the great night when he attended the rehearsal of his play for the first time. Lucy went with him to the Pandora. They drove down in a taxicab, for which Ernest paid. Disillusionment, no less than the prospect of riches, had made him reckless. The cab cost sixty cents.

They entered the darkened theater. A few people were scattered about the vast, dim auditorium. The curtain was lowered and from behind it came interesting noises, shouts and spasmodic poundings. Tonight they were going to try the set for Scene One.

Lucy introduced Ernest to Mr Carrington The latter was a small, rotund, ruffled-looking man who kept an unlighted cigar always hovering near his lips He shook hands with Ernest, waved his cigar and said blandly, "Good piece of work, Mr. Buxton Wait till you see it'"

Then he rushed down to the front of the theater and shouted plaintively at the curtain. There were more noises.

"Let's sit back here, on the aisle," said Lucy.

They sat in one of the rear rows waiting for the rehearsal to begin. Ernest let his mind dwell on the opening scene of The Light of Love. He imagined the poet writing gracefully in his garret and reciting as he wrote. He saw Violet come in. Ah, Violet, Violet! You, at least, are good and pure and true!

The curtain rose. Ernest gasped and leaned forward in his seat. The scene was strange. It wasn't a garret at all! It seemed to be—good heavens, it was a drug store!

"Have—have they changed it?" he asked fearfully of Lucy.

"Not a bit! Not a line! They think it's great."

"Yes, but—but ——" He relapsed into a dazed silence.

A young man was standing behind the counter of the drug store selling cough sirup to a woman who had come in. The woman was—why, she was old Mrs. Dingle, whom he had known all his life! She was Mrs. Dingle, of Daysville, Ohio! And the young man behind the counter was himself—Ernest Buxton!

By some horrible miracle he realized that he was looking not at The Light of Love but at River People, his first play, the one that was no good.

He tried to speak, to utter some protest. But he couldn't make a sound. He sank into a kind of coma, appalled and yet fascinated by what was happening on the stage He was utterly incapable of reasoning about it; he could only sit and stare, occasionally opening his mouth, but remaining prodigiously speechless.

The first scene was mercifully short. The curtain fell. Ernest turned to Lucy.

"Wha-what," he managed to articulate -"wha-what "

"Don't you like it?" she asked, surprised.

"But it isn't my play! I mean, it isn't the one I sold, the one you typed -the good one!"

"Why, of course it is! Don't you recognize your own River People?"

"But I didn't -you didn't—I mean, I thought it was the other, The Light of Love."

"The Light of Love? The Light of —— Oh, good heavens, Ernest! You couldn't have thought —— Oh, good heavens!" exclaimed Lucy, giggling hysterically. "Don't tell me you thought The Light of Love was a good play! Don't tell me —— Why, Ernest, it was terrible! I told you so."

"You didn't. At least, I thought it was The Light of Love that you liked, and typed for me, and took to Mr. Carrington, and—and ——"

"Of course it wasn't. It was River People."

He put his hands to his head.

"I don't know how it happened," he mumbled. "I don't see how it could have happened."

"It couldn't," said Lucy, somewhat feebly. "to anyone on earth -but you."

Ernest got up suddenly.

"I've got to think," he said confusedly. "I'm going out into the lobby to—to think."

He went out into the lighted lobby There he found Mr. Carrington, the manager, leaning against the box-office window talking to a man in evening clothes—a stout, red-faced man who as he talked twirled a handsome gold-headed walking stick.

"Oh, Mr. Buxton," called the manager genially, "come over here. I want you to meet Mr. Hemingway."

Ernest thought that the entire universe had suddenly been converted to insanity. He stumbled forward, prepared for any madness. But the rotund Carrington's voice was as bland as ever.

"Mr. Hemingway, Mr. Buxton, the author of our piece."

Ernest felt the pudgy hand of the abominable rich man in his.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Buxton. I've heard a great deal about you from—Miss Smith"

"Yes—er I suppose you have," said Ernest with a great effort.

"Very glad to know you indeed Great play you've written I'm just going in to have a look at the rehearsal See you later."

Mr Hemingway smiled coolly at Ernest, nodded to Mr. Carrington and walked into the theater as if he owned it. Ernest looked furiously at the manager.

"What's that man doing here?" he demanded.

"Doing here?" Carrington laughed, waving his unlighted cigar. "He's our backer, my boy. He's putting up the money for the show."

(Continued on Page 86)

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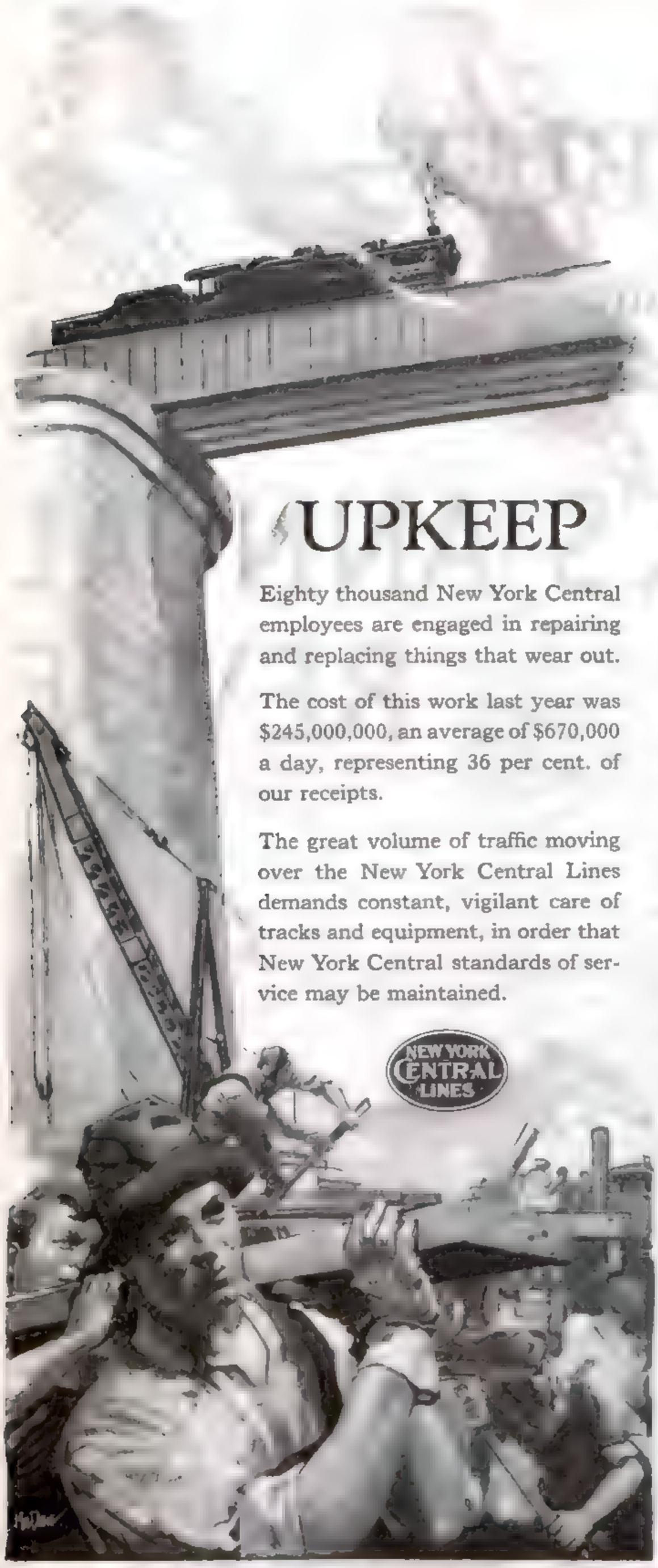
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AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

(Continued from Page 83)

"He —— That man! Putting up the money?"

"Yes; he's a banker, you know. Rich as all get-out. You can thank Miss Smith for getting him interested in the piece. She introduced him to me. Friend of hers, I believe." And Mr. Carrington smiled.

Ernest could have murdered him for that smile. He wanted to murder someone or something. He couldn't stand any more of this ghastly joke.

"Excuse me, Mr. Carrington," he said hoarsely. "I'm going home. I—I haven't quite recovered from my operation, and I "

He broke off, turned and rushed from the theater. He hailed a passing taxi, shouted his address to the driver and fell into the cab exhausted. He had hardly disappeared when Lucy came into the lobby and spoke to Mr. Carrington.

"Where's Mr. Buxton?"

"Gone," said the manager. "Like that. Said he wasn't feeling well "

"Thank you," called back Lucy over her shoulder, and she, too, rushed out of the theater and hailed a taxi.

Riding uptown in his cab, Ernest recovered something of his self-possession and all his pride. By the time he'd reached his boarding house in West Fifty-seventh Street he was calm. He was also thoroughly determined. He climbed slowly the stairs to his room on the top floor, reached under the bed for his suitcase, opened it and began to pack. He was going away; he didn't know where. But he was leaving New York forever.

Violet, his dream, his ideal of womanhood, was dead—deader than a doornail They had scorned her. Right and left they had scorned her and ridiculed her and ——

Well, let them! She might be impossible in life, terrible in a play! But he loved her, he believed in her still!

"Somewhere," he said aloud, "there must be one pure young girl ——"

The door of his hall bedroom opened and Lucy darted in

She was flushed and breathless. When she saw Ernest she gave a cry and flung her arms around him. He stumbled backward over his suitcase and sat down suddenly on the bed.

"Oh, Ernest, I'm sorry! I was so afraid I shouldn't find you. What are you doing with the suitcase? Are you going away?"

"Yes, I am!"

"Where are you going, Ernest?"

"To—to Africa."

"Why?"

He rose and faced her.

"Why not?" he asked bitterly. "Haven't I been humiliated and—er—and humiliated enough?"

"Humiliated?"

He glared at her.

"Yes! What else do you call it? It was bad enough to know that you went out to dinner with such a man, that you accepted presents from him. But when I found out tonight that it was his money they were using to put on my play, I—I just couldn't stand ——"

"You mean Mr. Hemingway?" asked Lucy quietly.

"Of course I mean Mr. Hemingway! I tell you, it was all I could do, when Mr. Carrington introduced me, to keep from murdering him!"

Lucy drew a long breath, looked at the young man and said, "Don't be silly, Ernest. Mr. Hemingway's my father."

Ernest's knees went out from under him. They just buckled. He sat down on the bed again, and this time he stayed there.

"Why?" he asked inanely.

Lucy laughed.

"I'm sure I don't know why. The ordinary biological reasons, I suppose. But he is my father."

"Well, but your name's Smith!"

"It's an assumed name. You see, I was tired of being Lucy Hemingway, so I changed to Lucy Smith."

He was still dazed and resentful.

"You might have told me that in the beginning," he said, and added, "I still don't understand. If your father's a millionaire, why are you a stenographer?"

She put her hand on his shoulder.

"Hasn't the new woman reached Ohio, Ernest?"

"The new woman?"

"Yes; that's what I am—or was. I was sick of doing nothing but dancing and dressing and spending money. I wanted to see the world. I pretended that I wanted to earn my own living, but what I really wanted was freedom. Dad understood, for a wonder. He's a good old sport. So I learned stenography and got a job in Mr. Carrington's office as Lucy Smith. I'd always been interested in plays—and playwrights."

At this point Ernest interrupted. He sprang up and hugged her in his arms. He hugged her till she gasped.

"Don't, Ernest! Don't! You ——"

"Lucy! Oh, Lucy ——"

She lifted her head and laughed uncertainly. "I guess I'm not a new woman any more. I said I wanted freedom; but I guess—what I really wanted—was this."

He kissed her. Again Lucy lifted her head.

"You marry me, Ernest," she said, "and I'll take care of you."

The success of that original and highly amusing modern comedy, River People, by Ernest Buxton, is too well known to need additional comment. The fact that it was a first play only served to increase the author's repute. Also, his marriage to Miss Lucy Hemingway, the heiress, added a flavor of romance to his sudden fame. On his return to New York from a honeymoon spent abroad, he was interviewed by every solvent and surviving metropolitan newspaper.

He was asked to give his views on the attainment of success. He said in part:

"Success is a matter of application and perseverance. Early in life I chose as my guiding principle the motto, Strive and Succeed. I have found it an infallible guide. To the young man just starting out in life I would say, work hard and take advantage of your opportunities. Above all, never trust to luck."

"Help! Pa! Jared Barnes' Bees are Swarmin' an' They're After Me!"
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PHOENIX

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NATIONALIST TURKEY

(Continued from Page 25)

watered, producing northern cereals and fruits, besides valuable timber products. The Ægean coast, with a fine, equable climate and well distributed rainfall, is like Western Europe in its soil and products. The Mediterranean coast region, sheltered from the northern winds by the overhanging coastal ranges, bathed by the warm southern sea and flooded with the rays of the southern sun, is almost a subtropical land. Some of the alluvial plains washed down by the rivers are natural hothouses in which grows a wealth of subtropical products, such as cotton, sugar and rice.

These geographical and climatic features explain the combination of local diversity and fundamental unity which characterizes Asia Minor. The three coastal belts are all sharply separated from the interior plateau, while each belt tends to differ from the others in outlook and type of inhabitants. These matters were most marked in ancient times and have tended to diminish in later days. The dawn of history shows the Black Sea zone populated chiefly from the neighboring Caucasus region to the northeastward, the Ægean zone peopled from the Balkan Peninsula, especially from Greece, and the Mediterranean zone peopled largely from near-by Syria. Before the days of roads or even mountain trails, communication between the plateau and the coast lands must have been very difficult. As for the interior, it was settled by migrations from the adjacent Asiatic highlands to the eastward, of which the Asia Minor plateau is merely a western prolongation.

During its long history Asia Minor has witnessed a series of conflicts between the populations of the interior plateau and the coast lands, complicated by the arrival of invaders from both Europe and Asia. This has resulted in an extensive intermingling of races and the alternate ascendancy of European or Asiatic ideas, religions and cultures. For more than a thousand years Asia Minor formed part of European civilization, Greek and Roman influences spreading over its entire area.

Asia Minor was the mainstay of the Byzantine Greek Empire and continued to be a land of Hellenic culture and Christian faith until the close of the eleventh century A.D. Then came a dramatic shift of fortune. Out of the highlands to the eastward poured swarms of fierce barbarians from Central Asia—the Turks. These Turkish invaders were nomad hordes, who spread over the wide Asia Minor plateau, slaughtering or enslaving the native inhabitants and stripping off the European veneer that Greek and Roman rule had impressed upon the country. There followed a confused struggle between the Turks, split into many tribes, and the Byzantine Greeks, who soon lost the interior plateau, but who managed to hold on to the coast lands.

The Ottoman Empire

Gradually the Turks consolidated their position. Their conflict with the Greeks and their conversion to Mohammedanism combined to give them a common self-consciousness; and they presently developed a common culture, mainly Asiatic in character, though somewhat influenced by the native population, which was gradually converted to Islam and assimilated into the Turkish stock. At length one of the Turkish tribes, the so-called Ottoman Turks, produced a dynasty of able chieftains who subdued their Turkish neighbors and built up a strong state. Thus was laid the foundation of the Ottoman Empire, and conditions in the Near East favored its rapid growth. The Byzantine Greeks were hopelessly weakened, the Balkans were in chronic turmoil, while the neighboring Asiatic regions were politically decadent. Nothing could stand against the vigorous Ottoman sultans, who soon destroyed the Byzantine Empire, established themselves at Constantinople and from this fine vantage point pushed their conquests far into both Europe and Asia, and even into Africa.

One important fact should be noted: The more the Ottoman state became an empire, the less it remained Turkish. Seated at Constantinople, the Ottoman sultans got to be very much like the former Byzantine emperors and ruled their vast polyglot dominions largely through persons of non-Turkish origin. An official class grew up of very mixed blood. They were mainly Mohammedan in religion, but they also included Christian officials, who were used as middlemen between the sultans and their Christian subjects. No systematic attempt was made to convert the Christian populations to Islam.

There was nothing in the least national about the Ottoman Empire. The idea was that the Moslems should do the fighting while the Christians should pay most of the taxes. Now the easiest way to raise these taxes was to divide the Christians into Millets, or religious communities, with their own officials, who levied the taxes and paid them over to the sultan, to whom they were personally responsible. The Ottoman Empire was thus a curious patchwork of unassimilated elements, headed by a despotic sultan and administered by a cosmopolitan official class. As for the real Turks of Asia Minor—or Anatolia, as the Turks called it—they came to have very little to do with the empire's affairs beyond furnishing their quotas of soldiers for the sultan's campaigns.

The Young Turks

While the Ottoman Empire was strong this queer system worked fairly well; but when the empire began to weaken, its defects became only too clear. Deprived of its outlying provinces, the empire threatened to go utterly to pieces under the combined assaults of foreign foes and disaffection among its own unassimilated elements. The idea of nationality had especially disruptive effects. Imported from Western Europe, this idea first stirred the Christian populations. In the Balkans the Christians gradually threw off the Turkish yoke, while even in Asia Minor nationalist agitations broke out among the native Greeks and Armenians. For a while this drove the Mohammedan elements together in common anger and alarm against the Christians, but presently the nationalist idea took root among the Moslems and tended to set them against one another. The Albanians of the Balkans and the Arabs of the Asiatic provinces, though Moslems, began to assert their national individuality and to demand either self-government or independence. Finally the Turks themselves became nationalistic and resolved to transform the Ottoman Empire into a national state.

This, however, involved difficulties of the most serious character. The old Ottoman Empire had been a typical Oriental despotism. All its inhabitants had been, in theory, slaves of the sultan, though they were divided by religion into two main classes: the privileged Moslems and the Christians, significantly called rayah—cattle. Such an empire, administered as it was in a casual, slipshod manner, could rub along after a fashion even though it included all sorts of people. But as soon as an attempt was made to transform this loose mass of unassimilated elements into a coherent national state, big trouble was inevitable. The old system broke down, and no new system was evolved to take its place.

It was all very well for the Young Turks—as the Turkish nationalists proudly called themselves—to draw up a fine constitution and publish decrees proclaiming that the Ottoman Empire had become the Ottoman nation. Such announcements were little more than scraps of paper, because they did not correspond with the basic fact that there was no such thing as an Ottoman nationality. What did exist was a block of Turkish-speaking and Turkish-feeling population, centering in Asia Minor, that had hitherto supplied the Ottoman sultans with the man power and moral backing necessary for conquering and holding down various non-Turkish peoples in Europe, Asia and Africa. Now the Young Turks were calmly proposing to fuse all these elements into an Ottoman nationality. By what means, pray? By means of the Turkish language and Turkish feeling. But only the genuine Turks could respond to such things. The other elements, both Christian and Moslem, not only had no desire to be Turkified but were confirmed in their own nationalistic sentiments by the mere suggestion of such a policy.

For this reason the Young Turk revolution of 1908, with its program of Ottomanization, instead of transforming the decrepit Ottoman Empire into a strong nation-state, merely smashed Old Turkey to pieces. Disrupted from within by nationalistic feuds and attacked from without by powerful foreign foes, Turkey suffered a series of crushing blows culminating in the Great War, which left it a wreck. Indeed, it looked for a moment as though there would be no Turkey at all.

When Turkey joined the German side early in the war the Allies made secret agreements among themselves which practically wiped Turkey out, and it was these secret agreements that formed the basis of the peace treaties concluded at the close of the war. By the terms of the treaties the Turks were not only expelled from their last Balkan foothold and deprived of their Arab provinces but also saw their homeland of Asia Minor divided up into spheres of influence and exploitation, allotted to the victorious Allied powers. Turkey's ruin seemed complete.

However, it was precisely the completeness of old Turkey's ruin that made a New Turkey possible. Having lost their non-Turkish possessions, the Turks were left to themselves. Shrunk to the limits of their Anatolian homeland, the Turks at last felt themselves truly Turkish. Threatened with national death, the Turks for the first time realized the supreme importance of national life. The result was a fierce flame of patriotism which fired the whole Turkish people and steeled them with a grim determination to be free or to perish.

At first the Turkish cause looked hopeless. Beaten, bled white and disarmed by the Great War, with Constantinople and several districts of Asia Minor in Allied hands, and with a large Greek army ready to invade the heart of Asia Minor to enforce the treaty terms, it seemed impossible for the Turks to resist. Yet resist they did, and in no uncertain fashion. The whole brains and spirit of the Turkish people collected at Angora, a town in the heart of the Anatolian plateau, and there formed an insurgent government headed by able leaders like Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who denounced the treaty, defied the Allies and prepared for a war to the death.

This heroic decision had its reward. The Allies were in no position to crush so desperate an opponent. Wrangling among themselves, and involved in many troubles elsewhere, united Allied action against the Turks proved impossible. Only the Greeks, spurred by dreams of a restored Byzantine Empire, were ready to fight; and when the Turks smashed the Greek armies in Asia Minor their triumph was assured. The Allies bowed before the logic of facts and negotiated a new treaty, which recognized a New Turkey, stronger and freer from foreign influences than the old Ottoman Empire had been for generations.

The New Turkey

What, then, is this New Turkey risen so suddenly and dramatically from Old Turkey's ashes, and what are its prospects? As already remarked, the new Turkish state is practically identical with the Anatolian homeland and is inhabited almost wholly by Turks. Its only outlying territories are a small block of Balkan soil including the city of Constantinople, and certain highland regions lying to the eastward of Asia Minor, inhabited by a mixed population of Turks, Armenians and wild mountain tribes, like the Kurds. New Turkey thus means Anatolia, and the Turkish Government's resolve to keep the capital at Angora is a recognition of that basic fact.

Territorially the new state has an ample basis for political existence. Its present area is about 300,000 square miles—almost the combined areas of France and Great Britain—containing much good soil and varied mineral wealth. Turkey is, however, very thinly peopled. The population of Anatolia has probably been decreasing for generations, owing to various causes, such as misgovernment, war and the ravages of epidemic disease; while the disasters of the last ten years have intensified this process of depopulation. The upshot is that present-day Turkey does not contain more than 10,000,000 inhabitants.

It is this vast half-empty land, still suffering from a long cycle of misfortunes, that is the scene of an ambitious experiment in nation building. One thing is certain: Nothing like the present situation has ever before existed in Turkish history. What the Turkish leaders are trying to do is to create a genuine Turkish nation state, in other words, a truly Turkish Turkey, where every phase of the country's life shall have a thoroughly Turkish character.

But this means something absolutely new. Consider the old Ottoman Empire as it was during the past two centuries of its decline. We there see a loose-jointed Oriental despotism in which the Turks were a privileged element, headed by an inefficient official class that kept its hold by the fighting power of the tough-fibered yet obedient Turkish peasant masses. However, as the Ottoman Empire declined, the Turks found themselves less and less masters in their own house. The empire became so weak that it owed its continued existence mainly to the mutual jealousies of the European powers, which could not agree on a satisfactory solution of the Turkish spoils. Constantinople became a hotbed of intrigue, where clever European diplomats schemed against one another and extorted favors from the Ottoman Government which put the empire more and more under foreign control.

As for the Turks, they exhausted themselves in the endless task of holding down the discontented non-Turkish provinces in both Europe and Asia—a task that drained away the best of the Turkish stock to die in distant corners of the Balkans or the Arab lands. Meanwhile, even in the Turkish homeland of Anatolia, European foreigners and the native Greek or Armenian elements monopolized business and trade, growing more prosperous and powerful while the Turks became poorer and weaker. A decade ago most well-informed observers predicted not only that the Ottoman Empire would soon break up but also that the Turks themselves would ultimately cease to exist as an independent people. Turkey was becoming literally enmeshed in a network of alien influences.

The Turk's Opportunity

By a series of treaties known as the Capitulations, concluded between Turkey and the Western powers, foreigners residing in Turkey enjoyed a highly privileged position and were able to exploit the many financial or commercial concessions which their diplomats had extorted from the weak Ottoman Government. Banks, railroads, mines, shipping, every important phase of economic activity, had passed into foreign or native Christian hands. The Ottoman Empire was bound by a whole series of economic servitudes, notably in connection with the payment of its foreign debt, which was supervised by Europeans, who dictated the empire's tariff policy, the raising of many taxes and kindred matters. Such was the situation when the Great War began ten years ago.

Then occurred the extraordinary series of events which, as we have already seen, brought the Turks from the verge of ruin to their present unique opportunity. The non-Turkish provinces which drained Turkish vitality have been cut away; the European powers are too weakened and divided to interfere decisively in Turkish affairs; while the Greek and Armenian elements, having opposed the rising tide of Turkish nationalism, have been broken by the grim methods of massacre and deportation, and today form only insignificant minorities incapable of influencing the course of events. With the Capitulations abolished and the network of foreign concessions slashed away, the Turk is at last master in his own house. Favored by Europe's weakness and rivalries, he has the best opportunity to work out his own destiny that he has had in the last 300 years. The question is, What will the Turk do with his opportunity? There is a problem of tremendous importance, not only for Turkey and the Near East but for Europe as well.

And the closer you examine the question, the more intriguing does it become. The situation is so novel and the possibilities are so fascinating that you feel yourself in the presence of one of those vital new developments whose outcome will shape the world of tomorrow. Everyone acquainted with the Near East realizes the momentous nature of the present hour, though opinions are hopelessly divided as to what the future has in store. Perhaps nowhere else do you hear so many contradictory prophecies or encounter such violent prejudices as you do regarding the Turkish problem. But just because of this, we should take care to approach the problem with open minds and

(Continued on Page 93)

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Carelessness on the part of individuals is one of the greatest obstacles of science in its war on disease. Not until everyone understands and practices the fundamental principles of hygiene can the scientist function effectively in preserving and prolonging life.

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At your table or on the road—in cups of Dresden or tin, the flavor and goodness of Maxwell House Coffee are unvarying.

The uniformity of the taste which has made it famous is the result of the careful test—the *taste-test*, which is given every batch of Maxwell House before it is packed.

Enjoy the finest coffees of the world, artfully blended—and called Maxwell House.

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 68)

be very sure of our facts. Thus, and thus only, can we form an intelligent opinion, free from the cloud of partisanship that so befogs the issue.

What, then, is the issue? In a nutshell, it is this: Can the Turks succeed in erecting on the ruins of the old Ottoman Empire a truly Turkish Turkey? We have already seen that the new Turkish state possesses the physical bases of national life—sufficient size, adequate natural resources and fundamental geographical unity. Now how about the inhabitants? The Turks certainly feel themselves to be a distinct people, clearly marked off not only from their Christian neighbors but also from the other Mohammedan peoples of the Near East, such as the Arabs and Persians.

To be sure, the Turkish stock is much mixed. The original Central Asian strain has been decidedly modified by centuries of intermarriage with Near Eastern and European stocks, particularly in the upper classes, so that today there is no distinctively Turkish racial type. However, the old Turkish blood persists sufficiently to produce a general likeness in the Turkish population, particularly in temperament, and to reënforce the ties of language, religion and culture that bind the Turks into a self-conscious whole. The Turks have thus long been a people, but they have not been a nation, because the old Ottoman Empire was not in the least national; and also because Islam, with its doctrine of the brotherhood of all true believers, was likewise opposed to the national idea.

To transform their people into a strongly self-conscious nation is the goal of Turkey's present leaders. In their eyes this goal is so vital that they have made of nationalism not merely a political program but a religion, to which they are fanatically devoted. It is really extraordinary to listen to Turkish nationalists and to realize the logical consequences of their doctrines. Wherever I went in Turkey—at Constantinople, at Angora, or in the provinces—the nationalists all talked in the same strain. And here is their line of argument:

The Turkish nationalist begins by a glorification of the remote past. He tells you that ages ago in the Central Asian homeland the Turanian race, of which the Ottoman Turks are a branch, evolved a civilization, culture and religion of a high order and peculiarly its own. Owing to the misfortunes which afflicted Central Asia, this early flowering of the Turanian genius was blighted and the race was forced to migrate in many directions, thereby falling under alien influences which obscured their talents and hindered their normal development. But despite all such handicaps, the Turanian stocks retained their racial characteristics—warlike energy, strong nerves and dogged endurance—so that today, reawakened as they are to a knowledge of their past and an appreciation of their qualities, the Turanians stand on the threshold of a mighty revival in which the Ottoman Turks will lead the way by building up a flourishing national life in harmony with the special gifts of the Turanian race.

Attitude Toward Islam

These arguments reveal a curious mixture of the ideas of nationality and race, adopted from the West and blended uncritically together. The Turkish nationalists certainly see the Turanian past through rose-colored spectacles, for the early history of Central Asia shows no such high civilization as they describe. Furthermore, their assumption that the modern Ottoman Turks are mainly of the original Turanian stock is clearly unsound. In fact, the very nationalists who tell you this are the best proofs to the contrary, because they are obviously of so many different types and show so plainly their diverse racial origins. Mustapha Kemal, for instance, is a pronounced blond, and several of the other nationalist leaders have blond traits, whereas still others are swarthy or Mongoloid in appearance.

Nevertheless, however unscientific some of their theories may be, the Turkish nationalists are tremendously in earnest and are fanatically sincere. That is a point which is too often overlooked. Western observers, noting the historical and scientific mistakes in the nationalist argument, often call the nationalists hypocrites who have deliberately concocted clever yarns to deceive their ignorant followers. That, however, is not a fair judgment. The Turkish nationalists, with their Oriental temperament and background, and with a more or less superficial Western education, have taken up certain Western ideas such as nationality and race in an emotional rather than a scientific way. The result is that they have evolved something very like a new religion which they believe with a zeal frequently verging on fanaticism.

Here we have the secret of the Turkish nationalist attitude toward other Moslems and toward Islam. When the nationalists abolish the caliphate and disregard venerated Mohammedan customs, Western observers call them cold-blooded skeptics with no religious feeling. The truth of the matter is that the Turkish nationalists are converts to a new creed—the creed of nationalism; and that, though they still call themselves Mohammedans, they do not allow any Islamic doctrine to hinder the realization of their nationalist ideal.

If Western visitors to Turkey would keep this fact in mind, they would not form the wrong impressions that they so often do. Unless they are thus forewarned, their talks with nationalists are apt to be very perplexing. These people call themselves Moslems, yet they tell you things which would be a great shock to the orthodox true believer. Here is the gist of two typical conversations that I had with prominent nationalist leaders. The first began by stating that the most hopeful aspect of the present situation was that the Turks had never been really Islamized like the Arabs.

"Had that happened," he said, "we should be undone."

According to him, the Turks' acceptance of Islam had proved on the whole more a burden than a benefit. By becoming Mohammedans the Turks made themselves the soldiers of Islam, spent their energies in protecting their less warlike coreligionists, embroiled themselves unnecessarily with the West and lost much more than they gained.

"It was when we became Moslems," he asserted vehemently, "that we lost our former good fortune."

The New Status of Women

The other nationalist leader was even more emphatic in his criticism of Islam's influence upon the Turks, going on to state that the ruling régime—of which he was a prominent member—planned to root out Islamic fanaticism wherever it existed among the Turkish people, substituting therefor a reformed faith which should be a blend of Islamic ethics and nationalistic ideas conforming to the Turkish racial genius.

Of course the nationalists pride themselves on their emancipation from Moslem customs, particularly the seclusion of women. This is the sharpest criticism which Turkish nationalists level at Islam. The nationalists continually emphasize the high status of women among the Turks before they became Moslems. In the old days, say the nationalists, the Turkish woman was a fit companion to her warrior mate, riding beside him with unveiled face and uncovered hair, going with him even into battle and singing war songs to inspire him to victory. Then came Islam, and the Turkish woman was immured in the harem. Here is something that must be undone, and the nationalists are certainly doing their best to undo it.

Not merely in nationalist circles, but in the general population, the emancipation of women is proceeding rapidly. In Constantinople veiled women are comparatively rare, while women are going into professional or business activities much as they do in Western lands. In the provincial towns, to be sure, the middle classes remain pretty conservative; but everywhere the nationalist element goes as far as it dares without giving too much offense to local prejudices. The home life of nationalist families is distinctly Westernized. The Western male guest is introduced to the women members of the family as a matter of course, and these ladies are not only unveiled but usually have their hair uncovered. Note that it is the uncovering of the hair rather than the unveiling of the face which is the final sign of feminine emancipation. Even the most advanced Turkish women still wear the tcharchaf—a headdress which conceals the hair in public, though they discard it in the privacy of their homes.

The rapidly improving status of women in Turkey is all the more noteworthy when compared with other Moslem lands, where no such changes have taken place. In near-by Syria and Palestine, for example, women are still strictly secluded, while even in the chief cities of Egypt the old conventions are generally observed. Turkish nationalists emphasize these differences as proofs that the Turks are by nature more open to liberal ideas and less fanatical than their Moslem neighbors. A prominent Turkish nationalist illustrated this to me by an incident in his own experience.

"Not long ago," said he, "my wife and I were dining at the home of a colleague, a high military officer. We four were sitting at table, the ladies wearing European dress and without the tcharchaf. Suddenly a soldier arrived with a message so urgent that the servant brought him to the door of the dining room. My friend received the message and sent the soldier away with an answer. A moment later my friend slapped the arm of his chair and said laughingly, 'Do you realize that that fellow saw us this way? It's lucky he was a real Turk. If he had been an Arab there might have been gossip.'

"My friend was right. He made discreet inquiries, but the soldier had not talked, and had probably observed nothing. There you have the difference between the two races. An Arab would have been scandalized; his religious fanaticism would have been aroused. But that Turkish peasant boy did not trouble himself about the doings of his superiors. He just took his orders and went his way. Of course, if there had been a Khoja—a Mohammedan priest—at his elbow to point out to him the strangeness of the scene, he might have been shocked; but, left to himself, he accepted what he saw as a matter of course."

This anecdote certainly does illustrate one point of deep significance—the Turkish peasant's obedience and docility to his superiors. The average Turk has an instinctive reverence for constituted authority. As a foreign diplomat well expressed it to me: "In Turkey people can be divided into two classes—those who give orders and those who receive them." That is something which should never be forgotten when considering Turkish affairs. For example, the present nationalist régime represents only a small ruling element. But they are the rulers, and the masses will probably obey orders even though these orders may be ill understood or even distasteful. Anything like a popular rebellion is almost inconceivable. Of course, quarrels may break out within the ranks of the ruling group, but such conflicts would probably not grow into regular civil wars, because the people would not follow insurgent leaders against the legal government.

Turkish history clearly shows that as soon as even the most popular official is deposed the people will fall away from him and will bow to the new representative of authority. For this reason the sweeping changes now being decreed by the nationalist government will probably not encounter active opposition among the peasant masses. On the other hand, we should not take seriously the talk about a democratic Turkey with which nationalists regale Western visitors. Whatever the constitutional forms may be, the facts will remain much as they were before, and Turkey will be governed as she always has been—from above.

Opposition to Improvements

Such opposition to the present government's radical measures as does exist centers mainly in the towns, particularly among the middle classes, who are very conservative, especially in religious matters. When I was at Angora last year I was struck with the lack of sympathy between nationalist and town circles. Angora is a small, backward, provincial town, suddenly become the national capital. Unable to find proper accommodations, the national government is building a sort of official quarter on the outskirts of the old town, but desires to improve the whole place by widening and paving the crooked, dirty streets, putting in electric lights and otherwise making Angora a modern municipality.

These plans, however, do not in the least appeal to the townsfolk, who look askance at the nationalists, with their newfangled ideas. When I arrived at Angora there had just been a sharp tilt between the national government and the city fathers. The mayor, a fine old reactionary, had turned down cold the government's street widening and lighting proposal. Such notions, he said, cost money. Money should be spent only for useful purposes. But what useful purpose could come from the government's proposal? He and his fellows were quite satisfied with the streets as they were; they knew every hole and corner. As for street lights, by Allah, what nonsense! In the first place, it was a bad thing for people to be out on the streets at night anyway. In the second place, there was light enough for those who did go out. In the third place, if such persons wanted more light, let them carry their own light with them. Finally, if the government wanted to indulge in such extravagances, they could do it in their new quarter; but let them leave historic Angora alone! Such is the difference between Old and New Turkey. It makes one wonder how far the nationalists, with all their faith and enthusiasm, and with all their prestige of constituted authority, can succeed in leavening the huge, torpid Turkish mass, steeped in ignorance and tradition.

However, the nationalists are striving manfully at their difficult task, and the most hopeful aspect of the situation is the way they are concentrating on internal reform, looking inward rather than outward and refusing to be lured into ambitious foreign policies. Practically all nationalists frankly admit that their former non-Turkish possessions were crippling burdens of which they are well rid, and few persons seriously consider reconquering either the Balkans or the Arab lands.

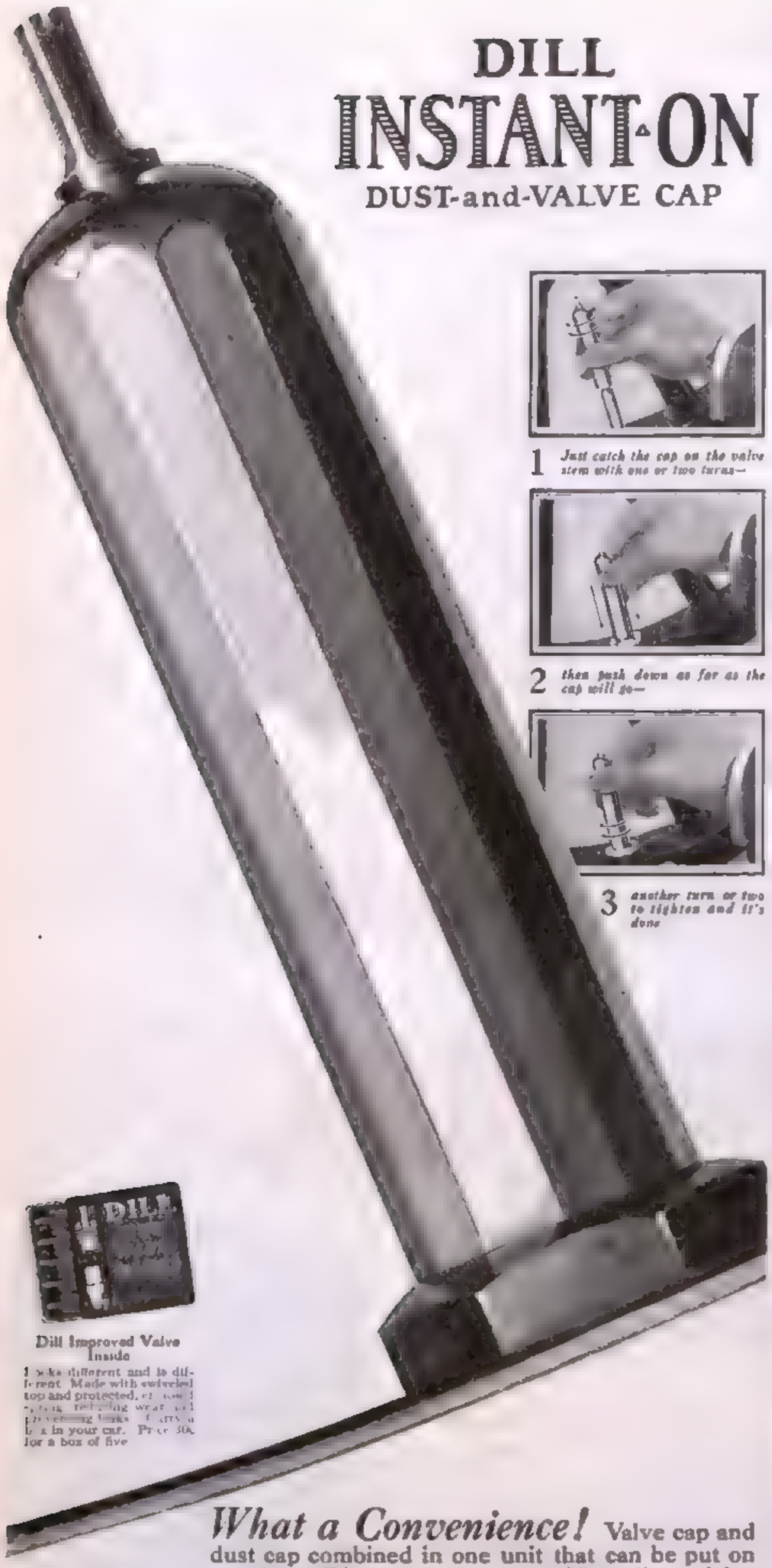
To be sure, many nationalists hope ultimately to annex their Tartar or Turkoman kinsfolk in the Caucasus, Persia and Central Asia, thereby creating a great Pan-Turanian state. But even the advocates of Pan-Turanism admit that the best way to realize their hopes is by first building up a strong, prosperous Turkey, capable of successful expansion. The only item in foreign policy which today really interests the nationalists is their plan for rectification of their Syrian and Mesopotamian frontiers, which they claim should be redrawn so as to include certain Turkish and Kurdish elements in the regions of Aleppo and Mosul. One thing seems clear: The Turkish nationalists have no Pan-Islamic feeling, no desire to spend their energies fighting the battles of Arabs, Egyptians and other Moslems, who have been so ungrateful to Turkey in the past, and who would prove equally ungrateful again.

A Striking Change of Outlook

However, the most significant aspect of the situation is the way the Turks are shifting their attention from political to economic matters. This reveals a truly striking change in attitude, which is not confined to nationalist circles, but extends to the general population. Consider what this new viewpoint implies. The old Ottoman Empire was a military despotism governed by a ruling class of soldiers and officials. While the empire was expanding, this class flourished by war and conquest; when the empire declined, it lived by squeezing the other elements of the population. Ottoman policy thus remained one of shortsighted exploitation. Thinking in terms of crude politics, Turkey's rulers had no real understanding of matters like finance, business or trade. Such things were left to the Christians, whom the Turks treated as milch cows, to be mulcted of their wealth by taxation, graft or even massacre. The Turkish ruling class thus became mainly parasites. But parasites are always dependent upon their victims; so the Turks got to rely more and more upon the Christians for every sort of economic activity, from business and banking to the skilled trades and handicrafts. Everywhere, even in the heart of Anatolia, it was the Christian who was the trader and artisan, the Turks being either officials and big landowners or poor peasants.

Suddenly all is changed. The native Christians, Greeks and Armenians alike, have been expelled, while the foreign Christians have been reduced in numbers and have lost their privileged position by the abolition of the Capitulations. The Turk has made up his mind to go it alone, to do himself the things previously done for him, to build up his own economic life. Will he succeed? That is a question on which opinions differ in the most violent fashion. Some observers assert that the Turk will make a hopeless mess of things; other observers prophesy that, after a painful apprenticeship, the Turk will learn the ropes.

Before examining these contradictory viewpoints, however, let us hear what the Turk himself has to say. In the first place, the Turks are very much in earnest. On no other point do you find such general accord and such serious determination. The Turks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realize the difficulty of their task, but they consider it absolutely vital to their future. The Greeks and Armenians have been expelled because the Turks felt that they were disruptive elements which could never be assimilated and which were a perpetual menace to Turkish national life. Say the Turks:

"Granted that the Christians increased economic prosperity, what good did that do us Turks in the long run if these Greeks and Armenians used their growing wealth and power to plot independence and our destruction? Even if the country is going to be less prosperous without them, it will be really our country, and we will no longer be crowded to the wall and forced to worry about our very existence. But after all, why should we not learn to do these things ourselves? Hitherto we have not had a fair chance. The Christians had got such a hold on our economic life that we Turks could not break into the game. Now there has been a new deal and we have our opportunity. Wait and see what we can do."

I cannot better summarize the Turkish viewpoint than by giving the gist of a conversation I had with a young Turkish gentleman who typifies the new attitude in economic matters. The son of a high Turkish official under the empire, he himself has gone into business and is doing well.

"I am hopeful of our future," he said to me, "because of the really profound changes which have occurred in our standards and ideals. Previously we Turks were not a producing element; we were landowners, government officials or soldiers. And we really could be nothing else, because society was stratified into something like castes, with business in the hands of the Christian elements. In fact, the few Turks who did go into trade were looked down on by their own people.

"Thus the Turk depended on the state and looked to an official career for his livelihood. Furthermore, with no idea of business, the Turk could not keep money when he had made it. The tradition was one of extravagance, not of saving and handing on. When an official made money—usually in the provinces—his ideal was to retire to Constantinople and build himself a palace on the Bosporus, in which he sunk the bulk of his fortune. Even if he left money, his sons, brought up not to work, often became debauchees and flung away their patrimony. Remember, their father had handed them no vested interest, like a business or profession, for which the sons could be trained and in which they could take pride."

Training for Business

"Well, that was the state of things in the old days. Now matters are very different. We Turks today are thinking mainly in terms of economics. Here is a significant fact: For the first time in Turkish history it is difficult to find good men for important official posts. When asked to take a government job these men refuse, having gone into business or professional careers which they do not wish to sacrifice. And among the masses, too, there is a keen desire to adapt themselves to the new economic conditions and to fill the gaps left by the departing Christian elements."

The man I have just quoted represents the best type of the younger generation, who has made good and seems quite capable of taking care of himself in business life. The trouble is that as yet such men are so few in numbers. I well recall the troubled sigh with which another Turkish gentleman expressed his realization of his country's difficulties during these transition days. A middle-aged man, intelligent and highly educated, he frankly admitted the handicaps to economic reconstruction.

"The trouble with us," said he, "is that we have never known anything about business, which we despised. Take me, for example. I am an editor, and a fairly successful one. But what do I know about business? Never in my family did we so much as talk about business. What do I know about such things? How could I buy or sell anything? Understand, we are doing our best to remedy the situation. I, for instance, have sent my son to a business school in Europe. Ten years from now we may have a sufficient number of qualified business men. But for us older men it's too late."

That is a point emphasized by many foreigners, who admit that the Turks may develop economic capacity, yet who doubt whether Turkey can get through the present transition period without disasters which may shatter both its economic and political structure. The worst pessimists are found among foreigners who have lived long in Turkey, and who have become so accustomed to their former privileged position under the Capitulations that they cannot reconcile themselves to the new state of things. Such men declare that foreigners can no longer do business in Turkey or even lead a tolerable existence, and many of them are leaving the country as fast as they can settle their affairs. The younger men are more apt to feel that, after the Turks have tried their hand at the new game and have learned by hard experience, a workable compromise between Turkish and foreign interests can be arranged and that matters will then become more stable.

However, virtually all foreign residents in Turkey agree that at present business prospects are highly uncertain. One of the chief difficulties that foreigners encounter is freak legislation, especially on commercial matters. Bound by numerous economic servitudes as Turkey has been in the past, and then suddenly gaining a free hand, the nationalist government has passed many unsound laws, the result of mingled cockiness and inexperience. Tariff tinkering is a good example. Until the recent treaty settlement, Turkey was bound by the terms of its foreign debt administration to maintain a low tariff, which favored the entry of foreign goods. Now that the Turks can do as they like, they have indulged in some wild flights of high protection, which have been the despair of foreign importers. An American business man in Constantinople was telling me his troubles.

Will Turkey Blunder?

"What do you know about this?" he asked with a quizzical shrug. "Because Turkey has a little hardwood that makes good firewood, these birds dream of establishing furniture factories and put a prohibitive duty on furniture. Because they grow some cotton around Adana, they see cotton mills all over the place and clap prohibitive duties on textiles. There's protection for infant industries for you with a vengeance—protection before the infants are even born!"

Perhaps even more vexatious are the regulations compelling foreign corporations and commercial establishments to take Turks into their business, including even some of the higher posts. This is how one prominent member of the Constantinople foreign colony explained to me the difficulties which such requirements entail:

"We wouldn't mind so much," he said, "if they'd only give us capable men. But good Turkish business men are about as scarce as hen's teeth. Not only do they lack business training, but most of them seem to lack even business instinct. The Turks talk about following the example of the Japanese. But they're not willing to do what the Japs did—begin at the bottom in Western business houses and learn the whole technic as they work up. The Turk's idea is to jump into a soft job and big pay with as little work as possible."

Such is the present situation in Turkey—a confused and troubled transition time whose outcome no one can confidently predict. The Turks are attempting one of the most singular experiments that the world has ever seen. The chief points in their favor are their own zeal and their temporary freedom from foreign pressure. The European powers that formerly intervened constantly in Turkish affairs are so weakened by the late war and so involved in difficulties elsewhere that they have been obliged to leave Turkey alone. The Turks thus have a breathing space, during which they will be reasonably free to work out their own destiny. But this period of grace will not last forever. The Turks must use their golden opportunity—the best they have had in three centuries—against the day when Europe, especially their archenemy Russia, may feel tempted to intervene once more. Even as things now stand, powerful political and economic interests are watching with lynx eyes the Turkish experiment. They keep quiet, but they speculate on Turkish failure, awaiting patiently some moment of disaster and disillusionment to gain their ends. Very deep diplomatic and financial games are being played in the Near East; and though the Turks today hold the trump cards, they cannot afford to lose many tricks.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

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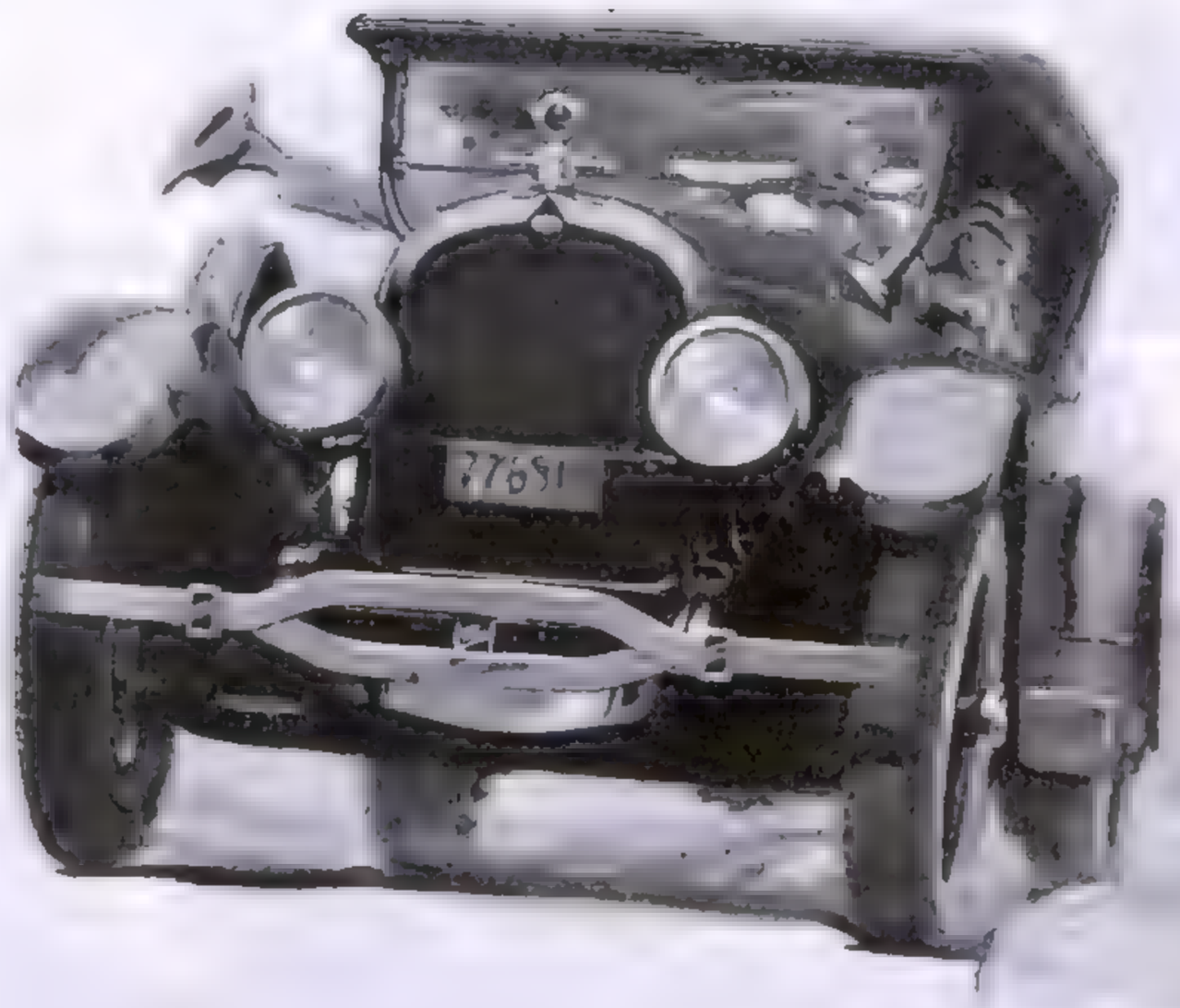

M A R M O N

MARMON

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THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE COMPANY

Main Office and Factory

TOLEDO - OHIO

MURDERS AND CALORIES

(Continued from Page 15)

"This was, your honor, because, although in profile she was altogether perfect and adorable, I had noticed that, seen face to face, there was in her lovely little nose, her otherwise perfect and impeccable little nose, a slight, an almost imperceptible deviation from left to right.

"I had noticed this defect—I the lover; I at the period in my life of supremest ecstasy; I who at the moment should have been utterly convulsed with God's madness. I had noticed it, and again and again, rising from the depths of profoundest tenderness and passion, would catch myself mechanically seeking to correct it. This is the kind I am, your honor; this is the kind I am. It throws a light, it explains what later follows.

"Days of courtship, like other days, pass, your honor. Our courtship days passed; we were married. We were married and were happy. For a time it seemed that the fatal germ implanted within me, over-watered now with sweet felicities and the dew of an ineffable tenderness, had wilted, had died. No sign appeared of its continued existence; I seemed content, I seemed forever at peace. It is true that I still held to the small mechanical habit of the courting days, and still playfully—and a little hypocritically, too, I fear, with the air of meaning nothing at all by it tweaked now and then from right to left the charming little nose of my little wife. But she was, your honor, the gentlest, the merriest creature. She always laughed silvery to this all too significant caress, and it had become between us merely a gayety, a frolic and a jolly bond.

"Thus two years went by before a new and more threatening point appeared on the horizon."

The accused paused and asked for a glass of water, which was brought to him by a court attendant. He drank it in little tight gulps, and his hand was unsteady.

"The thing, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury—was this: My little wife—Exhibit Number One—was beginning to put on weight, what the French, in an ugly but expressive word, call embonpoint. She had been, I must say, when I married her, the merest sylph. She weighed, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury—just exactly ninety-eight pounds. Her skeletic structure must have been extraordinarily light and fine, for though, as I have said, the scales proclaimed her but a fairy in weight, she was marred by none of the imperfections which all too generally accompany such a phenomenon; she was in no way or manner of means angular or arid, but on the contrary rounded and curved and soft, the fine texture of her skin luminous with that light, dear to painters, which refuses itself to the emaciate, the sterile and the desiccate.

"Thus she had been when I married her. And now she began to put on weight—which means also tissue—and volume. Imperceptibly almost, at first, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury. Imperceptibly altogether it would have been to any but one cursed with my unfortunate disposition, but all too perceptibly, alas, to me.

"Against this—er—development, I sought at first to fight gently. Merely with suggestions. With amiable, playful hints.

"'What a roundy, curvy, dumpy-lovey little ballie that little wifie of mine is getting to be!' I would exclaim as I embraced her and—so it was my habit—lifted her up from the ground.

"She would laugh that little laugh of hers, like the trill of an electric bell. You see, that was the trouble. She would laugh that merry laugh, and I would know that I had not achieved my plan at all, that I had failed to pass to her the sense of peril which, I calculated, should have peered from beneath the casualness of my speech.

"So, merrily she continued; putting on a little more weight day by day, week by week, month by month. She grew. I would notice the difference whenever I placed my arm around her waist.

"You see, your honor, I am not a big man, and I am not very strong. But as long as she was still the fairy-light creature I had married, then, every morning, as I left to take the train to the city, I lifted her high as I kissed her.

"This gave me a feeling of size and strength. All day afterward, as I went about my work, I felt big and strong.

"So, Merrily She Continued, Putting on a Little More Weight Day by Day, Week by Week, Month by Month"

"I began to lose this happy resource now. When I lifted her up to kiss her good-by, it was with an effort that left me a little tired, and for the rest of the day I did not feel strong at all, nor big. And the thing went on. It was with a more and more considerable effort that I lifted her.

"I sought to make my hints more precise. 'Isn't the little girl getting just a bit hefty?' I would say archly.

"She would laugh. 'All the more to love you, sir,' she would laugh.

"You see, your honor, she loved me in such a way that she did not dream I might love her in another way. It was like this: She loved me just as I was, and just as ever I might be. She probably never saw me at all. I don't think women see the man they love. That's why there are so many funny marriages. A woman in love does not see the man she loves. When she looks at him, I think, all she sees is a light. A dazzle of light, as though she were looking at the sun.

"But I—you see, with me, it was quite different. What I loved was the particular little being with whom I had fallen in love, the fairy-light golden-headed creature of the days of my romance. And that creature was leaving me, was beating it. She was becoming someone else altogether, and that someone else flaunted an irritating ignorance of the danger to her, to both of us, of becoming someone else.

"I sought to awaken her to this peril. My favorite stories began to be of people who had been in love and who had fallen out of love because of growing different.

"She would laugh—her eternal laugh. 'Oh, yes, but we—we'll always stay in love, won't we, adorie-dorie!'

"And she'd snuggle on my lap. But she was heavy on my lap—she who once had coiled within my embrace lithe and light as a cat. The muscles of my arms tensed to the point of soreness in the effort needed to hold her from slipping off the lap to the floor—the polished floor; always she remained a good housekeeper.

"I determined on more direct measures. I brought home books; I read to her of the beneficence of proteins and greens, of the malevolence of starches and sweets. She listened only hazily. I could see I made no impression on her. She loved honey and hot biscuits; her little red tongue curled gormandizingly about the dainty chocolate drops she was forever making. She loved macaroni and blancmanges, sweet potatoes in sirup, custards and layer cakes.

"I'd sit there watching her eat, a desolate feeling at my heart. I watched her—who loved me, and wanted me to love her—as she slipped inward, between her red lips, daintily—oh, yes, your honor, to the end she preserved a certain elegance—all those elements, so cunningly disguised, which were altering her so surely into one I would not be able to love. I'd sit there across the table from her as, gayly, gently, serenely, merrily, she murdered herself and our love.

"I grew desperate. I tried other methods. I tried to preach to her through the force of example. I slashed at my diet severely. I lived mostly on roast beef and spinach. Every morning I got up early, long before train time, and before the bedroom's open window went through a set of violent writhing movements invented by a famous ex-footballer, and called the daily thirteen."

Here the prosecuting attorney, who in the midst of the rising sympathy had continued to regard the speaker with a certain malevolence, was seen to slip an attendant a note which he had hurriedly penciled. The attendant read it and forthwith left the court room with the demeanor of one off on an important errand.

"Your honor," said the accused, "I could not make her follow me. As, in the morning, by the open window—there was an apple tree just beneath—I went through the ex-footballer's exercises, she lay in her warm bed, cuddled in the depression of it as if in a nest, and out of one eye, sleepily half open, humorously watched me.

"'Come, come!' I'd say. 'Try it with me. You don't know how wonderful it makes you feel! You can't imagine how wonderful it makes you feel. Ah, come on!'

"But without stirring, she continued to watch me out of her lazy, humorous eye.

"One morning—it was an especially bright and warm morning, and a bird was singing in the apple tree—she did rise and take her position by my side—by my side, vibrant with a new hope.

"But she had no sooner raised her arms once and taken the half of a full breath than with a small shudder she turned, and with one spring had landed back in the bed, the covers drawn right up again to the line of her laughing eyes.

"Ah, there was nothing to do with her; I see it now, your honor! If she had been one who fought, who met an issue head-on—I am not a weak character, your honor—I think I might have mastered her. But how fight something fluid and laughing like the waters of a brook? And how hang anything on a surface eternally round and smooth, and possessed of charming dodging movements that eternally elude you? It can't be done, judge!"

The speaker, who must have been tiring with the stress of his emotions, paused once more and had recourse to a glass of water, which he again emptied. But meanwhile another occurrence held close the attention of the entire tightly packed room. It had to do, everyone felt immediately, with the order which, in a written note, the prosecuting attorney had given the attendant.

Far off somewhere within the court building, at the end of some long corridor, an iron bumping and clanging and rolling was heard, which rose in volume as it approached along narrow halls. It neared; along long resonant echoing ways it was rolling with an iron clangor that rose louder and louder. The hearts of those in the closed court room somehow beat to the sound. It was as if along the long corridors, like tunnels, of the old court building, some huge, ponderous, cruel and fantastic instrument of past ages, dug out of some old forgotten dungeon, were being rushed up to the court room for question and torture. The drear loud sound neared; it was there, almost at the doors; all eyes went to the doors. But

(Continued on Page 101)

No Life Lost

"We keep the acid out until you buy the battery That keeps the life in"

Willard

in This Battery — Why

THREAD-RUBBER Willard INSULATION

See this mark. It means that the battery is a Charged Bone-Dry Willard. Now watch the Willard Service Station man put one of these batteries in service.

He turns the battery upside down to show you it is empty. Then he fills the cells with acid solution. The battery is placed in your car. You step on the starter—you're off.

Why was the acid kept out of this battery until you bought it?

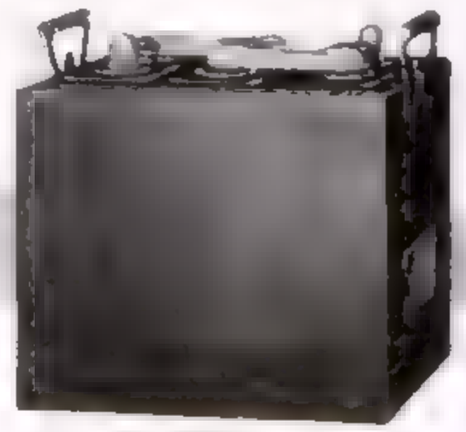
Because a battery does not have to be in an owner's car to wear out. Battery life starts the minute the acid solution is poured in, and it goes on all the time there is any acid in the battery.

Willard believes that car owners who pay for new batteries are entitled to get them. The Charged Bone-Dry Willard leaves no question about it. Because you see this battery put in service, you know that you are going to get all of its life.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
In Canada, Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Hook up with Willard Rechargeable A and B batteries and listen to the difference.
Listen to WTAM, too, Willard's own Broadcasting Station. Wave length 390 meters.

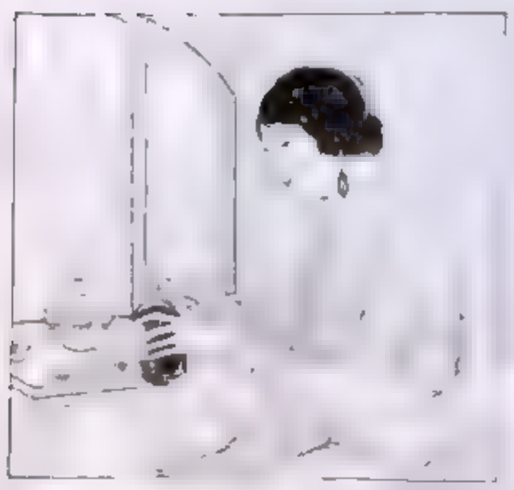
Wood Insulated Batteries are the batteries that first established Willard's reputation for excellence. They're better built today than ever before.



Batteries

Maybe you don't believe this

—*then try it yourself*



If a perspiration deodorant simply douse on clear Listerine with a towel or washcloth. It evaporates quickly and does what you desire.

YOU have doubtless read a great many advertisements recommending the use of Listerine as a deodorant—as, for instance, Listerine for halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath).

But do you really appreciate just how unusual Listerine's deodorizing properties are? Make this test yourself:

Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Douse on a little Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

It will be a revelation to you. And then you will appreciate all the more why Listerine enjoys so widespread a popularity as a deodorant.

Women lately have developed a new use for Listerine. They wanted a perspiration deodorant—one absolutely safe, non-irritating, and one that would not stain garments.

They found it in Listerine—which is, after all, the ideal deodorant. Thousands of men and women will be grateful to us for passing this suggestion along. Try Listerine this way some day when you don't have time for a tub or shower. See how clean and refreshed it makes you feel.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.* * * * * *Makers also of Listerine Tooth Paste.*

LISTERINE —*The safe antiseptic*

(Continued from Page 97)

the doors did not open, and the great iron rolling and clanging, just as it had reached a diapason, there behind the closed door, snuffed down suddenly into silence—a silence which remained there, which could be felt there on the other side of the closed doors, a menace, mysterious and brooding.

The attendant who had gone out with the order reappeared, having come through the jury room behind the judge; he stepped up to the prosecuting attorney and whispered in his ear something to which the latter nodded with the air of one well satisfied.

The accused went on:

"Meantime, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury—years were passing. What I have been telling in the fraction of an hour was being spread over a considerable slice of time. And all that time, your honor, my little wife was continuing to put on weight.

"There was no fairness in it, really, your honor. You see, I had married a being who stubbornly was changing herself into another being. That might have been all well if, becoming a being other than the one I had loved, she had set me free. But this she was not doing at all. On the contrary, while transforming herself with implacable resolution into another person, she continued still to insist that I should love her just as I had loved her when she had been the original person.

"By insist I do not mean that she shouted about it, that she commanded or threatened. She was not a virago, your honor. But calmly, and tranquilly, and heavily, and suffocatingly, she took the thing for granted, your honor. And although a man not altogether weak—I have given my proofs, your honor—still I am one of those rather handicapped males who find it almost impossible to resist what is taken for granted.

"Now, that was not fair, was it, judge? There was no fairness in that. I suffered, your honor. I suffered—I see it now—much more than I realized at the time.

"There was, for instance, a wrapper. Oh Lord, that wrapper!

"It was reserved for me, your honor, that wrapper. It had large flowery designs which always I had detested. It was old, but with none of the grace which sometimes, like a benediction, falls upon old things. And for some tenebrous and subterranean reason, she loved it, and kept on wearing it, and kept on wearing it, and kept on wearing it, and kept on wearing it, and kept on wearing it.

"I saw it of mornings, at breakfast; if I came back home for lunch, which I did sometimes, I saw it. And sometimes, at dinner time, it was still on, draped around her like an old flag.

"She slipped it over an utterly unconfined figure which, by that time, as I have tried to suggest, was not unvoluminous; and with it went a certain fashion of wearing her hair. A sort of Sis Hopkins way of gathering the hair in a knot and securing this, as if with a nail, to the very top of the cranium.

"How I hated that Sis Hopkins way of wearing her hair! How I hated that wrapper! And yet, seemingly, they were just for me—just for me and no one else. If we were going out anywhere she would disappear in her bedroom for an hour—or two—and come out again, utterly transfigured. As if the fays had been at work upon her.

"Some degree of line would have been restored. She had repossessed herself of color and fragrance; of all of her old radiant and irresistible gayety. Her very psyche seemed to have been metamorphosed. It was as if she had turned her soul over like a mattress and now were presenting its shimmering, its iridescent, its holiday festive side. She was gracious, she was glad, she was light, she was merry and gay and adorable—when we were going out.

"For me, for the home, the wrapper. And that Sis Hopkins chignon up on top of the head!"

The lips of the accused were dry. He wet them in the glass of water.

The attorney for the people spoke to the court attendant who some time before had done his bidding.

This one slipped out through a guarded crack of the court doors, and immediately, out in the hall, behind these closed doors, was heard a sound as of a great iron dog shaking itself. The attendant slipped back in. "It's all ready, sir," he whispered to the attorney for the people.

"I Had Married a Being Who Stubbornly Was Changing Herself Into Another Being"

"I wish to apologize, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury," said the accused—"for the length and perhaps the overelaboration of the exposition I have been making. We are, however, now approaching a part of my narrative which promises a more lively interest.

"Last summer—it is singular, your honor, and I say it not testily, how long they hold a man in jail before trying him—last summer my wife decided to take a cottage in the country for the duration of the hot months. The first intention—would that it had been held to!—was that I should stay in town and go up there only week-ends.

"In the middle of July, however, fatality and a hot wave and my natural weakness persuaded me to arrange my business so that I might take an entire and uninterrupted three weeks' vacation. And fatality again would have it that, as I landed, baggage in hand, at the rustic cottage in the hills, I should find there, besides my wife, my sister-in-law, come also for a three weeks' stay.

"So there we were, up in that solitude, unbusied, Exhibit Number One, Exhibit Number Two and I, together with the situation. But to make clear to you, your honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury, how cunning are the arrangements of malign powers, I must tell you about that sister-in-law of mine—my wife's sister—Exhibit Number Two.

"You see, your honor, she was not only the sister of my wife, but she was her twin. And not only her twin but her elder twin.

"Now there is something which is always true in such a case. The elder twin resembles the younger, but is bigger, stronger, more vigorous. And this is true also of the spirit; the older twin possesses all the mental and psychic traits of the younger, but each one heavier, as it were. Heavier, more definite, more absolute. Coarser—if I may be allowed the term. Just as her ankles invariably will be thicker.

"So it was with these twins, Exhibits Number One and Two. My sister-in-law resembled my wife, except that, just as in her every physical feature was more pronounced, so in her did every one of my wife's peculiarities of character exist, magnified, each more solid, more fixed, more stubborn.

"But there was something else. In childhood my wife had not been strong, and her sister had taken to mothering and protecting her. This attitude had remained; nay, had grown into a habit deep-seated. Exhibit Number Two backed up her little sister in her most absurd whims and caprices. What her little sister wanted, she must have; what she did, or thought, or said, was right. That was the law, and all must bend to it; and she, Exhibit Number Two, was here on earth—alas, she *was* here!—to see that they darned—excuse me, judge—well did!

"It takes little imagination, your honor, to call up an adequate picture of what now met me on my vacation in the little rustic cottage up in the hills.

"They were a wall, your honor, the two of them together. A wall. Or rather, a film of laughing evasion and liquidity and fluidity with rock behind.

"In no time, as I tried to pursue my patient course to awaken in my wife a consciousness of what she was doing to herself and to me by her gay contempt of the inexorable dictates of dietary science; of what she was doing to herself, to me, to our marriage, I found myself being literally laughed out of house and home, out of all dignity and influence and self-respect.

"These were the circumstances, your honor—and gentlemen of the jury—on that Sunday morning of July twenty-seventh of last year."

The accused again drank a glass of water. The entire court room was leaning toward him in absorbed interest, and the eye of the prosecuting attorney upon him was like a hawk's.

The accused straightened with the air of the orator who, having come successfully through a mass of necessary preparatory detail, now sees before him the triumphant climax of his speech.

"That morning," he said, unconsciously speeding up his diction, "we were, the three of us, all in the kitchen, windows and doors open to the cool morning, stirring and circulating about the stove in a pleasant cheerful manner, preparing, at once, and consuming breakfast. The stove was a wood stove, and I myself, rising early, had cut up the fuel for it. I had finished my own breakfast, having preached through example by limiting myself to a cup of black coffee and two slices of dry toast, but they were having hot cakes.

New things while you wait

THERE'S the faded old porch furniture—new year before last but already beginning to show signs of wear and tear. The ice-box, too, looks rather the worse for wear, doesn't it? To say nothing of the baby's go-cart and that old white dresser up in mother's room.

Da-cote Enamel is fine for things no longer new, but still staunch and serviceable. It flows easily and dries quickly. And you can get such dashing color effects with Da-cote's 12 colors—including black and white. Once you start using Da-cote, you'll wonder why you ever were content to have "old," dingy things around.

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There is one sure way you can instantly kill fire at the start: smother the flames by cutting off the supply of air.

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Shot out under pressure, the Firefoam instantly covers any burning object—liquid or solid—with an air-tight blanket of tough, clinging bubbles. Deprived of oxygen, the fire can't live an instant. *Foamite* equipment puts the fire out and *keeps* it out.

And afterwards you can brush or wash the Firefoam away. There is no damage as from a ruinous flood of water or other liquids.

Home or factory—hospital or school—public building—garage—there is a type of *Foamite* equipment adapted to your needs. Foamite-Childs fire protection engineers will be glad to advise you as to the kind of protection best suited to your property.

Don't wait until it is too late—get in touch today with one of our service representatives, located at more than 300 convenient centers throughout the country.

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"Each of them wielded a frying pan. Into it they would pour the thick batter. When this had risen into a flaccid cake they transferred the cake to a hot plate, all ready on the stove. When in the plate the pile had risen to a tower of six layers, then they would take up the plate, introduce under each layer a huge pat of butter, pour over the whole a cataract of thick sirup, and consume. As soon as they had consumed they would start work with the pan once more.

"I was, of course—I realize it now—under a terrific strain. But I was not really aware of it. I had—I ask you to believe me, your honor—not the slightest idea that I was going to do what I was on the verge of doing. Three minutes—nay, a minute—before I did what I did, I assure you I had not the slightest vestige of an idea I was going to do what I did.

"It happened this way: My sister-in-law, Exhibit Number Two, was standing by the stove. She had just topped a new tower of cakes, and lifting the full hot plate, knife in hand, was fumbling for the cube of butter on the table just behind her. Suddenly I found myself speaking. 'Really, Jennie,' I cried, seemingly addressing her, but as a matter of fact directing my desperate appeal to my wife, whose face I could see just over her shoulder—'really, Jennie, you will kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself, eating thus!'

"She turned to me and laughed. She laughed, your honor. That's what they always did—laugh. She laughed. She had reached the butter now. Between the top cake and the one immediately beneath it she introduced a lump as big as a child's fist, which forthwith began to disappear, half melted; between the second and the third cakes she slipped another golden lump.

"'Then let me eat hot cakes and let me die!' she passionately cried.

"It happened, your honor, that only a moment before, the fire having gone low, I had chopped some new kindling. The instrument, the hatchet, with which I had performed this small service happened to be still in my hand.

"In a second, your honor—in three or four at the most—the thing had been done. That rustic kitchen, up in the solitude of the cool hills, was but a red shambles."

A great sigh, as of a slit balloon, escaped the audience, and one man at the back, evidently a maniac, began to clap and clap and clap.

Order was restored. There was a long silence. The accused, his hands quietly folded across his abdomen, his eyes upon the judge, blinked and blinked.

But the attorney for the people, leaning toward him with a false smile, in a voice that was too soft, now addressed him.

"If I may," he said, "if you will consent, I should like to ask you a small question. During all that gradual—er—degeneration of the person whom you have called Exhibit Number One—a process which, by the way, you have admirably described—during all that trying time, were you yourself preserving your integrity? The tightness of your muscular frame, the elegance of your line, the slenderness of your waist?"

The accused turned his blinking eyes upon the questioner in surprise. "I think so," he answered. "I've kept pretty fit. I've stayed about the same."

The voice of the attorney for the people had turned to honey.

"Could you consult your memory," he said, "and tell me—approximately—what you weighed at the time of your marriage?"

"One hundred and thirty-two, stripped," answered the accused promptly and proudly. "I was third substitute quarter on the football team of the Insurance Men's Division of the North Side Branch of the Concordia Y."

"And you have changed very little since then?"

"Oh, yes; very little. Hardly at all. I always stay about the same. I'm one of those fellows who always stays about the same. Don't go down much, don't go up much. Always about the same. Always stay about the same. Go up a pound, maybe—lose it the next day. Go up two pounds—lose them the next day. Always stay about the same. Always weigh about the same. Always about the same."

"You are sure about that?" the attorney insisted.

"Oh, yes," said the accused airily. "Always stay about the same."

The attorney for the people rose to his full height, made a dramatic gesture, and the court-room great doors flew dramatically open. And now was seen the thing which so clangorously had rolled along the loud-sounding halls to the closed doors, and in such ominous silence ever since had remained there in ambush. Into the room, with iron clamor, to the joyous urging of six charging men, came rolling a huge scales, with dial big as a moon rising at dusk. It sped clumsily along the cleared aisle and stopped with a last great fracas before the accused.

"Would you mind," said the attorney for the people—"would you mind stepping up on this?"

The accused, with a smile of contempt, but unconsciously finding himself adopting the attitude, as seen in old prints, of an aristocrat of the French Revolution rising to the guillotine, stepped up on the scale.

The hand of the dial gave a smooth elliptic leap which sent it down on the other side. It slowed, hesitated, began to dance a St. Vitus dance—and the accused, whose face had remarkably changed, toppled backward, heaped, to the floor in a faint.

The last thing he had seen was the hand pointing, with a tremor as of apoplectic indignation, at the number one hundred and ninety-five.

When he awoke, however, it was not on the court-room floor but in a bed. And it was his bed, in his own room. And it was not from a faint he was awakening, but from a simple sleep. And he was not one accused of murder, but simple George McNutt, accused of nothing, guilty of nothing, who had been sleeping in his own bed, in his own room, and had dreamed a bad dream.

He lay there, very quiet in the darkness. A little anguish sweat from the dream was still on his brow, and a pounding of it in his chest.

Gradually, though, appeasement was coming. He was able to chuckle. The chuckle broadened almost into a laugh.

"What a dream!" he exclaimed. "What a dream!"

There still remained in him, however, a slight vestige of doubt, of curiosity, which caused him to reach upward and pull at a small chain dangling up there above his nose. The action flooded the room with light, and he threw a quick look to one side.

It was all right. It had been a dream all right.

There she slept, in her twin bed, by his side—gently, peacefully, smiling like a little child, innocent and serene. He loved the way she slept. So daintily—you could hardly see her breathe—so beautifully composed.

Ah, there must be lots of fellows whose wives didn't sleep quietly like that!

He rose on his elbow and contemplated her. It was true that her nose was just the least, least bit out of line. But he liked that. It gave her gentle face a subtly amusing quality. It placed a subtle tender amusement in his heart.

He had slandered himself in that trial, in his dream. He had called himself an idealist! Well, he wasn't—thank God!—he wasn't. He perfectly liked things as they are. And he had slandered her. She wasn't too fat. Not at all! Plump—yes. Soft and round and luminous. He loved her that way—just that way.

He stretched across the bed and placed the flutter of a kiss on her little nose.

But this made him remember about himself. The trial, the scales. Dropping back flat into his bed he slipped his hand within the pajama belt and felt the tissue there.

Well, he was a little fat. But not so fat. You could still feel some sort of strong tissue underneath. Sure, you could feel the muscle underneath.

Still, it might not hurt to go back to the daily dozen for a while and cut out pie for dessert.

But what the deuce had made him dream that absurd, that grotesque and ridiculous dream?

Ah, he knew now. Accusingly his voice rose in the silent room. "That darned article about calories in the Thursday Evening Mail!"

That was it.

Raising his hand overhead, for the second time he pulled at the small chain. The room filled with darkness; he composed himself to sleep.

"Not an idealist!" he murmured, dropping off. "Not fat, either. Not fat, no. Not an idealist—no!"

Burroughs — the mark of a quality product — Burroughs

The little machine shop of Joseph Boyer (drawn from an old photograph)

Joseph Boyer

The Creed Of The Master Workman

The little machine shop of Joseph Boyer, where the dreams of so many inventors had been realized, was the birthplace of the first practical adding machine. William Seward Burroughs was the genius who created the idea. Joseph Boyer, master workman, materialized this idea into a serviceable and efficient machine.

Both inventor and workman were guided by the highest ideals of service and craftsmanship. To both, a perfect machine that would serve efficiently meant more than the money they would receive for it.

In those early days when money was scarce, there must have been many a temptation to skimp a little here, to let good-enough go there. But this was not the creed of the master workman.

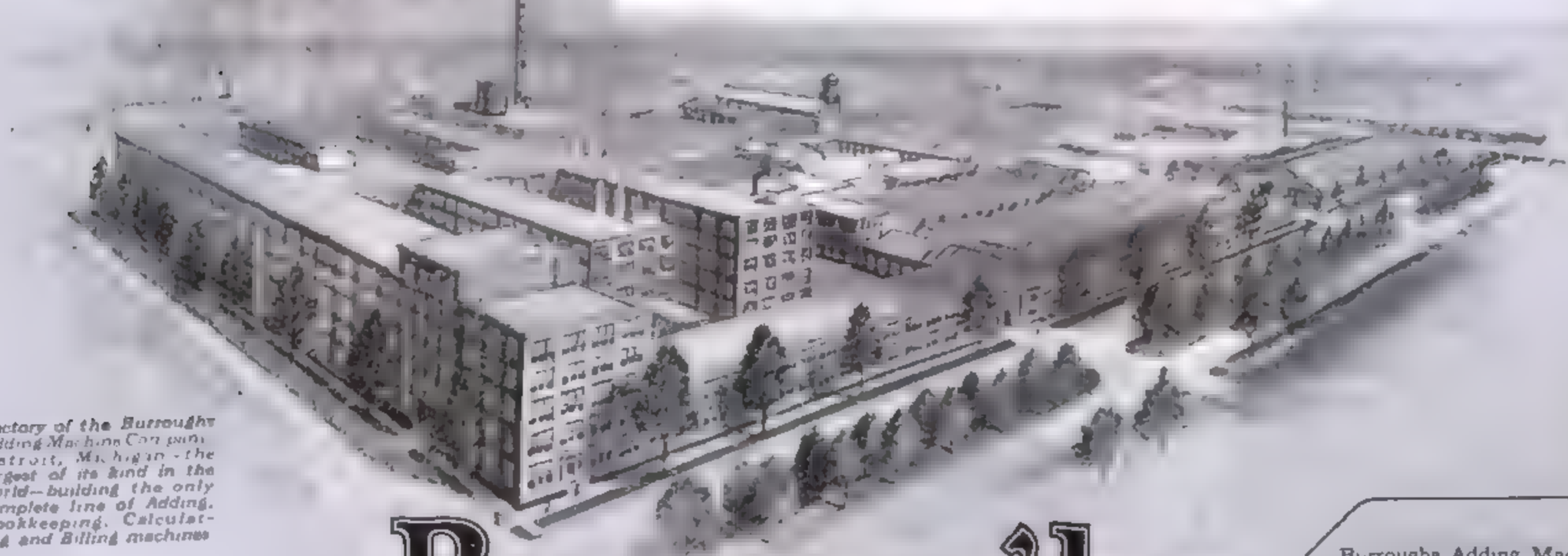
Throughout forty years of continuous growth and leadership—under the constant and dominant influence of Joseph Boyer—the Burroughs Adding Machine Company has rigidly maintained these quality ideals. His exacting mechanical standards are reflected in every machine built—in every test—in every process of manufacture.

No Burroughs machine has ever been made simply to sell. Each is made to do its work better than it can be done by any other method. Each is made to last indefinitely. That is why Burroughs has always been the standard of excellence in figuring machine equipment—that is why Burroughs machines have been accepted and endorsed by big business—that is why more than 750,000 Burroughs machines have been sold throughout the world.

Mr. Boyer, as chairman of the Board of Directors, still controls and shapes the destinies of this, the largest figuring machine factory in the world and the only one producing a complete line of adding, bookkeeping, calculating and billing machines.

With such tradition in the past—with such standards and guidance in the present, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company will continue to make vital contributions toward better business throughout the future.

Today Burroughs offices located in every civilized country on the globe are serving the figuring needs of the world's business men. If you live in one of the more than 200 cities in the United States and Canada where Burroughs offices are located, call our local office by telephone for a demonstration. Otherwise ask your banker for the address of our nearest office, or fill out and mail the coupon.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America's only motor car designed originally for both 4-Wheel Brakes and Balloon Tires—the two outstanding features of the season.

European Type Motor
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25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline
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Touring Car, $995 Coupe, $1195 Sedan, $1295 *Prices f.o.b. factory, tax extra*

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

ROLLIN

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

A Lot of Folks Wonder and Keep Writing me whether My Frog is All Bull or Just Some Frog and Some Bull, but I'm still claiming he's the Champion Seven Year Old Arizona Frog that ain't Learned to Swim yet—and Any Frog that weighs 27 and a Half Pounds and Whipped a Dog Last Year is Sure Some Bull Frog Both Ways from the Belt, even if he does live out here in this Little Corner of Hell and can't Swim.

He don't like Cold Weather and He Sleeps all Winter in under the Floor of the Laughing Gas Station and don't Come Out until it commences to Warm Up a Little, about 115 or 20 in the Shade, if there was Any Shade.

He ain't come out this year Yet, but the Other Day it was Kind of Warm and I guess he got to Dreaming and Turned over in his sleep and Bellowed or Croaked a Couple of Times right under the Floor where some Los Angeles Folks was eating Lunch and they left without getting through or their Change. They thought it was Another Earth Quake but they didn't say Nothing. Los Angeles Folks Never Do About Such Things.

A Lot of Folks make a Lot of Fuss about a Little Dirt, forgetting that the World is all made up of Good Clean Dirt of Different Kinds.

I never could understand why Some Women will let a Little Speck of Dirt Drive them Crazy and start so Much Fussing. Clean Dirt never hurt Nobody and if it wasn't for Dirt we couldn't Raise nothing or do nothing Worth While. A Lot of Dirt on your Face and Hands and the Front Room Floor isn't Half as Bad as a Little Dirt in your Mind and on your Conscience. Half the Trouble in the World Today is Too Many Folks with Clean Faces and Hands and Dirty Minds and Not Enough Folks with Dirty Hands and Clean Minds. Ain't it?

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

A Dollar Down

BEYOND the eons when the sun shall tread
His flaming circle of the sky;
When all the little days have fled,
The last pale moon has said good-by;

When human dust its last embrace
Has pressed, and love is done;
When we no more meet face to face
And man and earth are one;

In that far hour when worlds are mist
And suns have dimmed to ash—
Close by your side I will insist
Upon that weekly cash.

For there's a thing that never dies—
That outlives every man—
It is the payments that he makes
On the installment plan.
—Norman H. Crowell.

Every Week is Thrift Week in Our Town

OLD MAN FITZWALTER always stands next to someone reading the morning paper on the trolley so that he can get the day's news for nothing.

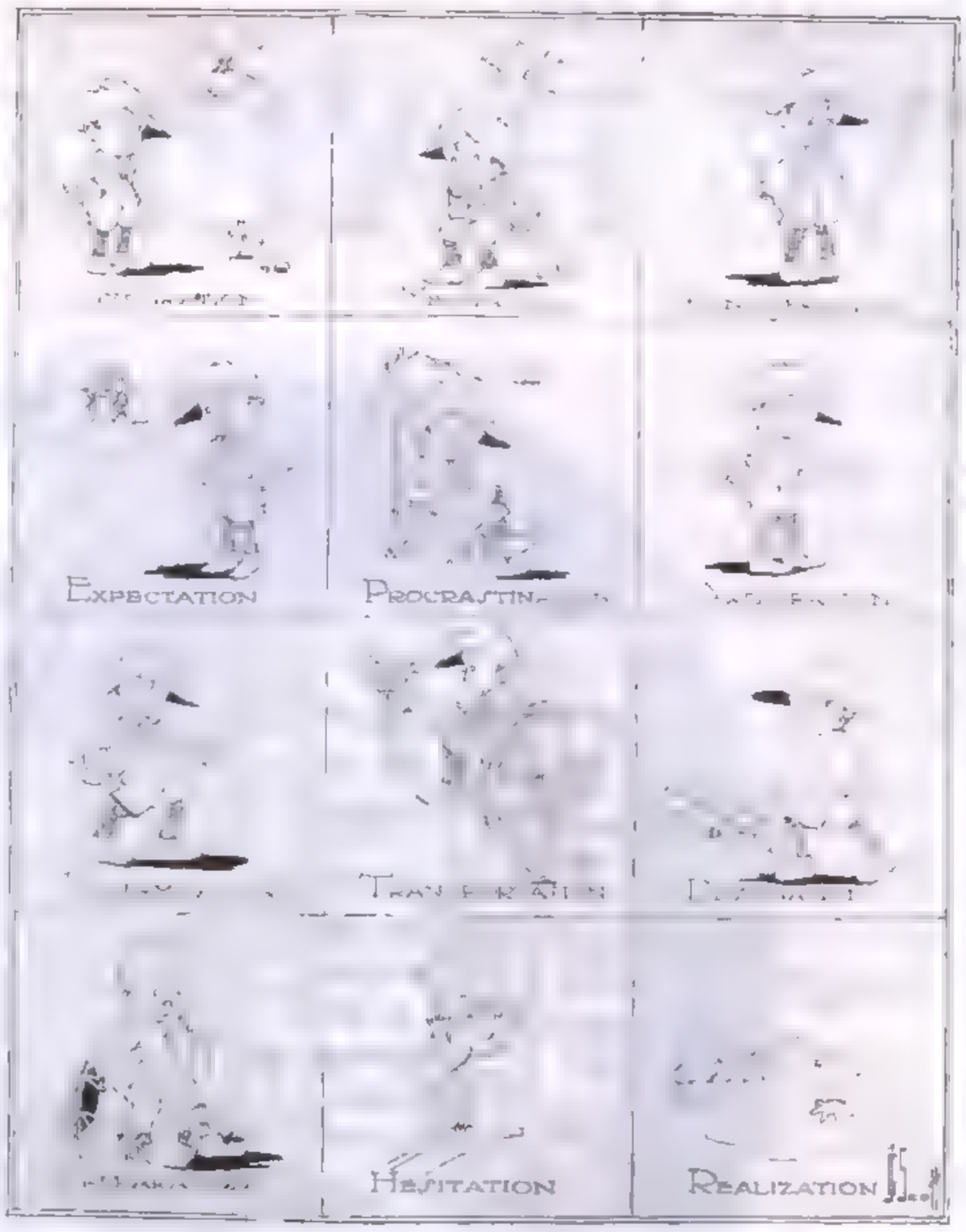
Miss Ann Burgess keeps a mirror setting at an angle by her hall window so that the reflection from the street lamp will serve to light up the hall.

Amos Clagg always makes it a point to walk ahead of the street-cleaning force to see if he can find any money along the gutter. He found fifty cents that way the year the war closed.

Willie Dawes sticks a toothpick through the butt of each cigarette and smokes it almost to the vanishing point. He says he does this as a matter of policy, to discourage small boys from picking up the ducks.

Mrs. Moffatt usually manages to call around at the homes on Front Street a day ahead of the Salvation Army representative. Her specialty is old rags. Those that will not do for patches make excellent dishcloths.

On Sunday, Deacon Stubbs takes up the collection and never fails to lead off with a silver dollar, which attracts everybody's attention when it strikes the collection plate. The dollar is getting badly worn from being polished so often. *—G. W. J. Blume.*



His First Swim of the Season

The Sign Painter of the Future

A Long-Distance Conversation

With Local Interpolations

(Can be Used on Any Telephone)

HELLO. . . . YES. . . . LONG DISTANCE CALLING? . . .
OH, MY DARLING, IS THAT YOU?
(Jean, that kid of yours is squalling!)
HOW YOUR DEAR VOICE THRILLS ME THROUGH!

DID YOU GET MY TEN-PAGE LETTER?
DEAR, MY VERY HEART AND SOU'L
(Say, be careful of that sweater.)
NO. (It's in my music roll.)

WAIT A MINUTE. (No.) FORGOTTEN?
WHY, I PROMISED FAITHFULLY.
ISN'T THIS CONNECTION ROTTEN!
No, it's Bryant 683.

ARE YOU SURE YOU LOVE ME?
(Mother,
Mr. Simms is at the door.)
YES, BUT STILL, SOMEHOW OR OTHER — —
(Tell him I'll be dressed at four.)

(Don't forget the hair net, Lizzie.)
HAVE YOU MISSED ME? . . .
AIN'T HE FRESH?
No, young man, this line is busy!
(Cap-shaped, Lizzie, single mesh.)

SURELY. . . . (No, it's rachel powder.)
AREN'T YOU THE AWFUL TEASE!
WHAT, DEAR? SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER.
Stop that buzzing, Central, please.

I CAN'T HEAR YOU. . . . WHAT? . . . THAT FELLOW!
NO, MY DEAR, I DID NOT COUGH.
(Tommy, stop that whistling.) . . . Hello!
HELLO! Gee! They've cut us off.

—D. DeJagers.

Don't Say I Told You—

I SPENT a week in Washington.
I loved its wealthy vandals,
Its pomp and show, punctilio,
And most of all, its scandals.

I heard men talk in Washington
About the nation's greatest;
Their talk it was but buzzbuzzbuzz,
And "Have you heard the latest?

"A Member of the Cabinet
(I must not name the vulture,
But he's the one supposed to run
The country's agriculture),

"He dug a garden in his yard,
And planted radish seeds there;
With hoe and spade he toiled, he sprayed—
There's nought but burdock weeds there!

"The Navy, firing a salute,
Just missed its Secretary;
And worst of all, an Admiral
Was seasick on a ferry!

"Thomas A. Edison, they say,
Was entertaining lately,
And Charles E. Hughes blew out a fuse
While making toast sedately;

"The Wizard tried in vain to put
The toaster in condition;
'Twas very sad; at last he had
To call an electrician!"

I love the buzz of Washington,
I love its toothsome scandals;
They spice the wine while people dine
About the shaded candles.

It pains the folk of Washington,
And seems to quite aggrieve 'em,
That soon their tales get in the mails—
And other folks believe 'em!

—Morris Bishop.

Announcing the NEW BALLOON

New Balloon Type

The New Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers

Insist upon Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers for use with all balloon and low-pressure tires —no other device offers you their advantages.

Regardless of the load in the car they allow the necessary amount of free play which balloon tires demand in order to absorb the small bumps, and at the same time they provide gradual brake action when the car springs require it.

They possess exclusive features which were developed after exhaustive analysis of low-pressure tire requirements.

Sales & Service Everywhere

Gabriel

TYPE SNUBBERS

The new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubber, for use with balloon and low-pressure tires, is, we believe, the greatest advancement in twenty years toward greater motoring comfort, riding ease, and safety.

The increased spring action and the greater upthrow which result when balloon or low-pressure tires encounter unusually *large* road bumps, are now for the first time, scientifically and thoroughly controlled.

At the same time, the new balloon-type Gabriel Snubber is so constructed that it permits absolutely free play of both spring and tire for their own absorption of *small* irregularities on apparently smooth roads.

In response to the demand of the public, the motor car manufacturer, and the tire manufacturer, Gabriel has produced a balloon-type snubber to meet the exacting requirements of balloon and low-pressure tires.

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1408 East 40th Street · Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Toronto, Ontario

Snubbers

Monito
SOCKS
100%
Comfort
THERE is 100% comfort in Monito's perfect fit—comfort that is reflected in good looks and authentic style.
And Monito Socks wear as well as they look; you can't find better socks anywhere.
Monito style number 529 is splendid for Summer wear.
Look for the Golden Moor's Head on each pair
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Monito
MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., INC
HARRISBURG PA
Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

Continued from Page 30

"Oh, yes, I understand that all right," snapped Garrishe a trifle acidly. "But there are quite a number of menfolk who are aiming for Miss Merlehurst queer customers, some of them. The one who gets her gets a husband's rake-off on the fortune—if Lord Kern dies." His voice thickened a little. "I've had a good deal of experience of the seamy side, anyway, and I don't know that I'd put it past some of the fortune hunters in this country to take a chance at Lord Kern for a chance at a million and a wife like Miss Merlehurst."

"Exactly, Garrishe. But I believe you can reduce the number of—shall we continue to say fortune hunters—to one. And he's to be found easily enough," explained Prosper smoothly.

"Oh, is that so?" The latent jealousy and hostility of the detective for Prosper were plain in his eyes and voice. "And who may that one be, Mr. Fair?"

"It is my good fortune to be able to claim that privilege, detective inspector," smiled Prosper.

"You, Mr. Fair! Is Miss Merlehurst going to marry you?"

"I believe so. But I have no intention of killing Lord Kern because of that."

Garrishe flushed.

"No; of course not," he agreed. "But all the same, you seem to know a whole lot about the business of the pyramid and Lord Kern and the gold, don't you?" His hostility was markedly plain now. "I suggest nothing, you understand, Mr. Prosper Fair—except that Prosper Fair isn't your right name. But I'd feel a lot easier in my mind if you'd let me hear just exactly why you concerned yourself in this business at all."

Prosper smiled at him.

"Very well," he said quietly. "I did so because I am just another eccentric—like Lord Kern."

"Yes, I know that. But what's your name—the one you gave the chief constable?" insisted Garrishe.

"I am the Duke of Devizes," said Prosper, softly, almost it seemed, apologetically.

There was a queer little silence. Then Garrishe spoke, eying Prosper closely.

"Yes, I've heard of you. Most of us have. Wandering about with a donkey. You're related to the chief commissioner of police, I believe. I ought to have guessed a little thing like that. But I didn't. Well, I'm sorry. I got a little—warm. But, anyway, I guess I won't be afraid of your trying to kill Lord Kern for sake of your wife's inheritance. For you're worth twice as much as he is, anyway, I imagine."

Prosper nodded.

"They say so; but," he added hastily, "I inherited it. I mean, it's not my fault."

"No, it's your misfortune," said Garrishe, ironically. "Are you holding my mistake against me?"

"My dear man, what a notion! Certainly not." Prosper offered his hand. "But I will ask you both to respect my little secret for a few days longer."

That was a condition easily accepted by both Barisford and the detective, though with a difference. Garrishe promised heartily and instantly. Barisford was less precipitate. But at last he said, "Oh, yes, naturally. I promise that. . . . I am glad—tremendously glad—for Marjorie May's sake, Mr. Fair. Yet of you both, I believe that you are even more to be congratulated than she. She will be a wonderful wife."

He smiled as he spoke. But for once the accustomed twinkle was absent from his eyes.

XXV

BARISFORD and Oxton did their night watch wholly without result; and they watched well, as Prosper, prowling quietly along the edge of the sunken garden at about an hour after midnight, realized when abruptly Oxton, noiseless on rubber soles, stepped out of the shadows and held him up with a cocked revolver pressed into his ribs until, very swiftly, Prosper made himself known.

But there was no sign of the killer. Cautious, crafty, like a wolf lurking about a baited trap, there was no sign of that one venturing out of his obscurity.

Garrishe, apparently itching to be unleashed at something tangible, was reproachful to Prosper on the following morning.

"If we do no better tonight I shall be in a hole with my report, Mr. Fair. I've got to get something send into headquarters by tomorrow," he said; "and I'm looking to you for it," he said uneasily.

Prosper laughed quietly.

"I don't think you will be disappointed, Garrishe," he said. "I've a feeling that there will be a little excitement for us all before midnight. I tingle today, Garrishe. That's because I am supersensitive to coming trouble. I woke up tingling. Something is going to happen today. I feel it in all my nerves and veins and sinews."

"Oh, but I hope it will be nothing very exciting," said a soft voice behind him. "I think we have all had excitement enough in Kern to last us a lifetime."

It was Mrs. Merlehurst, looking very slender and fragile in black.

"And so do I," agreed Prosper. "But there will be a little more, when our friend Garrishe arrests the man who has caused most of the excitement—probably tonight."

"Tonight!" Marjorie May, appearing at the French window, echoed Prosper's last words. Her exquisite voice thrilled a little high. It was clear enough why her mother thought that the excitement had reached a limit, for a child could have seen that the girl was excited. Her color was more vivid today, and her eyes were oddly brilliant.

She looked glorious as she stood facing them; but it was apparent to Prosper, as to her mother, that she was strung up to her highest key; and dazzling though it rendered her, in conjunction with her superb youth and natural loveliness, he would have preferred to see her less brilliant and more tranquil. Yet, he told himself as he watched her, smiling, she had more reason for excitement than most of them.

She loved him; she had confessed that to him the evening before; she was willing to marry him. But she believed he had no money except the pittance he was able to earn—enough to live a sort of gypsy life. She loved her mother, and her mother was almost penniless.

But it was just possible that within twenty-four hours she, Marjorie May Merlehurst, might own Kern Castle and its surroundings—not a great fortune, she believed, but enough to put them all out of reach of money troubles for years.

She understood what their eyes were saying.

"Oh, yes, you think I am excited—and indeed I am. Today means so much to me, you see—to us all. I had a dream—a lovely dream. In my dream Lord Kern did not come back, but he wrote a letter to Mr. Enderby saying that he was very content where he was and that he desired the castle to be mine—ours"—she caught her breath, her color deepening—"and it was ours, in my dream."

Garrishe nodded, moving back.

"And it may be yet, Miss Marjorie," he said. "So I'd better be moving—to see that nobody runs off with it."

He went away through the orchard, doggedly heading for the path to the pyramid.

"I don't think I would let the dream make too much impression, my dear," said Mrs. Merlehurst. "For it is almost certain that Lord Kern will arrive here today. Don't you think so, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper nodded gravely.

"Unless the Colossic has foundered in the Channel—which is almost impossible—it is certain that Lord Kern will arrive in plenty of time to take back his tantalizing gift," he agreed.

Marjorie May's face clouded a little.

"Oh, yes, I know. Only, it is nice to dream, to play at make-believe just for a few hours," she said, and came to her mother, slipping a strong young arm round the drooping, slender figure. "After all, it is most of all for you, darling, that I wanted the place. For you—and perhaps for Prosper, too," she confessed. "And a little for myself. Oh, I am not ashamed to confess that I love castles and old gardens. I don't care today, even if you think I am greedy. I am all tingling today. When I wake up tingling I know something is going to happen."

"But I am tingling, too, Marjorie May," said Prosper. "Why, it is like that with me too!"

Marjorie kissed her mother.

"There, darling, that just proves that something is going to happen."

"Yes, dear, and I know what will happen if you do not compose yourself today," said Mrs. Merlehurst.

Marjorie stared.

"I shall walk in my sleep again," she said, her voice falling a little, "as the doctor said. Very well, I won't be excited any more. Though even if I were—even if I walked I should be safe." Her hand slipped almost unconsciously into Prosper's. "Shouldn't I?"

"I think I will venture on the statement that you would be safe, Marjorie May," said Prosper in his silkiest voice.

But, nevertheless, she was much too intelligent to encourage the possibility of somnambulism.

"All the same, it would be better not to get excited, and so I think I will do some work," said the girl, "and we will play tennis all the afternoon, if you like, Prosper."

She turned back into the house, but paused on the threshold of the French window, looking sidelong at them.

"But still—it is exciting, after all," she said, laughed and vanished—to reappear a few moments later with a silk handkerchief eclipsing her sunny hair, a duster in one hand and a bit of her mother's cherished—if mortgaged porcelain in the other.

They watched her from the veranda for a little, then Mrs. Merlehurst turned again to Prosper.

"You think that there will be an end to the excitement after today?" she said.

Prosper nodded.

"Yes; I believe that the man who committed those crimes in the sunken garden will be arrested tonight, and also that Lord Kern will come back to take possession of his own again. After that the very best thing that Kern village—all of us—can do is to try hard to forget the whole terrible business."

She nodded, without speaking. It was not necessary to tell Prosper that as long as she lived she could never forget the Kern affair.

So they started their day with the resolution that there was to be no excitement. As far as Marjorie was concerned, that was, of course, about the same thing as making a resolution not to look pretty that day. The girl was in much the same position as one who, needing money badly, has drawn a possible winner in a big racing sweepstake. She had lived too long on a narrow and dwindling income not to realize what it would mean to her mother, herself and—she dreamed—to Prosper, if by chance Lord Kern did not return to take back his own. She did her best to be normal, but the air was electric at Mavisholme that day. Prosper's nerves were taut and he knew it. And Mrs. Merlehurst, if not excited in the sense that Marjorie was, made but a poor attempt to conceal a very palpable nervousness which possessed her. She seized an opportunity to explain this nervousness to Prosper when they were alone for a moment.

"I am uneasy—I can't hide it today," she said. "You said that you are watching with the inspector at the castle tonight, and that the murderer will probably be arrested. Does that mean that you are going to help arrest him, Prosper?" Prosper saw that she was trembling a little, and she saw that he saw it. "Tell me —— Oh, I am all nerves today. Prosper, please don't run any risk—for my little girl's sake. I dread to think how she would take it if there were—if an—an accident happened to you. She worships you. I don't want her to have the unhappiness that I've had. She is so good, and she has been so gay, so joyous and courageous always in all our difficulties, keeping up appearances; she has worked so hard, too, like a—a—little Cinderella, that it would break my heart if she were robbed of her happiness after all."

Prosper's lips tightened. It was no part of his program to allow the killer to blot him out. But he was very well aware that the most carefully cut-and-dried program of a Kern night's entertainment was always liable to sharp, sudden and intensely drastic revision at the hands of a sardonic fate. His brows knit at the thought. He drove it out—or tried to. Not at all the sort of thought to toy with just now.

Inside the house, changing her shoes for tennis, Marjorie May was whistling like a small boy—a trick of hers. He listened.

(Continued on Page 111)

Light–revealing yet flattering –mellowed by soft-toned window shades

by Helen Richmond

Do you know a secret clever hostesses have discovered? Half the success of their entertaining depends on the way their rooms are lighted!

Most of us instinctively shrink from strong light. It's definitely bad for the eyes. Then, too, it is so mercilessly revealing. In a hard, glaring light every little defect in toilettes and complexions becomes all too evident, just as the loveliest of rugs and hangings lose their finer tones of color.

So wise hostesses strive to create a suffusing glow, which flatters by its play of soft radiance and velvet shadow. Controlling the light in this way doesn't mean shutting it out completely and creating a general gloom.

It simply means modulating the sunlight with window shades as you would artificial light with lampshades.

Let soft-hued window shades work magic for you with daylight. Shades, delicately tinted, infuse warmth and cheer into a cold, gray day. And when the full afternoon sun is blazing in your windows, they bathe your rooms in a mellow glow that positively adds beauty to beautiful furnishings – makes attractive guests look even more attractive.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

If the shades now at your windows aren't mounted on those noiseless, smooth-running Columbia Rollers, then you have a real treat coming to you when you buy new shades. If you are already using Columbia Rollers, then you know what merchants mean when they tell folks about the 30% to 40% longer life and power of Columbia Rollers.

And when it comes to shade cloth, you'll find the beautiful Columbia tone-colors (listed at the right) in various grades, all the way from 75c to $2.00 per shade.

Just a glance through Elsie Sloan Farley's delightful book, "Beautiful Windows," will convince you that it is worth many times its cost to you. Send 10c for your copy today. *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Chamois—No. 295
Persian Gold—No. 311
Strained Honey—No. 348
Circassian Brown—No. 354
Etruscan Ivory—No. 280
Plaza Gray—No. 47

Some colors great decorators advise

Beautifully toned window shades, used discriminatingly, can produce an effect of mellow light in every part of the house! For even the most workaday room *Columbia* colors achieve harmony and restfulness.

The room on the dark north side that you instinctively avoid on chilly days, can be made just as desirable as the sunny southern exposure. Shades of Chamois, Persian Gold, Strained Honey or Circassian Brown transfuse the pale, thin light with their own lively colors and create an atmosphere of inviting warmth.

On the other hand the glare which frequently distresses you in rooms flooded with sunshine can be modulated to a restful glow by shades of Plaza Gray or Etruscan Ivory.

Uniformity of color on the street side is, of course, highly desirable. The new *Columbia* Twi-tone Shades (a different color on each side) are made to meet just this requirement. You can, for instance, choose Etruscan Ivory for the street view of your windows and have either cool Plaza Gray or warm Circassian Brown on the inside.

Columbia WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

This is No. 5 of a series of advertisements answering the questions most frequently asked about the packing industry. We are glad to hear from anyone desiring information about our business. Write us if there is something you want to know.

Meat Cannot be Sold on a Cost-plus Basis.

It Must be Sold for What People Will Pay

TO pay farmers "cost-plus" for meat animals, packers would have to sell meat at "cost-plus." Neither method of doing business is practicable or possible in the packing industry.

Meat, being perishable, must be sold for the best price obtainable. Neither the packers nor the retailers can arbitrarily make the price which the consumer pays. Both try to get a price which will yield a fair profit. If the public will not buy at that price, the meat must be sold at whatever price it will bring. *Unlike many other commodities, meat cannot be held indefinitely.* It would become a total loss if not sold in a reasonable time.

In other words, when a packer buys cattle, hogs, sheep and lambs, he has no assurance whatsoever that the price he will get for the meat and by-products will pay the cost of the live animals, the cost of converting them and a fair return on the money invested in his business.

That in itself is a sufficient reason why it is impossible for the packer to guarantee to the farmers their cost of production plus a profit.

Another reason is that economic law cannot be evaded by farmers, packers or retailers. They can obtain a return on their efforts only from those who need their products and services and who are willing and able to pay for them.

When production is not sufficient to meet demand, prices rise. This encourages greater production. When production exceeds the need, prices fall, and this, in turn, brings about lessened production. In that way supply is balanced by demand, though the balance is seldom exact.

Competition among 1300 meat packers and thousands of local slaughterers leads to improved processing and marketing methods and tends to develop a greater demand and a wider market, with a consequent better price for the farmers' products.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 108)

It occurred to him that life meant much—incredibly much to him. And the killer was not just a word; he was very much, indeed, what the word meant. Another dead man more or less would mean literally nothing to him. Prosper realized that now rather more clearly than ever before, and a great deal more clearly than he liked. Then he caught himself up sharply. There was nothing to be achieved by following that train of thought, except a possibility of meeting the pallid specter of fear, which has confronted so many brave men who have given hostages to fortune. He realized that—and began to roll a cigarette.

"Oh, don't distress yourself for an instant about that," he said. "I confess I am much too fond of life just at present to take any unnecessary risks Do, please, not let that worry you a bit. Garrishe is one of the best men at Scotland Yard, and I understand something of the gentle art of surprise attack. It is all arranged—beautifully. There is literally no risk, no danger at all. As a matter of fact, I may whisper to you that the man will be taken quite unawares."

She believed him, he saw that, and she brightened up.

"But oh, I shall be so glad when tomorrow is here and we can all seem to start again!"

Prosper agreed very readily with that, as he rose to tighten the tennis net.

Whatever may have been waiting for them all behind the somber curtain of the coming night, nothing happened to mar their afternoon, though one curious little incident cropped up.

They had just finished playing when the violent crepitations of an unmuffled motor exhaust came volleying through the village and ceased abruptly outside the gate of Mavisholme. Marjorie May and Prosper were kindly assisting each other to slacken the net as a man—evidently from the car—appeared through the arch in the filbert hedge and stepped onto the lawn.

It was Mr. Eyre-Weston. He was smiling as he appeared, but the smile vanished and he stopped short as he saw Prosper. For a second he stared, seeming to sway slightly, then turned abruptly and passed out of sight again.

Only Mrs. Merlehurst saw him, and her bitter experience of old time made it easy for her to diagnose his trouble. He had been motoring with young Enderby in that ne'er-do-well's ramshackle tenth-hand old racing car, and both probably had been drinking, though Eyre-Weston had not drunk so much that he failed to realize that he was not quite in form to compete with Prosper for Marjorie May's smiles this afternoon.

Mrs. Merlehurst said nothing of this caller to the others. It was her chief concern that day to save Marjorie May as well as she could from any excitement, and a feeling of self-reproach for not mentioning it to Prosper worried her all the rest of the day.

But it was worry in vain. Prosper, quick-eyed as he was quick-witted, had seen this self-conscious caller.

For a long time after tea the three sat talking on the lawn. Prosper was telling them stories of queer, simple little adventures he had enjoyed from time to time when wandering about.

Marjorie May made it clear that she, too, wanted some day to go wandering about with him, please.

The sun seemed to balance wonderfully for a moment on the level ridge of the house; then slowly slid down on the far side, and the lengthened shadows on the green turf grew less and less clear-cut. Once the parlor maid, very trim and dainty in her sharp black and white, brought Prosper a telegram. He read it.

"No answer, thank you, Lucy," he said, and read the telegram to Marjorie May and her mother. It was quite short.

"Colossic arrived midday. K on board. Dale," read Prosper.

"I thought you would like to know," he added quietly.

"Yes, thank you." Marjorie May's voice was oddly subdued. Prosper reached out and took her hand.

"Never mind, never mind, my dear," he whispered.

A little later it was brought out to them by Lucy that ex-Sergeant Major Cass had reported. Prosper asked permission that the excellent Cass should stand by in the kitchen. Mrs. Merlehurst seemed glad to give it.

"Oh, of course, yes," she said with a little start from reverie; "as long as he likes. I am glad he is there."

Slowly the painted sky, westward of the house, lost its deep fires, and the gray shadows, forerunners of the night, joined hands in the corners of the garden.

"I think we ought to go in now—the dew," said Mrs. Merlehurst, with careful casualness.

It was just as they entered that somebody called from the gate.

"Why, mother, it's Nora!" Marjorie hurried down to meet her.

It appeared that Mrs. Oxton was in search of hospitality: she wanted to know if she could stay the night. Her nerves had been jumpy all day, she claimed, and as Fred purposed sitting up that night with an ailing horse—"Fred isn't happy unless he feels the pulses of all the duke's horses every half hour"—she thought she would like a little change. She was welcomed and made much of.

Marjorie May and she were busy at the piano when Prosper went out to see Cass, and it was Mrs. Merlehurst who received him at the French window when, after a few pacings across the lawn with the ex-dragoon, he came back to the house. Her face was pale in the twilight.

"You think we do not notice, Prosper, but you are wrong," she said quietly. "I have been watching you and thinking. It is your doing that Nora has come to keep us company tonight, isn't it—because of our nerves?"

"Yes, of course," agreed Prosper airily. "I wanted that. Nora will be company for you inside; and outside, Cass will be about around the house all night. It's all unnecessary, but I know what nerves are, little mother. Be sure that you and Marjorie could not sleep more safely if you were guarded by a regiment."

He laughed softly, reassuringly.

"Nerves—all nerves," he said. She laughed a little, too, but her "Thank you, Prosper," was grateful.

Then they went in, and a few moments later Prosper left—"to meet a man he expected"

But the man he met was Detective-Inspector Garrishe, whom he found awaiting him with a gas mask in one hand and another hanging at his chest, by the path to the pyramid.

"Good," said Prosper, and slipped the loop of the satchel over his head. "We probably won't need these, but it's as well to be prepared."

He stared at the sky over Kern.

"There's going to be a moon tonight," he said, and carefully examined the big blue automatic pistol which Garrishe had given him with the mask.

"All right? Good! Forward, inspector—the path to Kern—and promotion!"

XXVI

IN THE still shadows of the yew hedge nearest the pyramid Prosper halted.

"There is plenty of time," he said quietly; "and in any case, it's almost certain that the killer won't go underground after the gold tonight."

"Then what's the idea of our waiting here?" demanded Garrishe.

"To receive and protect—if he comes, as I believe he may—Lord Kern."

"Protect him? Who from? This killer?"

"Yes."

"But why should he kill Lord Kern?" demanded the detective.

Prosper explained.

"It might give him a little more time to get at the gold. If he killed Kern tonight, and concealed him, Miss Merlehurst would not instantly take possession. There would be certain legal formalities—delays, and he might use that time for a raid on the gold."

"But it's being watched. We could watch it—six of us, more if necessary—every minute of the day!"

Prosper laughed dryly.

"Do you think that would matter to the killer? He could still make another raid. I'll explain that later—no, it will explain itself. Put up with me for another hour or so, Garrishe. After that you'll be in the spotlight."

Reluctantly Garrishe let it go at that.

"Right," said Prosper, and thought for a moment.

The distance-thinned wail of a locomotive whistle came faintly across the night as they waited, and Prosper spoke again:

"That's the last train coming in. I'll meet it. Kern may be on it, and there's nothing like taking time by the forelock. I might stop him from coming here at all tonight. After all, that would make it plain sailing for us."

It sounded like a man talking to himself.

"Will you hang on here for a little, Garrishe? I won't be long," suggested Prosper. "Keep close about the pyramid and just watch and listen. Don't mix into anything until I get back. You may make a mistake. I shan't be long."

"But the gold, man!"

"Never mind the gold. If the killer's out tonight he's out for something more destructible than gold," said Prosper, and was gone.

Garrishe stared into the dense shadows about the pyramid, grumbling under his breath, until it occurred to him that, after all, he was the man who should have been in control, not Prosper. It was simply because Prosper had succeeded where he, Garrishe, had failed that Prosper was in charge.

Like the hard-headed man he was, he thrust away his pique and concentrated on his work. That was less easy than it seemed, for even though it was no more than to focus his senses of hearing and of sight on the darkness, he presently became conscious of distractions. An owl in the woods behind began to hoot persistently and—it seemed to Garrishe, more accustomed to town work—weirdly. Presently it floated soundlessly down to alight at the apex of the pyramid and there discontinued its eerie vociferations.

Something ran swiftly past his feet—some small nocturnal hunter, a stoat or a weasel—startling him abominably for a moment. He swore under his breath and waited. He heard the locomotive pull out from the station and wondered if Kern had come.

A little wind wandered out of the night and began to play softly among the tree tops with a low sound like small waves crawling wearily on a sandy beach.

The detective's mind coiled about Lord Kern.

"After all, it's not so important as it looks. Even if he arrived a day or two late, Miss Merlehurst couldn't pin him to his gift for a few hours," he mused. "She could, I suppose, but she wouldn't. It would be a bit too thick. Not that it wouldn't serve him right. I'm fed up with these eccentric swells—fed—Kern, this Duke of Devizes, this broken-down cavalry major—fed up ——"

He checked suddenly, straining his eyes into the dark—tense, alert, listening. But it was nothing close at hand that he heard; only the faint rush of a passing motor some distance away. Then the church clock struck once.

"Half past nine. I could have been to the station and back twice over," said the detective to himself.

Slowly the darkness paled a little as the moon climbed, precariously it seemed, to the topmost branches of the great elm trees about the castle, and suddenly an owl at the apex of the pyramid hooted again, rose and fanned itself away toward the woods.

Then a footstep sounded faintly on the far side of the garden—that of a man wearing light leather-soled boots, without rubbers—and Garrishe stiffened, craning forward. Someone was approaching the pyramid. Garrishe believed that it was neither Prosper returning nor the killer prowling, for these moved silently. He waited.

The sound of footsteps drew nearer. Whoever it was that was approaching made no effort at all to conceal his coming, and he came confidently, like one who knew well his way.

Then Garrishe saw him—a shadowy form that came up under the pyramid and halted within a few yards of the detective. The newcomer seemed to be peering up at the pyramid.

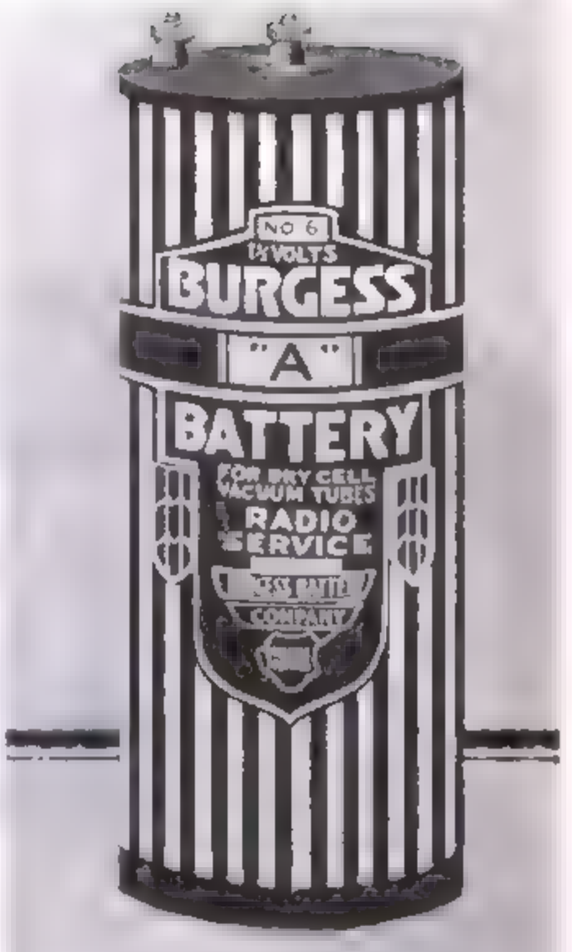
A second later a powerful torch shot a white shaft of light upon the gray flank of the leaden thing, and a deep voice spoke, reading aloud:

"'They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit.'"

There was a second's silence. Then the voice continued "—— shall not profit those that bow down and worship only. But——"

The light went out and Garrishe heard him draw a deep breath, almost like a sigh. The church clock struck ten as the man turned away.

(Continued on Page 113)



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Convince Yourself!

(Continued from Page 111)

"Ten o'clock," the detective heard him say to himself. "It's late to call at Mavisholme; but she would understand, and that was never an early household. And God knows, I would like to see her again. Ten years—ten years. If only to explain that their disappointment shall not be so great as it may seem ——"

Garrishe knew then that this was Lord Kern. He remembered the sound of the motor and guessed that it was by car the builder of the pyramid had come.

"Why couldn't he go to the Kern Arms and do his inspecting and calling like a sane man at a sane time in the morning?" muttered Garrishe.

He hesitated a moment, considering irritably whether to follow Kern or remain at his post. He remembered that Prosper had said that their object in waiting in the sunken garden tonight was chiefly to guard Lord Kern, not to capture the killer, whose taking apparently was to be achieved elsewhere. The detective decided to follow Kern, who, already a vague shadow, was moving toward the yew-hedge exit leading into the footpath that wound away to Mavisholme.

"Knows his way, evidently," muttered Garrishe, and moved to follow.

But he checked himself, for even as he moved another figure had come, ghost-silent, out from the gloom under the pyramid, following Lord Kern.

Garrishe started—the killer! His hand flashed out from his pocket, gripping the automatic. But he steadied himself as he realized that the second figure was that of Prosper Fair. And it was during this pause that, soundless as a tracking beast of prey, yet another shadow stole out from behind the pyramid, silent and swift on the heels of Prosper.

Garrishe hesitated no more. He moved quickly along on the trail of the third man, his pistol ready in one hand, a torch in the other. And now there were three men moving before him along the path to Mavisholme; and Garrishe knew that the first of these was Lord Kern and that the second was Prosper Fair, and he believed that the third was the killer. He realized the danger to Prosper, and even as he reached the yew-hedge exit his lips opened to shout a warning to Prosper.

But the cry died away, unuttered, as a sudden blaze of light poured down the pathway toward him and a low but distinct challenge shot out from the second man—Prosper's voice.

"Halt, you! Don't move a finger!"

Somebody laughed softly—a familiar sound. It was the third man.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Fair?" he said in a low voice. "I thought I was on the track of the killer."

It was Barisford's voice. Garrishe was aware of a surge of relief as he hurried up to them.

"I'm sorry if I startled you," said Barisford. "The fact is I couldn't settle down indoors—nerves, I suppose—all Kern folk are suffering from nerves just now—and I decided to prowl down to the pyramid to see how you and Garrishe were getting on. I saw two figures—one following the other—and that looked intriguing enough to follow up. I didn't think you were one of them—had a fixed idea you would be in the castle, or under it, near the gold."

He turned, as Garrishe came up, and his eyes widened.

"Why, Garrishe! Then who's that man in front—the man you were following, Fair?"

"Lord Kern!" snapped Garrishe. "I heard him talking to himself at the pyramid. He's going to Mavisholme. I think we'd better follow him. He sounded a bit odd to me."

"Odd!" Barisford's voice was anxious. "Then, in God's name, let's get on to the house. We can't allow him to scare them."

Prosper was certainly no less eager, and they pushed on after Kern. But he must have known the path as well if not better than they, for their next sight of him was as he stepped into the zone of light before the French window opening onto the Mavisholme veranda. Even as he did so a man ran round a corner onto the veranda with a hoarse command to halt. But he was too late—as was Prosper, springing onto the veranda at the same instant.

Mrs. Merlehurst had come to the window and was looking out. She recognized Kern at once, but had no time to speak before the others were facing her. She stepped back and Nora Oxton came to her side.

It was, after all, Prosper who spoke first, his eyes searching the room for Marjorie May. But she was not there.

"Don't be startled; nothing serious has happened. Only—as you see—Lord Kern has returned and we are acting as a sort of escort in case of accident," he explained—"without his knowledge."

Mrs. Merlehurst smiled, her relief palpable. She faced Kern and her fine eyes widened as she came up to him, offering her hand.

"It is really you, Charles? Home again at last. I am glad to see you—to welcome you."

He took her hand with a sort of hunger.

"Thank you, Rose. I wanted to hear someone say that. I feared there would be nobody who cared to say it, and I had no right to expect to hear it from you—or anybody else."

He was speaking nervously, in a deep, rather fine voice, and his eyes did not leave her face. It was as though they two were quite alone.

"Time has almost stood still for you, Rose," he said impulsively. "You are the same as you were ten years ago."

She was looking at him with a strange intentness.

"You have changed extraordinarily," she said in a curious, subdued voice, oddly fraught with a note that, to Prosper, seemed congratulatory.

Lord Kern nodded.

"I believe—no, I know that I have changed. I have educated myself." His voice rose a little, touched with a kind of triumph. "I have changed greatly, and that was why I came back—came home again. You shall see."

Mrs. Merlehurst smiled faintly.

"I have already seen that," she said.

Prosper, studying Kern's lean, clean-shaven, worn face, his deeply seamed forehead, thin lips and rather sunken, dark eyes judged that this man had known much suffering, endured much hardship. He, too, could believe that he had changed greatly from what he had been in the old days, for there was no sign in those deep eyes of the bitter, rapacious avarice for which he had been notorious; nor in the steady voice, the grave, controlled face, any hint of the extreme eccentricity which had notoriously been his chief weakness.

It was the face of a very sane, serious-minded man with a well-balanced mind that Prosper studied in a mirror behind Mrs. Merlehurst.

Then Kern seemed suddenly to become aware that he was not alone with the woman for whom his passion of old had been so overwhelming and had borne such tragic fruit. Mrs. Merlehurst introduced him to Nora Oxton. Then he half turned, facing the three men. Barisford he recognized instantly.

"How are you, Raymond?" he said, offering his hand with that composure which in a certain class of Englishmen is so often mistaken for coldness. He smiled as he spoke.

"The years have been kindly to you also. I hope Fortune has been as kind."

Barisford shook hands.

"Thank you, Lord Kern. I have nothing to complain of," he said rather queerly.

"We, too, must talk over many things presently, Raymond. I seem to remember that I was a heavy burden to you in the old days."

The deep eyes rested on Prosper, and Kern's brows knitted unconsciously like those of one trying to recall an old memory. Mrs. Merlehurst introduced them.

"Prosper Fair!"

Kern's dark eyes brightened as he repeated the name and Prosper saw that the memory had homed. His likeness to his father had not infrequently been a little awkward. He made haste to amplify the introduction.

"Prosper Fair—just a wandering painter in oils, Lord Kern," he explained very clearly.

Kern seemed to understand.

"A noble, but often an ungrateful profession, Mr. Fair," he said.

His glance moved on to Garrishe, who introduced himself. For Garrishe was there on business and was not the man to disguise the fact.

"And I am Detective-Inspector Garrishe, of Scotland Yard, my lord."

"Ah! I am glad to make your acquaintance, inspector," said Lord Kern, paused a moment; then added, "And I trust earnestly that I shall soon improve it, for I have heard of strange doings here at Kern."

"I agree," replied Garrishe crisply. "We believe that there is a great deal of information bearing on the recent happenings at Kern Castle which your lordship will be willing, as a matter of public duty, to give us."

His tone was curt, with a sort of official civility. The detective knew what he was after and where he stood now. All Scotland Yard spoke in his voice. His eyes were keen and cold and his tone hard and precise. He was a very different man from that rather befogged and anxious person, hanging onto Prosper for clews.

He had a fine clew now, and he proposed to let the sentimental greetings wait until after business was over.

"I am here investigating the murders of two people—Mr. Larry Calhoun and an unknown woman, generally spoken of as the lady with the emeralds, and the suicide of"—he had the grace to give a queer, curt, deprecatory movement of his head to Mrs. Merlehurst as he rapped it out—"the suicide of Major Geoffrey Merlehurst, late of the Dragoon Guards. The murders took place near the Pyramid of Lead in the sunken garden of Kern, the suicide in Kern Lake, my lord. I am sorry to appear to intrude these ——"

He broke off suddenly, for Lord Kern had stepped back a pace, staring, horrified, motioning him to silence.

"Calhoun—a woman with emeralds—Merlehurst!" he said brokenly.

He sat down, covering his face with his hands.

"All through the folly of one misguided man," they heard him whisper.

But he recovered himself almost instantly and raised a white face, set and firm, to them.

"I am sorry to press for some sort of guidance, my lord, but even as I—we—stand here talking the mass of gold concealed in the pyramid by your lordship is there unguarded, unwatched, and the way to it is clear for the murderer," Garrishe went on jarringly, insistently.

A slow flush flowed darkly over the pale face of Kern.

"The gold, yes, the gold!" he said. "How bitterly I have repented of that folly in recent years—a thousand times—that madness! It was the gold that drew me home, like a great magnet."

His eyes were those of a man in torment. Prosper yielded to a deep intuition that the man deserved to be freed of these keen thumbscrews of pain which too obviously the detective, working grimly on ruthless but well-accustomed lines, was so inexorably tightening, and he spoke—in an entirely new voice, chill, distinct and authoritative.

"That will do, Garrishe!" he said sharply. "You exceed your rights. Lord Kern is suffering. There is nothing in the law or custom of this country which gives you the right to torment this man at this hour—newly arrived home, tired, a stranger in his own place, sorrowful."

"I've got my duty ——" began the detective harshly.

"Your duty is to be silent, Garrishe."

The grim and burly man from Scotland Yard was wrong—and knew it. He was silent.

Lord Kern stood up, his face livid. Again he had mastered himself.

"But if murder has been done, I ——"

Him, too, Prosper checked.

"Permit me, Lord Kern!" His hand flashed to his pocket. "I will name the murderer at once!" he rapped.

But he did not, for even as he spoke the door of the room swung open silently and a little slender figure came in, moving slowly, staring straight before her.

It was Marjorie May—Marjorie May, wide-eyed, with her gleaming hair unbound, flowing about her shoulders, clad in no more than a long white nightdress, and barefooted. Her face was faintly flushed, her red lips parted, and her hands were a little raised before her as though she guarded herself from some unseen but suspected menace—or some ugly sight. She was fast asleep; but her blue eyes, save for a certain wide fixedness, an unusual blankness, were wide open. The excitement of that day had had its effect. She had gone to bed early to please her mother, but she had arisen from it again. She was speaking low but distinctly, and a note of fear was in her voice.

Her mother made a lamentable gesture, mutely imploring them to be silent. They stood, watching her. Prosper's heart was racing, and he heard Barisford, with him, a

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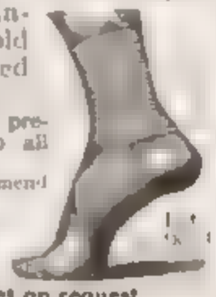

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little behind the others, draw a long, long breath, like an interminable sigh.

The girl's voice rose, thinner than usual, with a strange, tingling, singing sweetness, like the ring of a thin wineglass, and her eyes were fixed on something beyond them.

"They are all afraid to be in the garden, the sunken garden, but I am not afraid to be in a garden that will some day be my own. Dear place of dreams. Mother darling, don't ever be afraid of the gray pyramid; it means something. I can't tell you—I just know, my dear—unhappy for a little while—nothing—I have seen them—coiled—basking in the sunshine. They won't hurt you. They wind away when you come."

They watched her, spellbound; she was talking as people dream. Her wide eyes were fixed on the open French window as though she yearned to go to it and pass out into the night, but was conscious of some unseen barrier. And yet she talked as though she were in the garden, as though she were in two different places at the same time—even as people dream.

"I like to see the pyramid in the moonlight—birds alight—even the owls at night—floating—never any harm. . . . What is that?"

She recoiled sharply and her exquisite face blanched.

"Someone coming! Keep still—he will not see—he will not hurt you—control yourself—control yourself, Marjorie. But he is so near. Sh-h-h! He is carrying something—nursing in his arms—sh-h-h—dangling—like a dead man. Why, it is Mr. Barisford carrying—a dead man in the moonlight—only Mr. Barisford. There now, he is gone—into the shadows—o-oh!"

She ceased, sighing. And it seemed to Prosper that only then did the long, sighing inhalation of Barisford's breath cease. They were all craning to the girl.

"Oh, don't wake her, don't startle her!" breathed Mrs. Merlehurst.

But Prosper leaned across close to Barisford, whispering thinly at his shoulder.

"Man, did you hear? Did you hear?"

He was desperately excited, fighting against it. His fingers closed on Barisford's arm. They moved back a pace stiffly.

"Did you hear, I say? Barisford, I guessed it next morning. You left a shoe track by the yew hedge that night—behind her. I matched it with your shoe next morning."

Barisford's eyes were on Marjorie May, yearning, renouncing, tragic. The others were still intent on the little sleepwalker, for suddenly she had begun to weep softly. Barisford tore his eyes from the girl and faced Prosper.

"You, too, know!" he said drearily.

"From the morning after she came to the garden. It was you who lurked in the shadows behind her that night with the body of the Iron-Gray Man in your arms—en route for the lake, Barisford—escaped through the yew gap, threw Merlehurst—her own father; my God, the tragedy of it!—into the bushes a little off the pathway and came back calling 'Marjorie! Oh, Marjorie!' It was so welcome—you coming, calling. But, Barisford, I have a hundred proofs and ——"

Whispering there, they were like men in a nightmare.

"Garrishe will understand in a few seconds. Do you want to have all these people—friends—hounded through a sensational trial with only one possible finish?"

Barisford stepped out onto the veranda. In his open palm were four little white tablets.

His hand moved swiftly to his mouth as Garrishe came to the French window. In the darkness just beyond them Cass stood rigid as a sergeant major.

"Barisford!" rapped Garrishe.

"Here's your murderer, Garrishe!" said Prosper softly, and pointed at the lax body on the veranda. He was quite mad, you know. . . . Cass!"

"Sir!"

"Help Inspector Garrishe as well as you can."

"Very good, sir."

His nerves quivering, Prosper stepped in through the French window, closed it and unobtrusively drew the curtain. Neither Marjorie May, her mother, nor Nora Oxton was in the room now. Lord Kern stared up at him.

"She woke up, that child, and they have taken her back to her room," he said. "Where is Raymond Barisford?"

"He has killed himself. It was he who committed the murders at the pyramid," explained Prosper. "He was accursed with a queer streak."

Lord Kern nodded.

"I know. Aren't we all? I know I was: but, God helping me, I have outlived it. More fortunate than Raymond. Yet it was my fault at the beginning."

Vainly Prosper shook his head.

"Don't blame yourself, Lord Kern. It goes farther back than that. What's bred in the bone ——"

Kern finished it.

"—— comes out in the blood, yes; and if one can't conquer it, what hope is there?"

The door opened and Nora Oxton came in. Lord Kern rose to meet her.

"Is all well?" he asked.

Nora smiled

"Sound asleep in her mother's bed," she explained.

Prosper accompanied him to the Kern Arms, at which he had engaged rooms. During the walk Lord Kern asked many questions about the tragedies so recently enacted in the sunken garden, and especially the part played in them by his former secretary.

"Barisford was accursed with a secret taint of criminal madness, but in all other respects a white man," Fair explained. "It killed him in the end, your Pyramid of Lead. I chanced to discover a few minor commissions and omissions on the part of the killer which convinced me that he was Barisford—a lucky shoe print; the fact that the only person safe in the garden was the girl with whom Barisford was in love, and who might some day possess the gold; the discovery that Barisford habitually searched my tent; that he was absent with a swollen neck when I was incapacitated with a bruised stomach; and the fact that Mrs. Merlehurst had not seen Barisford on a night that Marjorie May walked in her sleep and that thus he could not have known she had left her home, though he said he was searching for her; a few little things like that, including a small burglary at his house on a night he thought he was blinding everyone by taking his turn at watching the gold—when I succeeded in reading the book—a curious, rather saddening confession in diary form—of which he spoke tonight—almost his last words. He was an underpaid private secretary, and his courage failed him when his latent criminal taint whispered that it was not necessary to be poor all his life. He, too, knew of or guessed at the secret—something in your papers concerning the building of the pyramid suggested it, no doubt. He inherited a little money and lived on that while he worked so long and patiently to win the gold you melted and poured into the cylinder—worked so desperately that he arrived at a frame of mind in which he preferred to kill with swift poison gas rather than to let any other raider win the gold."

Prosper broke off suddenly, then added gravely, "Your idol had power to cause a great deal of misery, Lord Kern, securely though you buried it." For a moment there was silence. Then Prosper added, "And I believe you know why, even as I believe I have somehow managed to learn why."

Kern spoke.

"Yes, I know now. That was what I meant when I said tonight that I had educated myself."

He was silent for a moment, thinking. Then, with gravity he said, "I have been long, overlong, in learning a truth that everyone knows and few realize—that money needs to be managed and not misused. The root of all evil is mismanaged money, not just money because it is money. I suppose certain men—a very few—possess the essential meaning of that rather unimposing little phrase from their early youth. My apology is that I did not, and it was given to me to possess a very great deal of money. I hoarded it, treasured it, watched it grow big—and idle. I turned it into certain yellow stuff, very beautiful to me—gold, gold—and it failed me. It could buy me everything except the thing I wanted—I only wanted love. So I flew to the other extreme—embraced another fallacy.

"I abandoned it. I cased it in iron and stone and lead. It was just the fancy of a man, half mad, to lock it in cold iron, bind it about with solid stone, sheathe it all in the dead metal, lead.

"Yet even so, its force, something, bit through all and brought to their deaths even as you have said, certain unhappy folk. Gold—treasure—is not to be buried. It is not buriable. Bury it as deeply as you will, it is dug again.

"Man dreams of gold—the socialist, the capitalist and all men between these. They dream gold because they can no more help it than the sun can help rising in gold. For gold getting is creating, and that is the truth as I have learned it painfully and in great suffering. I have talked with ten thousand men—and ten thousand again and the deep thought of their deepest heart is of gold. Because they call it gold. But they would be nearer the truth if they called it creation. What man troubles to plant wheat in a wilderness in order to gain a surplus of wheat grains for toys? What does a socialist baker demand for his bread?"

He stopped abruptly

"No more. I have stated the thing as I see it now, not as I saw it of old. I have learned many things. And I have come home again to unlock my gold, to undam it, to irrigate dry channels, barren soils, to lubricate stiff wheels, and, as well as I may, to endeavor to create fruitfulness where now is sterility."

He looked at Prosper, his eyes weary, yet not without a promise of hope.

"I grieve for those dead people," he continued. "If it were possible I would restore to them their lives at the cost of my own. That is the truth, though I suppose few would believe it. I was mad once, now I am sane."

Prosper, touched, spoke quietly.

"I think that there is not one of those concerned in the affair of the Kern pyramid who, like you, will not be well content to let this night close like a closed door on the past and the morning break like an opening gate on a new future, a fresh start. Out of a maze of mistakes mankind painfully wins knowledge. I believe it is the use to which he puts his knowledge that blots out and justifies his errors, just as it is the uses to which he puts his gold that justify his possession of it."

They had by this time reached the Kern Arms.

Fair held out his hand.

"Good night," he said. "You would do well to inaugurate your return home with a pretty determined effort to get back some of the sleep of which you have denied yourself, or been denied, recently."

"I propose to do that," Kern agreed quietly, and so Prosper left him.

A small whitish object sitting in the inn porch greeted him as friends greet who have been separated for many long and weary months—Plutus, the carnivore, left in the porch half an hour before—and so they went off to Mavisholme through the moonlight, conversing together at leisure, like two who have done a good day's work for a fair day's pay and were wholly aware of it.

"And now, hound of my heart, we go to Mavisholme, having settled this matter of the Kern mystery," said Prosper. "There, in that house, we will abide for a little, basking in the rays of Marjorie May. We shall encourage, with our presence, the pending demolition of the pyramid and the beginning of the restoration of Kern; and by way of diversion, we will at times fare forth to the downs with Marjorie May and exhort the horses to gallop very furiously and fast for the credit of Mr. and Mrs. Oxton—and Mark. Then, after a little, we will abandon our ahas—as Garrishe might put it—and take Marjorie May home to Deerhurst."

He halted at the gate, looking along the deserted road. Somehow, it was lonely in the cold moonlight.

"Behold, Plutus," Prosper went on dreamily, "the spirit of prophecy moves within me. I say to you now it is written in the stars that Marjorie May will be a duchess whom we shall never cease to glorify. It is so written, I say, in the stars—that one over there. No, no, not that one, Plutus; that's Sirius, the Dog Star—your star, maybe. But the one of which I speak is called Venus."

He laughed, opened the gate, and, walking on the soft turf for sake of the sleepers within, went quietly toward the house, Plutus flickering, as quietly, after him.

(THE END)

Natural coloring is of greatest importance in choosing your rouge

—and of almost equal importance is the natural way in which you apply it

Madame Jeannette

IN a day when we acknowledge the use of rouge as frankly as yesterday we acknowledged the use of powder, it is well to stress, a little, the points that have given rouge this acceptance.

There are two intriguing facts that have given the world a favorable attitude toward women using rouge: one is the fact that it gives an added effect of beauty and health—and the other is that it is possible to find a rouge so natural-looking that it is easily mistaken for the natural flush of youth and health. This rouge is known to thousands of women who use cosmetics artistically. It is the famous Pompeian Bloom, which has earned its favor through merits of "exact coloring," and the complete purity of its ingredients.

The medium shade of Pompeian Bloom is so perfect for the average American woman that it would seem almost to fill a national demand! Yet, because among American women we find extreme types, we find Pompeian Bloom in the light ruddy tone for the one (Light Pompeian Bloom) —or in the dusky damask-rose tone (Dark Pompeian Bloom) for the others. And there is yet another type—brilliant and interesting—the woman with honey tones in her skin. She often has the hair with tawny tones of coppery gold or bronze. Her skin is not olive, nor white, nor ivory, nor pink, but a skin with some of the sunshine in it—and this type wears admirably the new addition to Pompeian rouges that is called Orange Tint.

How to select your rouge tone

This matter of selecting the right tone of rouge is one in importance with selecting the right shade of powder, for when these two agree in color-relation with the requirements of your skin, you have arrived at the triumphant point of cosmetic success.

Beautiful women accentuate their beauty by the artistic way they apply their Pompeian Bloom. They select the right shade of this rouge for their own color tone and blend it to duplicate nature's own coloring.

The Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom should most often be used with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder—there are some exceptions, of course, but in the great majority of cases this is true.

The Light shade of Pompeian Bloom should be used with Naturelle, Flesh or occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder, depending on whether the skin tends toward yellow, pink or the colorless white skin.

The Dark shade of Pompeian Bloom should be used most often with Rachel and in some cases with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Orange Tint has an exceptional value in tone and obtains slightly varying results with different powders and types of skin. It is quite gold or orange-colored in its compact form, but when it is rubbed onto the skin it becomes a rarely delightful tint that has the natural brilliancy of a maiden's cheek with its first touch of sun-kisses.

This rouge is often affected by women during the summer, as it combines beautifully with the warmer tints of the skin exposed to out-of-door activities. It is also the most successful rouge for the woman "with honey tones in her skin." It complements the Naturelle, and occasionally may be used with the White or the Rachel shade of Beauty Powder.

How to apply your rouge

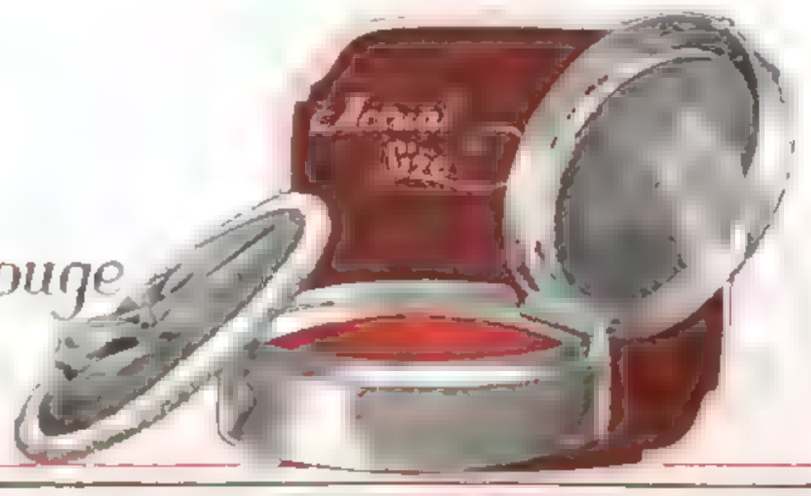
Having selected your shade of Pompeian rouge, and found its complementing shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, your attention should be centered on the necessity of "How to apply it so it looks completely natural."

The color in your cheeks forms an area that is somewhat triangular in shape. It begins at the highest point of your cheekbone and sweeps outward toward the upper line of your ears, then slanting downward it approaches the corners of your mouth. But never with hard lines! Never with any circumscribed rule of covering cheeks—rather with a perfect blending of rosy cheeks with a clear skin.

After reading my descriptions of types of skin and rouge-tones, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Bloom your skin needs. Price 60c per box. If you are in doubt between two tones, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

MADAME JEANNETTE

Pompeian Bloom—a rouge



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MADAME JEANNETTE
Pompeian Laboratories,
Dept. 472, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame Not being entirely certain which tone of Pompeian Bloom is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name

Address

City State

Please check the two shades desired for test

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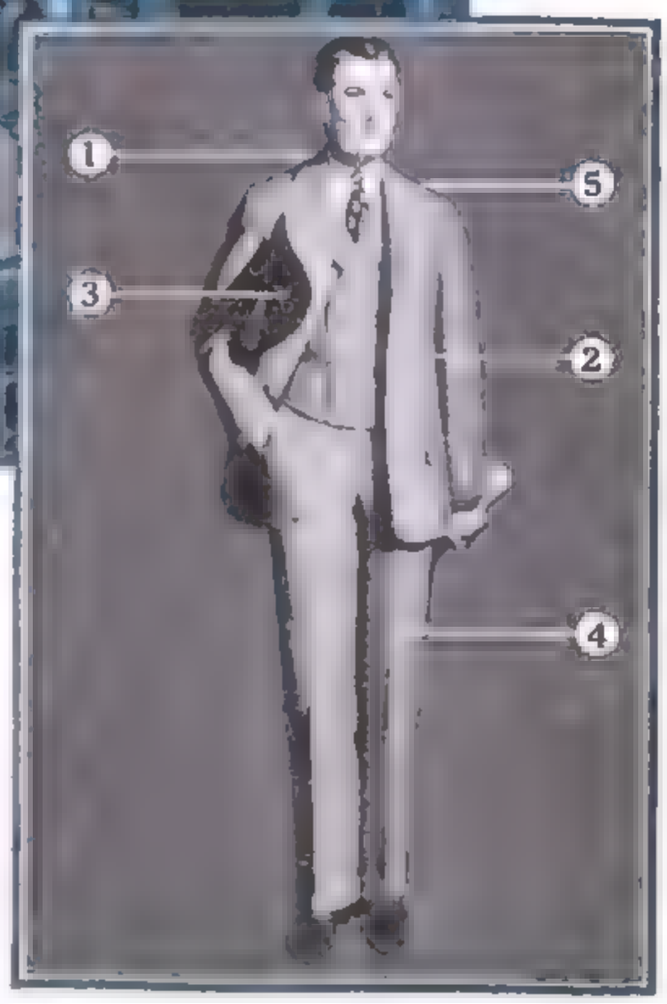

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A BETTER WAY OF PRESSING THAT *SHAPES* THE CLOTHES, GIVEN BY HOFFMAN PRESSES

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THE SILVER FOREST

(Continued from Page 5)

spend the night, Mrs. Pring took the occasion to introduce him to Grace Taber and Julie Rotch, with whom she shared one cabin.

Grace Taber greeted him with a quiet word and a faint smile in which he thought he perceived unhappiness; but Julie pressed his hand and said cordially, "It must be wonderful to live up here in such a beautiful country all the time, Mr. Coxon. Don't you find it so?"

"Well, it's what I'm used to."

"But don't you ever get lost? It seems so immense. Do you really know your way around?"

"Same as you do around your home," he assured her good-humoredly.

"I think that's marvelous," she insisted. "Everything up here just looks the same to me. Nothing but woods. Will we see a deer, do you think?"

He smiled in faint amusement.

"I expect we can find you one," he said. As he went toward the cabin where the men were lodged, he decided that in spite of her manner, Mrs. Rotch was a singularly level-headed young woman. "Take her in your canoe, nobody else around; she's prob'ly right sensible," he told himself.

Pring showed him where to stow the stuff in the other cabin, and he shook hands with the other men in the party. Wardle shook his hand and clapped him on the shoulder and called him "old man." Doctor Moal, whom Pring addressed as Chet, acknowledged the introduction with a nod and a word, and Coxon faintly approved his poise and manner.

Rotch was more effusive in his greeting. He produced a flask and urged Coxon to sample it, sought to override the guide's refusal, insisted that the contents were worth a trial. Pring had to interfere.

"Coxon's a teetotaler, Bert," he told Rotch. "He hasn't touched a drop since prohibition."

Rotch looked at Coxon in surprise.

"That so?" he asked. "What'd you stop for?"

"It looked like a good time," Coxon replied mildly; and though Rotch laughed, it was with a reservation, as though he felt constrained to an unwilling respect. But Wardle suffered from no such inhibition.

"That's a hot one," he exclaimed in his loud, jovial tones. "That's some little fairy tale." He clapped Coxon on the shoulder again. "Bet you freeze a keg or two of hard cider every winter. Come now, isn't that so?" Coxon not replying, he appealed to the others for confirmation. "How about it? Does he look like that kind of a blamed fool? I ask you!"

Rotch said good-naturedly, "Don't argue with him, Bill. The less he drinks, the more there'll be for us."

Pring touched Coxon's arm and stepped out-of-doors, glancing upward, where night cloaked the gray and overcast sky.

"I heard someone say you looked for snow," he remarked.

"It's apt to snow," Coxon agreed.

"That will give us some tracking, will it not?"

"Unless we get too much of it," the other suggested.

"It's rather early for that, is it not?"

"Yes; but you can't tell. It looked like it might snow quite a lot."

"I enjoy a storm up here," Pring said musingly. "The woods are never so lovely as when they are covered with snow."

A woman appeared on the hotel veranda and vigorously rang a bell.

"There's supper," Coxon commented, and moved away toward the hotel, while Pring returned to his guests within the cabin.

The guide was eating at a long table with other woodsmen when the newcomers entered the dining room. They immediately commanded the covert attention of everyone in the room. Their conversation, perfectly audible to Coxon and his companions, gave evidence that they were old and familiar friends. Wardle talked more loudly than the others, though there was perhaps better reason for him to moderate his tones. Coxon thought he appeared to be one of those men who feel it their duty to enliven any gathering in which they find themselves. He was a habitual buffoon; and if his jests were sometimes broad, the others seemed to expect nothing else from him. Yet there was apparent an undercurrent of distaste; and once or twice Coxon thought Wardle himself was not so sure of his welcome as he seemed to be. The other men were more silent, permitting him to monopolize the conversation. Rotch, relaxed in his chair, with his eyes upon the fork with which his fingers toyed, grinned in humorless fashion as he listened. Pring wore a sober surface cordiality, while Doctor Moal silently devoted himself to the victuals set before him, and even when Wardle's remarks were addressed to him personally, avoided a reply. Mrs. Pring and Grace Taber and Wardle sustained the conversation. Coxon thought the party, save for Wardle's presence, a well-assorted one.

After supper Pring stopped in the smoky lobby of the hotel and he and Coxon played four-handed cribbage with two guides, winning handily. When Pring decided he would go to bed Coxon walked with him to his cabin. There they found Rotch and Mrs. Pring playing bridge as partners against Doctor Moal and Mrs. Rotch; and until the rubber should be finished, Pring stayed outside with Coxon, considering plans for the following day. The voices of those inside came out to them and they heard Wardle's name mentioned.

Coxon said, with that freedom which old acquaintance justified, "Mr. Wardle don't seem like the kind that comes up here." Pring smiled.

"Bill is a curious fellow," he explained. "He's a stockbroker; but he inherited money, and spends most of his time enjoying it. Most people feel like kicking him, but he seems to take it for granted that you like him and enjoy his humor. He is a hard man to snub."

"Mr. Rotch don't feel the way you do about him," Coxon suggested, and Pring smiled.

"They are old friends," he replied. "But it just happens that Bill lost some money for Rotch. Wardle knows less about the stock market than I do, but he is always ready to give advice, and Rotch was foolish enough to follow it. Having done so, he blames Wardle instead of blaming himself."

The rubber ended and the players came out, the two women turning toward their cabin next door.

Doctor Moal asked quietly, "Where's Wardle?"

"We haven't seen him," Pring replied. "Did he go out?" The doctor hesitated.

"He and Grace started for a little walk after dinner," he said at last. "We supposed they were with you."

Wardle's voice came to them, from a point so near at hand they were startled.

"Here we are," he called loudly. "Who's paging us?" He and his companion came into the light which shone out of the window from a lamp within the cabin, and Coxon had a momentary impression that Miss Taber was pale and angry before she slipped past them and with a low word of good night disappeared into the other cabin. "We walked up the road a way," Wardle explained jovially. "Thought we might come on a deer, but the only wild life we encountered was a skunk. Startled Grace a bit, I think."

Rotch said insolently, "Shouldn't think she'd mind, being with you."

Wardle laughed aloud.

"Tally one!" he exclaimed. "But I'll get you for that, Bert. The drinks are on me. I've a bottle of bourbon handy, right in the top of my grip. Come inside."

He and Rotch went into the cabin, and Coxon saw Doctor Moal and Pring exchange glances.

The doctor said in a low voice, "You can't insult the man. He doesn't know what you mean."

Pring made no comment, and Coxon said good night and left the two together on the wide boardwalk before the cabins. He himself slept in the hotel, and as he finished his brief preparations for bed, his thoughts engaged themselves with the individuals in the curiously inharmonious group which would, from tomorrow, be in his charge. But for Wardle they would have been, he thought, sufficiently congenial; but the fat man's presence quite obviously made for discord and irked them all. To Coxon's sensibilities, always keenly attuned, the situation seemed vaguely to threaten misfortune or disaster. He was conscious of a momentary reluctance and dread. Pring, for all his courteous restraint, evidently resented Wardle's intrusion; and Rotch and Doctor Moal took no pains to hide their feeling toward the fat man. Whatever the attitude of the others might be, the hostility of the three men made for friction and might well, in that close communion which their surroundings would enforce upon them all, lead to unpleasant incidents.

Miss Taber was an element in the situation with which Coxon already perceived it might be necessary to reckon. There could be no doubt that she had some reluctant and unhappy tenderness for the fat man; yet it seemed to Coxon this feeling was not reciprocal. Her expression when she and Wardle emerged into the light of the lamp was fixed vividly in his mind.

It takes a very little discord to destroy the harmony of such a party as this one was to be. Coxon thought it was begun under the worst of auspices.

III

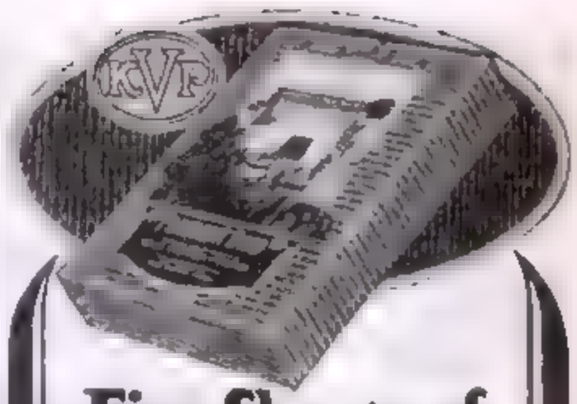
THEY reached the camp at Curlew Pond in time for lunch next day. The journey had been made, first by motortruck across the height of land from lake to river; thence by motorboat upstream, and up a small tributary brook which was the outlet of the pond, and then up the length of the pond itself. The twenty-mile journey occupied some three hours' time, and after leaving the landing on the river they saw no human being. The forest received them and engulfed them, shutting out the world. The reach of river which they traversed was dead water, black and still, the surface flecked by fallen leaves which had lost their brilliant coloring and were sodden and dull. Along the banks tall elms rose bare of foliage, their skeletons like the frames of enormous lyres. The brook up which they passed to enter the lake was narrow and tortuous; and there had been moments when they could reach out and touch the low branches of the alders which cloaked either bank.

Once Coxon checked the motorboat at Pring's request to show them traces of an ancient beaver dam, long since abandoned; and he was able to point out sticks from which the bark had been stripped by bank beavers that still dwelt hereabouts. At times they seemed in a *cul-de-sac*, so abrupt were the windings of the brook ahead of them; and once or twice Coxon had to use his pole to fend them off or even to help them through water so shallow that their progress was impeded. The flow of water here was slight, since lake and river were at almost the same level. When they at length emerged into the open lake, it was to discover a group of rocky islets ahead of them; and on a shingly point at one side Coxon saw and pointed out a doe, so far away that he forbade their attempting the shot, since if the deer were wounded he would have to spend, in trailing it, time better occupied in going forward to camp, where Bruton would have luncheon ready.

When the islands were left behind them, Pring discovered faint blue smoke rising from hidden chimneys where the camp lay far ahead; and as they drew closer the outline of the main building became faintly visible through the cloaking trees. There were four tall spruces between it and the water, so that though the hardwood growth was bare of leaves, the camp was still sheltered and concealed. Bullard and Newry were on the wharf and helped them land.

This camp of Pring's, which he had bought some years before, was a large and comfortable establishment. As a matter of preference rather than of economy, he had refused to put in an electric-light plant or running water, and the place was lighted by kerosene lamps and heated by fireplaces and by stoves, large or small, in the various rooms. But it was substantially built and weatherproof, and it was perfectly feasible to be comfortable here in the coldest seasons. Pring sometimes came in deep winter, traveling by snowshoe up the lake and across the height of land and through the forest. Coxon stayed here practically all the time; trapping in a conservative and thrifty fashion during the winter, careful not to exhaust the fur, covering only territory which Pring either owned or leased from the paper companies which had bought and stripped this land some thirty years before and now held it for the sake of the growing spruce.

There was a floating wharf which could be lifted and stored on the bank during the winter, and a boathouse built on rows of bowlders and secure against any ordinary



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stress. From the wharf a broad gravel-and-sand walk led up to the verandas of the main camp. In the woods behind, at a distance of a hundred yards or so, a spring emerged from the gravel; and beside this spring there was a stout log cabin for the guides. An ice house stood near the lake shore in a near-by cove. The main camp itself was designed for comfort, whether in summer or winter. On either end, screened verandas extended from front to rear. The kitchen and pantries and a bedroom occupied the ground floor on the side away from the water. Facing the water there was a large living room, where the meals were also served; and at one end of this room, on either side of the stairs which led upward, two doors opened into smaller rooms. One Pring called the armory. In it were gun racks and cases and cabinets where fishing tackle in great variety and profusion was always kept in readiness. Pring had half a dozen fly rods which he treasured, as well as trolling gear and hand lines for ice fishing. In the gun racks there were two or three shotguns, a light twenty-eight gauge which Mrs. Pring sometimes used, and two twelves; and besides these there were rifles ranging from a 30-30 down to a .22-caliber for target shooting. This latter was equipped with a silencer, so that to fire it would not alarm the game in the neighborhood of the camp. There were also three or four light-caliber pistols, one single-shot and the others automatics.

The other small room under the stairs was the library, well stocked with books calculated to suit every taste. Pring himself preferred biography and history. Mrs. Pring, who had a voice of extraordinary beauty, with which she had done some professional work before her marriage, had a considerable musical library. There was also a piano in the living room, but the difficulty of keeping this in tune almost precluded its use. The library shelves held a mass of lighter reading and the room itself, though small, was comfortable and appealing. A tiny stove heated it. Over its door hung a heavy curtain of deer hides sewed together in such a manner that only the furred sides were exposed. A similar hanging covered the gun-room door. It was possible, in either of these small rooms, to be secluded and alone. Each had French windows opening on the veranda outside; but in the library a high-backed couch was set against these windows, effectually blocking them.

When Pring and his guests arrived this day, they found Bruton had luncheon ready to serve, the table laid in the living room; and they sat down at once. Bruton prided himself on being an exceptional woods cook, and Coxon had provided the ingredients necessary to give his abilities full play. Bullard had caught two large lake trout in the pond the evening before, and Bruton, having scalded these fish in such a manner that the oily outer skin was easily removed, had prepared trout steaks and broiled them. The long journey of the morning made them all hungry; their praises of the cook were extravagant.

After luncheon, Mrs. Pring assigned her guests to their rooms. Wardle and Doctor Moal shared the large bedroom on the first floor, which opened directly into the living room and had also French windows which permitted access to the veranda on that side. Julie Rotch and her husband occupied quarters over the armory, and Grace Taber's room adjoined theirs, its door facing the head of the stairs. Pring and Mrs. Pring were across the hall. The appropriate bags and luggage had already been bestowed in these rooms by the guides. Grace Taber and Mrs. Rotch donned knickerbockers, and Pring and Doctor Moal also assumed garments better suited to their surroundings; but Wardle and Rotch seemed satisfied to sit in the living room with a siphon and bottle on the table between them. Coxon came to the door to see whether they were comfortable, and Julie demanded that he take her to find a deer. He smiled and promised to do so later in the afternoon.

While Pring was in his room, changing his clothes, Carlotta took the opportunity for a word alone with him there. She knocked before entering, and at his summons, opened the door and closed it behind her. Thus alone, it became immediately apparent that there was a restraint between them; a restraint which they concealed when others were about.

She asked formally, "Do you find everything you need?"

"Thank you, yes," he replied.

"Julie's going after a deer with Coxon." He smiled.

"If she gets one, she will be pleased."

"The others are talking about bridge — at least, Bill is."

"Rotch and Grace will play with him," Pring commented. "I don't think Chet cares for it."

"I'm afraid Bill is going to spoil things more or less," she suggested. "I was so sorry we had to ask him."

He said politely, "It's a matter of small account." She shook her head.

"I know you don't like him," she insisted. "I should think he would see that." Her husband smiled dryly.

"The only way to make Bill Wardle see a thing like that is to kick him," he declared. "I've tried everything else."

"Grace wanted him to come," she explained.

"Grace?" he asked, in faint surprise. "I thought she and Chet ——"

"I'm hoping for that," Carlotta told him. "They're made for each other. That's why I invited Grace. But she has some mad idea about Bill."

"What is it women discover in the man?" he asked. She shook her head.

"He's so sure of himself, perhaps."

"I don't think Bess ever really loved him," Pring declared, thinking of his sister. "Yet she married him and tried to stick it out. Sometimes I'm the same way. Sometimes I half like him."

"A small party like this makes it difficult," she remarked. "Bert Rotch is furious with him about that stock business. He says the most insulting things; seems to be taunting Bill into resenting them. And he told me today that Chet had some of that stock, too, on Bill's advice."

"I didn't know that," Pring commented "Chet can't afford to lose money in the market."

"He did," Carlotta insisted. "He detests Bill, you know. And he's really fond of Grace, I'm sure. That doesn't help any, with her hanging on everything Bill says." Pring smiled.

"A merry party, is it not?" he remarked.

"I don't think Bill cares anything about her."

Pring was bent over, lacing tall boots.

"She's a nice girl," he said.

"Did you hear that terrible story he told at dinner last night?"

"When Bill says anything, everyone hears," he replied.

She moved restlessly about the room.

"We'll have to keep things going as smoothly as we can," she said musingly. As he rose she came toward him and murmured, "I wish we were alone here, Warren—just you and I. Like the first time."

"Why?" he asked politely.

"I feel we need some time together, dear. I feel you're shutting me out."

He said good-naturedly, "Where did you get that idea, Carlotta?"

She put her arm through his with a gesture faintly beseeching.

"Your eyes are so hard when you look at me. I can feel that you're tired and unhappy so many times, and I want to help you and don't know how."

"I get tired when I am busy, of course." His tone was utterly matter of fact.

"You're not frank with me," she urged.

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, this business of Bill Wardle, for instance," she replied. "I know how you hate him, Warren. I've seen you look at him, and sometimes I've been afraid you'd strangle the man—when he speaks about Bess."

His face became suffused with blood, but his voice was quiet.

"I do resent that," he admitted. "Bess is my sister, you know; and we have always been pretty close to each other. There's a certain sympathy between us. The jackass makes sport of everything, though; I suppose he's bound to make a joke of—all that."

"I hated asking him. I'm so afraid you blame me."

He shook his head.

"He made it impossible to refuse."

"But you defend him, to me," she insisted. "That's what I mean, Warren—things like that. You keep so many things from me. I've never realized how much you hated him till this time, or I wouldn't have let him come, even for Grace's sake."

"Don't worry about me," he insisted. "I'm quite all right."

So at last she gave over the attempt to draw near him, and he left her and went

(Continued on Page 120)

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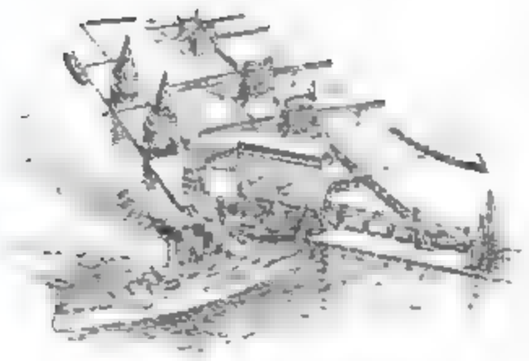

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downstairs. When he was gone, she lay down for a while on her bed, her arm flung across her eyes, tears flowing. More and more, for months now, she had felt that she and her husband were falling away from each other. More and more she had been sure that he let her see only the surface of his life. She was ten years younger than he, and at the time of their marriage she had been impressed with the responsibility of being mistress of his home. The effect had been slowly to stifle and obliterate some of that exuberant youth and gayety which he had loved in her. On his part, Pring, before their marriage, had wooed her with an ardor and an insistent devotion which made him a glamorous figure in her eyes; but after they were married she found him more and more inclined to be matter of fact and to fit into a routine. He had the legal, the judicial mind; he was eminently reasonable; his poise was remarkable and seldom ruffled. He never made an enemy, was on friendly terms with everyone, never said or did anything which might awaken resentment. But there was no warmth in his bearing; and Carlotta, who was sensitive and finely attuned, felt more and more that beneath the surface of courtesy and kindliness which he showed her and showed the world, he was cold and stern. She had tried a thousand means to reawaken in him that ardent tenderness which had made her love him; but still without success.

Their life together had in fact been too orderly and too smooth. Their children were healthy and charming, never giving rise to worry or concern; Carlotta and Pring had never been called upon to endure anxiety or terror or grief together, and it is only the red heat of such emotions which forges the final union between man and wife. They were—and Carlotta dimly perceived this—too calmly happy. It is well for people who love one another to be unhappy together now and then.

She went downstairs by and by and found that Pring had taken his rifle and gone for a tramp in the woods; that Julie had departed with Coxon in the guide's canoe. The others were playing bridge, and she at once perceived that there was an undercurrent of anger in the air. Wardle and Grace Taber were partners; they had been victorious; and Wardle was exulting in his victory and deriding Rotch and Moal because of their nonsuccess. Rotch, a highball at his elbow, grinned mirthlessly under the other's jests; but Doctor Moal gave not even this surface evidence of good feeling. His face was flushed and his lips were white with anger; he played with an intensity that was almost rigor. As Carlotta joined them, Wardle, playing a hand, forced Doctor Moal to choose between two discards; and the physician chose the wrong one and threw down a useless ace on the last trick.

Wardle roared with glee and slapped him on the shoulder and cried "That's fooling 'em, partner! See that ace go to the boneyard? Who ever said you could play bridge, doc?"

Doctor Moal welcomed Carlotta's coming as a relief; he rose and said to her in a low tone, "Take my hand, I beg of you."

She hesitated, met his eyes and acquiesced.

"I'm sure you want to take a walk before dinner," she remarked. "You must be tired of sitting indoors."

"Tired of getting licked," Wardle amended. "Well, we'll let up on you, Carlotta. We won't beat you quite so badly as we beat him. You see, the doc thinks he's quite a bridge player; and I just had to show him up a little bit."

Doctor Moal had turned his back; he went into the gun room and took up his rifle, drew on coat and cap and went out of doors without looking back at them.

When he was gone, Wardle said to Rotch, "Say, didn't I get his goat?"

"He seemed somewhat provoked," Rotch drawled and lifted his glass. "You know, Bill, you're enough to disgust a goat, yourself. There's nothing so obnoxious as a bad winner."

"I'll take my chances on being a bad winner, long as I win." Wardle assured him. He shuffled resoundingly and spread the cards so that they might cut for deal. The game went on. Rotch sipped steadily at the whisky and soda beside him.

Moal and Pring came back together, empty-handed, before dinner, and Wardle jeered at their failure as hunters. When presently Coxon and Julie returned with a small doe in the waist of the canoe, which Julie herself had shot by the mouth of one of the brooks that flowed into the pond, Wardle pointed the contrast between her success and the failure of the two men so relentlessly that Pring himself said at last, "It is not necessary to overemphasize the matter, Bill. We are as pleased as anyone that Julie had good luck."

"Luck, my eye!" Wardle retorted. "That's what the doc said about my bridge. Oh, I know he plays a wonderful game, and you're both wonderful deer slayers, too; but I showed him up, and now Julie's made you both look sick. And all you can find for an alibi is 'luck'!"

Pring frowned, then his countenance relaxed and he made a careless gesture.

"Well, no doubt you're right," he agreed.

Rotch strolled toward the door, and he and Doctor Moal went out on the veranda together and lighted cigarettes, watching the darkness gather and obscure the farther shores of the pond. The sky was still overcast and gray, but it was colder. Doctor Moal marked the fact that Rotch's hand trembled as he scratched a match and held it.

Rotch had been drinking steadily; he said now, "Pleasant company, isn't he?"

"A damned shame he had to be included," Doctor Moal agreed.

"I'd like to strangle him," Rotch said, a sudden venom in his easy-going tones. "Sometimes I'd like to sink my fingers in his fat neck till they met. He makes me sick."

"We've got to endure him, I suppose."

The other was silent for a moment, and in the faint light Doctor Moal saw his mouth relax into its usual indolent grin.

"Well, thank the Lord this isn't a yacht, anyway. I'll take to the woods myself, if he'll guarantee to stay in camp."

They smoked in silence for a moment; then Coxon came to summon them to dinner.

Doctor Moal asked, "Chance for a deer in the morning, Coxon? We've got meat now, of course, but I should like to pick up a good head."

"It's maybe going to snow," Coxon replied. "We'll have to wait and see."

After dinner Wardle sat down at the piano, which was hopelessly out of tune. The resultant discords amused him; and for half an hour he evoked from the instrument sounds that were painful to any accustomed ear, yet in which he seemed to find astonishing pleasure. Rotch at last started the phonograph and held out his arms to Carlotta, and Pring kicked back the rug in the middle of the floor and Wardle abandoned the piano to dance with Grace Taber. His request anticipated Doctor Moal by a fraction of a second; yet Doctor Moal thought Grace had seen him approaching, had welcomed Wardle as an escape. They danced for an hour, Pring for the most part watching from his chair by the hearth.

Once Rotch, Carlotta in his arms, said to her, "Lucky there's no bouncer about. Have you noticed Bill and Grace?"

"He smothers you," she murmured. "It's not her fault. Deliver me from him!"

"What made you bring him, anyway?"

"Oh, you know Bill," Carlotta sighed.

When at last they grew weary, Pring said he meant to go to bed.

"We will want to get up early, you know," he reminded Doctor Moal.

They went out on the wide veranda together. As soon as the door was closed behind them, and before their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, their ears were struck by a steady and persistent hissing sound.

"Snow," said the doctor.

"You are right," Pring agreed, and went to the edge of the veranda. "This looks very much like the real thing too."

The snow was, indeed, coming down in a swift and impatient rush, the hard round flakes whispering against one another as they sought the earth, so that the air was full of the sound they made. There was no wind; there was only this swift and hurrying flood of white which already carpeted the ground.

"Be rather inconvenient if we got snowed in," the doctor suggested.

"It's rather too early for a real snow," Pring assured him.

"This looks very like a real snow to me," the other argued.

They stood a little longer, watching, and then returned to the living room. Flakes of snow clung to their garments, anticipated their announcement that it was storming. The others went outside to see.

An hour later they were all abed and sleeping; but the steady hissing of the snow continued all night long and at dawn showed no sign of abating. They were forced to accept the fact that this was no mere flurry, but the beginning of a heavy fall.

IV

IT CONTINUED snowing for three days, with a steady and monotonous persistence. Now and then a little gust of wind carved the white surface into hollows and furrows; but for the most part the air was still. As the trees became loaded more and more heavily, branches bowed and cracked or broke, and these sharp sounds striking through the hush of the forest came as startlingly as the report of a gun. But for the most part there was no sound save the whispering of the snow, broken at periodical intervals by the blows of an ax when Bullard or Newry labored at the woodpile behind the camp. At daybreak on the first morning after the storm began there was a six-inch carpet of snow; twenty-four hours later this had tripled. Then while a faint wind stirred for a space, the fall slackened, to be resumed at dusk that evening. By the second day it was impossible to go abroad except upon snowshoes, and as a consequence the seven persons in the main camp were imprisoned, forced into a close communion, compelled to be together hour after hour. On the morning after the snow began to fall it was already impossible to escape by water, for the temperature had dropped, and the snow, converted into mush by contact with the waters of the pond, had stiffened into something almost like ice, preventing any passage by boat, yet not sufficiently rigid to sustain any weight. The blanket of new snow which immediately covered this stiffening mixture prevented its freezing more solidly. The telephone line had been broken down, whether by weight of snow or by the impact of a falling tree or branch, they could not know; knew only that the instrument was dead.

The situation was not in any sense serious. There was an old wood road leading away from the camp to the westward, which, at a distance of three or four miles, joined another road that wound toward the river. Along this route, so soon as the fall should cease, it would be possible to send out word, to summon sledges which would offer transport back to civilization. But meanwhile, the snow still falling, Pring and Coxon decided it were better to remain in camp and await the event. With fires in the small stoves and in the great fireplace, they were sufficiently warm; and the camp was provisioned for weeks. The only hardship inherent in the situation was the fact that they were thrown so constantly into one another's company. Incidents which under ordinary circumstances would have seemed amusing became irritating; irritations became affronts. Tempers drew short and nerves acquired an edge.

In any considerable group of people who adventure into the wilderness together, there is sure to be one person out of harmony with the others. In this company, Wardle filled that rôle. He had a singular trick of annoying, irritating, angering those with whom he came in contact; and this was aggravated by the fact that he seemed completely unconscious of the ill will he evoked. The man went serenely on his way, roaring at his own wit, affable, cordial, jovial.

There is nothing more unpleasant than a good-humored man when you are yourself inclined to be out of humor. This was Wardle's case.

Doctor Moal and Pring found him particularly annoying. The second evening, by one of those perverse chances which insist on occurring, the conversation turned on divorce. There could be no more dangerous ground, yet Wardle seemed quite unconscious of this fact and resisted Carlotta's attempts to divert the talk to other matters. He delivered something like a disquisition on marital infelicities, illustrating his points by reference to his own experience with Pring's sister.

"You know as well as I do," he told Pring argumentatively, "that Bess and I were in love with each other. Mighty nice girl, Bess is, and I liked her, and there was never anything she did. It was just that we didn't hitch. We're good friends now; always will be, I expect. But if we were still married, we'd fight like terriers."

Pring, seeking to control his mounting fury, said with stiff lips, "Bess is not combative."

Wardle made a generous gesture.

(Continued on Page 123)

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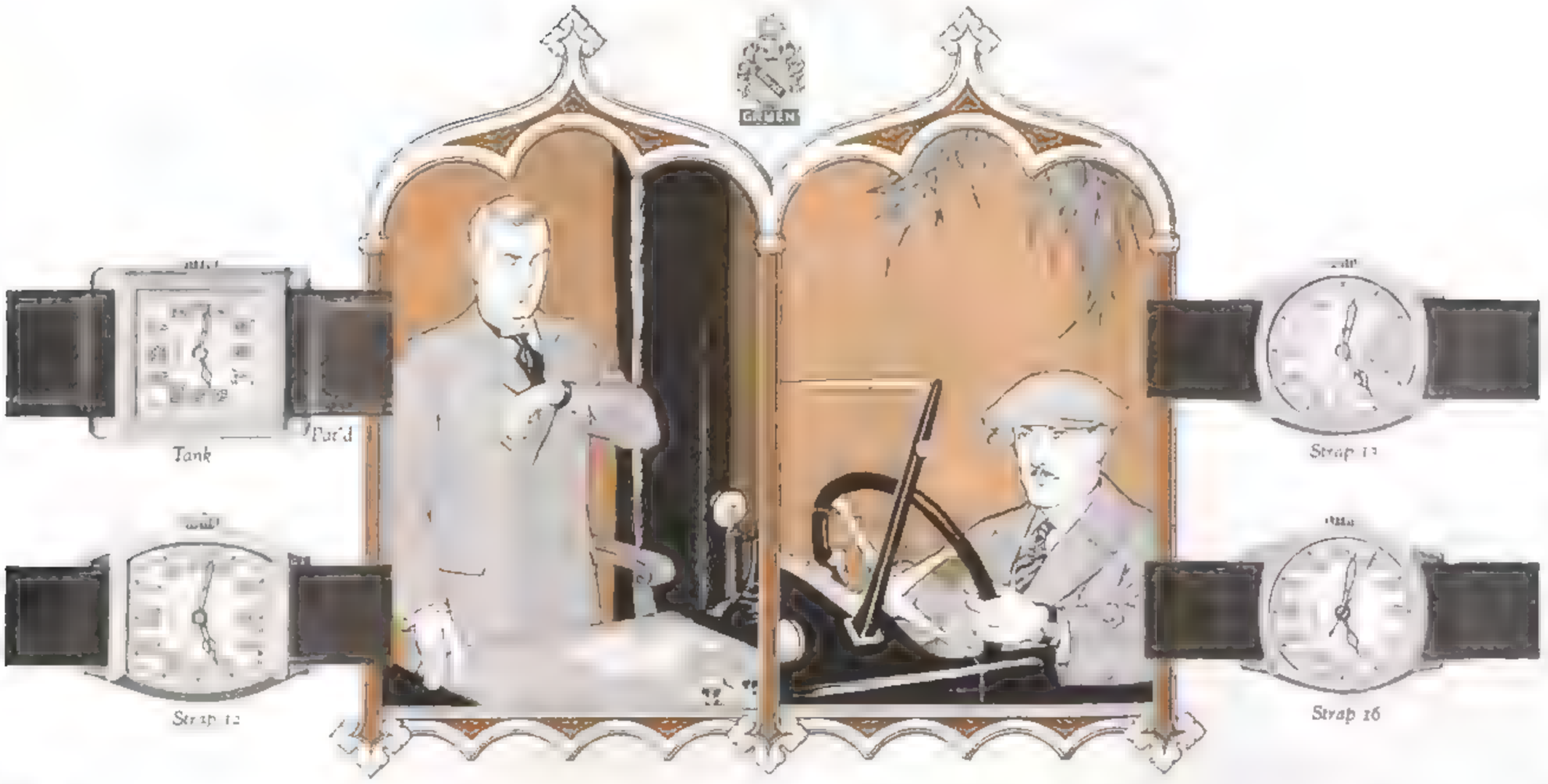

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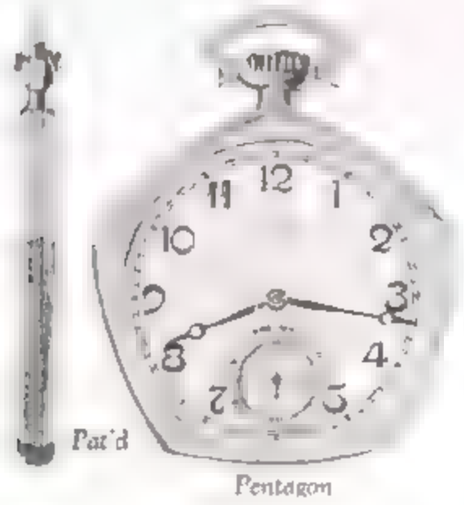

For work or play, a Gruen strap watch. For dress, where form demands a pocket watch, a Pentagon VeriThin, one of the most distinctive timepieces ever designed for men. It embodies the Gruen VeriThin principle, illustrated at the bottom of this page, and is scientifically shaped so that it won't tip over in the pocket

More and more each year, busy men are turning to a greater use of the strap watch.

Once they have known the convenience of that slight twist of the arm which tells them the time at a glance, they are quick to recognize its value for the crowded hours of business.

They find, too, that the strap watch tends to keep them in far closer touch with the passage of time. The ease with which it is referred to makes the habit of consulting it more frequently a natural one.

Thus, while the pocket watch still remains indispensable for social wear, an increasing number of strap watches, bought originally for sports wear alone, are remaining on the wrists of business men, work hours as well as play hours, throughout the year.

If you are planning to buy a strap watch this summer for golf, tennis, or motoring, why not buy it with this idea in mind?

Why not, therefore, make it a watch that you will be truly proud to wear at all times—a watch that will give you real, accurate timekeeping service all the year round?

You will find just such a watch among the men's straps offered by the Gruen Guild.

Essentially masculine in line and dress, sturdy in the construction of their movements, the Gruen strap watches for men are products of that spirit of fine workmanship for which the Gruen Guild is celebrated.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the strap watches pictured here, as well as other Gruen Guild Watches in a large variety of models—their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem.

In the event of any accident to your Gruen Watch, these same jewelers can repair it quickly and easily at a very moderate cost.

Tank, Pat'd, "Precision" quality—Green gold reinforced, $55; white gold reinforced, $60; solid green gold, $75; solid white gold, $85

Strap 12, "Precision" quality—Solid green gold, $135

Strap 13—White or green gold filled, $35

Strap 16, for doctors' and nurses' use—White gold reinforced, $35; solid green gold, $75

Pentagon, Pat'd, "Precision" quality—Green gold reinforced, $70; white gold reinforced, $70; solid green gold, $100; solid white gold, $125

GRUEN Guild Watches

1874—Fifty-th Anniversary Year—1924

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Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

The Gruen VeriThin wheel train, one of the technical improvements by which an accurate watch is made THIN without loss in strength of parts

(Continued from Page 120

"Lord, man, I know that! Too much the other way. You know, too much nonresistance is as irritating as too much of the other thing. Sometimes I think a good row would have cleared the air. But when we got into a jam, Bess would just begin to cry."

His manner was largely patronizing, and Pring, unable longer to sit still, flung to his feet and faced the fat man.

"Bill," he said, in choking tones, his face suffused with blood, "a word to you. Don't talk about Bess to me or I will not be responsible for what I do."

Wardle stared at him in astonishment.

"Why, Warren, old man, we were just discussing an abstraction," he replied. Then, with that lack of tact so characteristic of the man, he laughed. "I declare, there are tears in your eyes! You and Bess are twins, sure enough. You cry as easily as she used to."

He checked himself when Pring made a furious movement toward him, and for an instant their eyes met, and Pring's face worked with fury. The others sat rigidly, watching and waiting, till Carlotta touched her husband's arm. The touch seemed to summon him back to sanity; his posture relaxed, and they spoke no more of the incident; but that night when Pring and Carlotta were in their room he referred to it.

"I could hardly keep my hands off him," he declared.

"Your face was terrible," she confessed. "You must watch your temper, Warren. After all, he is our guest."

He nodded, grinning mirthlessly.

"That is his own doing," he commented. "But it is nevertheless true."

"I feel like screaming at him myself sometimes," she admitted. "He's acquiring a new bad habit. He's always touching you. He can't pass you by without putting his hand on your shoulder, mauling you. Every time he does it I feel as though a spider had dropped on me. You know—the way you want to stamp on it, crush it. I've had moments when I wanted to beat him with my fists."

He looked at her in faint amusement.

"It is difficult to imagine you striking out at anyone, Lotta."

"I've a temper, too," she replied seriously. "If I were sure I could hurt him, think I would hit him—sometimes."

His smile passed and the reserve which was becoming habitual to him settled upon his countenance again.

Pring was not alone in his anger at the fat man, but the scene between these two was the only occasion, during these three days, when smothered passions broke the surface. Doctor Moal was once or twice near choking with anger—once when Wardle undertook to deride the medical profession as a whole, to criticize its ethics, and to make sport of Doctor Moal's own practice. He carried this jest to an extreme.

During the course of a bridge game, Doctor Moal, having failed in an attempted finesse, said casually, "I placed the king in your hand, Wardle."

Wardle, delighted at the other's discomfiture, said jovially, "Diagnosis was correct, but the patient died. You're used to that, though, doc."

His jest pleased him, and he played many variations upon the same phrase, to the point of weariness. Rotch, looking on at the game, watched the doctor with an amused smile, expecting an outbreak, seemed faintly disappointed when none came.

Between Rotch and the fat man a more acute antagonism was likewise developing. Wardle, by some sudden whim, had begun to devote himself to Julie, constituting himself her cavalier, dancing with her, protesting the high regard in which he held her, touching her hand, her shoulder, her arm at every occasion. Once, by way of casual jest, he kissed her while they danced. Between Rotch and his wife there was apparent only a mild affection; nevertheless to the man's besotted eyes, his vision distorted by the liquor he drank so steadily, Wardle's actions assumed more importance than they deserved, and he resented them. This feeling on his part revealed itself at first in small ways; but when on the third day chance put him and Wardle on the side veranda together and alone, Rotch spoke of the matter in forthright terms and bade Wardle mend his practices. Coxon, coming from the guides' cabin with some canned provisions, interrupted their colloquy, catching fragments of what Rotch said.

The old guide in fact missed little of what went on in the main camp. His position brought him to the big house all through the day. He helped Bruton serve the meals, and he and the other guides carried wood for the stoves in each bedroom, and filled the water pitchers and made the beds. Pring had some talk with him about Wardle, finding relief in venting his irritation.

On the afternoon of the third day, restless with their long confinement indoors, they desired to shoot at targets on the long screened veranda on the east side of the house. This was so well sheltered by tall spruce trees and by the bulk of the main camp itself that it was free from snow except for a fringe around the outer rail. At the rear end a drift had heaped itself above the level of the veranda floor, spilling a little upon the boards beyond where the full-length windows of the bedroom occupied by Wardle and Doctor Moal opened outward

Pring had abundance of ammunition and a store of paper targets, and Coxon prepared a rectangular frame on which the targets could be placed. They fired at first with one of the automatic pistols, then with the rifle which was equipped with a silencer. The arm was accurate, and at this short range, scarce fifteen yards, their scores were high. They used a standard twenty-yard target, the black spot divided into three rings and measuring slightly more than two inches in diameter. Most of the shots struck in the black, even those fired by Grace Taber. Carlotta did better than Grace, while Julie and her husband were about on a par. Pring was a fair shot, though not a remarkable one. But between Doctor Moal and Wardle a very definite and keen rivalry developed. Doctor Moal was accustomed to firearms; but Wardle declared that he had never fired a gun in his life, and the fact that he met the doctor on even terms gave him an excuse for loud and offensive exultation. Doctor Moal was at last goaded into a direct challenge.

"I'll just shoot you a group of twenty shots," he volunteered, "and bet you a hundred I beat you."

Wardle hemmed and hawed.

"Well, of course, I'm only a beginner, doc," he declared. "But I'll try you once."

The match was made, the shots were fired. Wardle shot first, at his own suggestion.

"So you'll know what you're up against," he explained.

Most of his shots were within the ten ring, the others all within or touching the nine. He was one of those men without nerves, full of self-confidence, with a naturally steady hand and eye and an instinctive feeling for the trigger. Yet Doctor Moal would normally have beaten him with ease at that range.

But the doctor was angry and his nerves were on edge. By a powerful effort at self-control he kept his first seven shots within the ten ring. Then a defective cartridge resulted in a keyholing bullet, which failed to touch the outer rim of the nines; and Wardle's whoop of delight completed the doctor's collapse. He failed miserably, and Wardle collected the wager on the spot, pointing the moral with complacent boasts.

Coxon had been at hand throughout the shooting, reloading the weapons and cleaning them out with a brush after every ten shots.

Pring, watching, remarked to him, "There were a lot of defectives in that bunch of cartridges, Coxon." The old guide nodded.

"That's right, sir," he agreed. "This is the last box of them. They misfire too often to suit me. I got a new lot in—another kind." He named the brand. "They're more reliable, I believe."

As it happened, they wearied of the sport when that box of cartridges was expended, and went indoors to return to bridge. Pring and Carlotta, the doctor and Grace Taber played. Rotch appointed himself bartender and prepared cocktails. Julie went into the library to bury herself in a book which had interested her, and Wardle joined her there, grinning at Rotch over his shoulder as he did so. Coxon, cleaning the rifle in the gun room, caught a glimpse of Rotch's furious countenance as Wardle disappeared.

Later, during dinner, in the intervals of serving, Coxon, as his habit was, put the camp in order. In the library he discovered Julie's book on the big couch which barred the windows, and he returned it to its place upon the shelves. Back in the living room and silently observant, he saw that Wardle was bending toward Julie in a manner which fanned to fury the slow flame in her husband's bloodshot eyes. Grace Taber, across the table, watched them; and Coxon caught her off guard and saw such sudden and passionate anger in her countenance that he was impressed by the circumstance and could not forget it. When they had left the table, and while he cleared away the dishes, he saw Grace approach the fat man and draw him insistently aside for a low-toned conversation.

It was still snowing when Coxon and the cook left the main camp and returned to their cabin. The storm seemed to have reached its height, the mass of flakes which filled the air descended crushingly, and the footprints of the men were filled with snow as soon as they had passed. But an hour or two later the snow abruptly ceased; and when toward eleven o'clock Pring and Doctor Moal came out on the veranda for a breath of air before bed, they discovered this and conveyed the word to the others, who joined them to see how still and white the forest lay, and the wide expanse of the pond. Overhead, scudding clouds were crossing the vault of the sky; and where there were no clouds a few stars began to appear.

"There's a wind up there," Doctor Moal remarked, and Pring nodded assent.

"It will blow and drift now," he agreed; "and be colder too."

"Poor hunting."

"I'm afraid so. We can only wait and see."

Indoors again, Rotch announced that he was going to bed, and waited insistently till Julie should be ready to go with him. Doctor Moal said good night and turned into his room, which opened off the living room to the rear. Grace and Wardle were talking together in low voices by the mantel; and Pring and Carlotta waited, more or less patiently, for their guests to retire. Wardle at last ended the conversation with a word, bade his host and hostess good night in his usual loud and cordial tones, and went to join Doctor Moal. Grace fled upstairs with a nod; and Carlotta followed her, while Pring extinguished the lamps. A little later they were all abed.

Carlotta, unhappy and distressed by the friction which had marred the days just past, lay for a little while awake. She was glad the snow had stopped. Tomorrow there would be a chance to get out-of-doors; the accumulation of anger she hoped would then disappear. When by and by she slept, it was fitfully; and after what seemed to her only a moment she was wakened by a cry, a scream from somewhere outside the camp.

She sat up in bed, and discovered Pring at the door of their room, and she asked quickly, "You, Warren?"

"Yes."

"What was that?"

"A rabbit, I think. A mink, or an owl got it," he told her, and remained standing by the door.

She asked, "What are you doing?"

For a moment he did not reply; then he came back to his bed beside her and she noticed for the first time that he wore dressing gown and slippers.

"I heard someone come upstairs and go into Rotch's room," he told her. She thought his voice was hoarse and unnatural.

"I didn't hear anything," she objected. "Are you sure?"

He went toward the door again and opened it a crack and looked out.

"There's a light downstairs," he said, in something like a whisper.

"A light?"

"I'll go down and put it out," he told her, and went out into the hall, closing the door behind him. She noticed that the wind was rising, coming from a new direction, colder than it had been before; and she drew the coverlets close to her chin and waited for Warren to return. He did not come back at once, and minutes passed. At last, faintly uneasy, she got out of bed and without waiting to put on slippers or robe, went to the door and opened it.

Light shone up the stair well, and she went to the head of the stairs and called softly, "Are you coming, Warren?"

There was a perceptible pause before he answered.

"Not right away," he said. "You go back to bed."

"What is it?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

Another pause, and then his harsh and unnatural voice replied.

"It's Bill Wardle," he told her. "He's been shot. He's dead."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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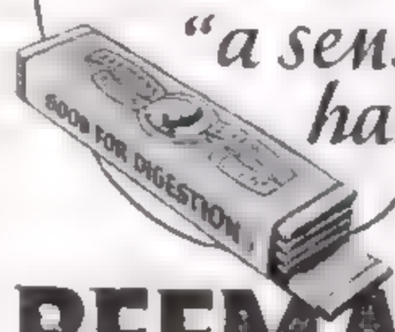

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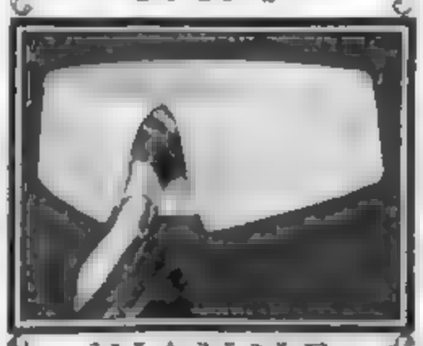
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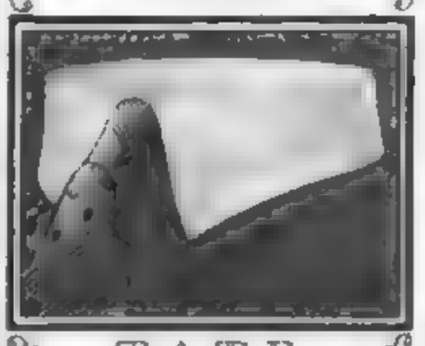
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THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

Continued from Page 23

"This morning I was looking at the marble façade of the Stock Exchange and at the beautiful Morgan offices and at the Mills Building and at the skyscrapers of lower Broad Street, and then I thought of that same street at the time when I was a young broker full of what they now call pep. I saw not a hurrying crowd of unassimilated aliens, but the friends and associates of my youth. There were hundreds of people standing, buying and selling stocks on the curb; and all of them wore seersucker suits so that from a distance all you saw was a grayish-blue mass of humanity. Being Wall Street, the visible evidences of wealth were on every head in the shape of white felt high hats. A man wasn't correctly attired without one of those hats, just as the ambition of every operator was to run a successful corner in some stock. That and the white high hat fixed his standing in the community.

"There were no tickers in those days. The quotations were circulated by men who got them from the brokers, wrote them down on pads and then went from office to office or from man to man with them. These men, who had the latest prices, were called pad shovers. They came up to you and shoved the pad with the quotations on it right under your nose, hence the appellative. They were the walking tickers. Rushing the pad,-they used to call the process. It was not so quick as the ticker, but the brokers who furnished the quotations to the pad shovers were conscientious and careful, and nobody could or ever did question their honesty. The pad shovers were paid for their services by a commission on whatever business they took to the two-dollar brokers, from the offices of other brokers. They received one dollar per hundred shares; hence the term, split-commission broker. The Stock Exchange ruled against this kind of business eventually, and with the advent of the ticker the pad shover went the way of the fluid lamp and the stagecoach.

"The Exchange was different. On the New Street side they had what they called the Broad Room, and on the Broad Street side was the famous Long Room. The floor was fenced off by a rail, and outsiders paid fifty dollars a year for the privilege of standing against the rail and whispering their orders direct to their broker on the floor, on the other side of the rail. Of course there were people who hugged the rail all day and never paid a penny to the Exchange, but all were supposed to pay fifty dollars. The heads of the biggest houses on the Street did not deem themselves too important to be seen executing orders on the floor. You could see them in action: millionaires at work, and not ashamed of being caught at it."

Trading Against the Customer

"There was a spot on the floor where inactive stocks were traded in that they called Jericho. At another period it was called Jerusalem Corner. The business in there in inactive stocks was not constant enough to be continuously profitable, so those who engaged in it saw to it that they made enough when they did business at all. When a broker came in to buy or sell some stock in which there was only a semi-occasional market, these diabolic specialists made common cause against the stranger and talked to one another in Yiddish to determine the degree of gouging or the exact process. This compelled the Stock Exchange to make a rule that no other language than English should be used in transacting business on the floor.

"The strictly commission business as we know it today had not developed then. There were no blackboards in the customers' rooms. These came in with the bucket shops, where they were indispensable, since the business there consisted of betting on the fluctuations and it was necessary to have these before the sight of a lot of customers at once. That was the reason why so many of the old brokers even as late as 1901 or 1902 fought the installation of quotation boards in their conservative offices.

"Brokers were much abused men in those days. There were crooks and shysters then, as I suppose there will be to the end of time. Practices were tolerated that would not be tolerated today, but that did not really make the average any worse than it is at present, in my opinion. You'd imagine, to hear the talk about the better business ethics and the improvement in protective devices, that the old members of the Stock Exchange were highbinders and cutthroats. But then as now the fault lay with the customer. It is always up to the customer to pick out a good broker, just as he picks out a good doctor or a good butcher or a good jeweler.

"Take the crime of trading on a customer's orders. It has been done, without doubt, many times. I recall a relatively recent occasion where a big banking house gave a very large buying order to a famous manipulator. When complaint was made of the execution, the manipulator coolly asserted that he had been heavily long of that same stock for quite some time. The manipulator was not a member of the Stock Exchange, and even if his statement could have been disproved he was not amenable to discipline by the Exchange.

"I recall the famous case of Hutchinson, of the firm of Kennedy, Hutchinson & Co. It was a reputable firm that had numbered among its customers scores of millionaire operators as well as hundreds of smaller fry. Mr. Hutchinson was very highly esteemed. He had been a Sunday-school superintendent; my wife had been one of his pupils, and always said he simply couldn't be guilty of anything wrong."

Sent to Coventry

"It seems that the firm was running a corner in Hannibal & St. Joe for a Boston man named Duff. Hutchinson always claimed that he gave out orders to other brokers for Duff's account and for his own. The worst that in his opinion could be said was to wonder at the curious coincidence whereby Hutchinson always was lucky enough to get the cheap stock while Duff's orders were filled at higher prices. I distinctly recall being told at the time that what Hutchinson did was to trade on Duff's orders. For example, if there came an order to buy ten thousand shares for Duff's account, Hutchinson would first give an order to a two-dollar broker to buy one thousand shares for Hutchinson's personal account. Then Hutchinson himself would proceed to buy nine thousand shares for Duff.

"The tenth thousand for Duff would be the first thousand Hutchinson had bought for himself.

"Duff got wind of this, and he brought suit against Kennedy, Hutchinson & Co. The Stock Exchange took a hand and expelled Hutchinson. Hutchinson thereupon brought suit against the Exchange for reinstatement. I can't tell you now about the legal points involved. I think it was contended by Hutchinson's lawyers that the Exchange had no right to deprive the members of their property, for in those days the expelled member didn't get a thing; he was just fired and that was the end of it. Hutchinson won his suit, and he was again legally a member of the New York Stock Exchange.

"I have never forgotten the day when Hutchinson returned to the Exchange as a broker. He came in at the New Street end, passed the doorkeeper, who couldn't stop him, and walked on the floor on his way to the Lackawanna post. He nodded to old friends as he passed them; but they were too busy to see him. In the Lackawanna crowd he asked the usual questions about the price, but nobody answered him. Presently he left the crowd and went to another group. It was the same there. He saw men with whom he had traded daily for years, men he knew by their first names and even by school-day nicknames, men he had helped and men who had often helped him—helped with money and with friendship; comrades, pals. But all these men now became stockbrokers who did not see him, who did not hear him, who did not speak to him or about him or against him—and did not wish to. Blindness in every eye that met his—and silence from the two or three hundred men who were on the floor.

"I have seen many tragical things in my life, but never anything so distressing. This

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—Keeps aged skin healthy
—Makes young skin beautiful

BOTH health and beauty in the body skin depend upon active circulation of the blood. In all aged skins, circulation is sluggish. The skin does not throw off waste as it should. Its texture becomes coarse. Blackheads, dry and scaly spots, permanent discolorations and other blemishes appear.

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long-respected man was now a traitor. He had sold his honor for money. He had disgraced his guild. He had been guilty of the crime of not being a gentleman; that is, of not being faithful to the client by whom he was paid for services that he did not render to the best of his ability.

"That is how it came about that, for a long time afterward, the official list of members of the New York Stock Exchange contained only ten hundred and ninety-nine names, although the membership consisted of eleven hundred members. The missing name was that of Hutchinson. The courts had decided that he was a member, but the Exchange would not print his name. He was legally entitled to do business on the Exchange, but he actually could not. Eventually he sold his seat. Nowadays, to avoid similar troubles the Exchange sells the seat of an expelled member and turns the proceeds over to him.

"Of course I don't mean to say that everybody who traded in orders was expelled. They were expelled when or if they were found out. More than that the Exchange cannot do. There were two-dollar brokers and specialists who thought they were entitled to perquisites, in addition to the commissions—some specialists being pretty rapacious.

"I remember my old friend Tom Mooney He used to do a lot of business for a sporty Chicago house. He got his orders by direct wire. One afternoon, after the close, I met him on New Street. He looked so depressed that I thought he must be sick. I was sure it couldn't be on account of any losses; he wasn't the kind that takes chances.

"'Hey, Tom, what's the matter?' I asked.

"He growled, and glared at me. His face had that pallor which we associate with dying people. But the fury in his eyes plainly told me it was not illness. So I said, 'Please don't drop dead here.'

"'I wish I could!' he retorted gloomily

"'Let's have it,' I said, soothingly; 'I'll listen to the bitter end.'

"'They had me sell thirty thousand shares of Chicago Gas this afternoon,' he explained indignantly, doubtless referring to his Chicago correspondents.

"'Well?' That wasn't tragedy.

"'Why, they never gave me more than two thousand at a time. I didn't make a cent for myself!'

"'Those Westerners have a funny way of doing business,' I told him soothingly.

"'Damn 'em!' he cried. 'They acted as if they didn't trust me!'

"'That's Chicago,' I said. I didn't dare look at Tom's face; I knew I'd roar, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings, for he was old enough to be my grandfather. You'd probably call him old-school."

The Bargain Hunters

"Commission-house business as we understand it now was scarcely known in my day, because the public that went to Wall Street was different, and business exists for the purpose of supplying the public's needs. The stockbroker in the '70's had no desire to change the character or the hopes of the customers. The overwhelming majority of the habitués came downtown frankly to gamble in stocks. They bet on the market, instead of speculating intelligently. Some big operator pulled this or that string, took advantage of one or another rule of the Exchange, which would make the price of a certain stock go up or down as the case might be, and he always had followers a plenty. Of course, fundamental conditions governed the big general movements; but for the most part stock traders made money out of one another. As a rule the movements in individual stocks were veritable battles between gangsters. Rival cliques fought, and the winners were chipper until they met their Waterloo, as sooner or later everybody did and must in the stock market.

"The customers of commission houses were regarded as sports, with pretty much the social standing of race-track patrons in the early '90's. To the respectable element, Wall Street was just a gambling hell. That always had been the tradition. The newspaper stories of fabulous winnings by lucky plungers created a belief in the ease with which unearned money might be picked up in Wall Street. The public at large has enough sense to know that easy money is apt to be tainted money. Of course there were investors—conservatives or mossbacks—who used to come down to pay cash for good railroad stocks whenever there was a panic. Bargain hunting was quite an established institution and the operations of these men showed the public that, after all, money could be made legitimately in Wall Street at times. The foundations of some big fortunes were laid on days when panics raged.

"One day a rustic-looking man, an utter stranger, stopped me at the corner of Broad and Wall and asked me if I was a stockbroker. I admitted it unblushingly and then he asked me, 'What do you think of Lake Shore?'

"I was born in Connecticut, so I answered by asking, 'Do you want to buy some?'

"'Wal,' he drawled, 'I like that stock.' And he nodded to himself, as though he had debated the matter at some length.

"'My friend,' I said, 'I was just talking to Kissam, Whitney & Co., who are the principal Vanderbilt brokers. They are very pessimistic ——'

"'They're what?' he interrupted.

"'They are bearish. They say that unless the road is able to get a raise in rates it will go into bankruptcy, sure as fate.'

"'Wal,' he said, 'Wal, sir, I have twelve thousand dollars. Are you sure the situation is as bad as that?'"

The Return of Rip Van Winkle

"'I am sure Kissam, Whitney & Co., the Vanderbilt brokers, told me what I have just told you.'

"'What's your name?'

"I told him. I also gave him the name of my firm. He hesitated a moment. Then he said, 'I've heard of ye. Wal, now, I think I'll have to buy Lake Shore.'

"'Why will you have to?' I asked.

"'Because I want to,' he answered earnestly

"'This is a free country,' I admitted.

"'Go into bankruptcy, hey? Wal, if it's as bad as that I'll have to buy three hundred shares. That's when they're cheap—when they are going to bust. Where's your office?'

"'I'll take you there,' I said, and I did. He bought three hundred shares of Lake Shore at around 40 and paid cash for it. The next day he came, got the certificates and took them away. That was the last I saw of him at that time.

"Many years afterward Charley Miller, one of the old doorkeepers, sent in word to me on the floor that a man wanted to see me, but wouldn't give his name and wouldn't go to the office. I went out to the upper New Street door and Charley pointed out Rip Van Winkle to me. He was all beard and his clothes looked as if they had been slept in twice fifty years. He espied me and came toward me with hand outstretched, for all the world like a stage agriculturist trying to be funny by caricaturing himself.

"'Howdy?' he says. 'Y'aint changed a mite.'

"I didn't know him, but I countered: 'Neither have you.' I half expected him to take off that beard and reveal himself as some jocular friend.

"'It's nigh unto twenty year since I seen ye,' he reminded me.

"'All of that,' I agreed, still unenlightened. The market was so dull that it was no trouble to be polite to this old chap who was taking up my time.

"'I come about the Lake Shore ye bought for me.'

"'What Lake Shore?' I asked

"'The three hundred shares!'

"'When did I buy it for you?'

"'The time Kissam, Whitney & Co. told you the road was going broke unless they got a raise in rates. When I saw the price get to 300 I thought I'd come and see you about it.'

"I remembered the old fellow then. I told him cheerfully, 'They say it's going to 500.' I told him this with real pleasure, for a customer who makes a lot of money is about the most pleasing sight in Nature.

"'The same people say so, most likely. But I need the money. I brought the stock with me. What kin ye get fer it fer me?'

"I went back to the floor and talked to the specialist. I found out that there was no stock for sale under 350. At that price two hundred shares might be had. A small buying order at the market would put the price up like a rocket. On the other hand, all the specialist would bid for it was 325. I went back to report to my man.

"'Wal,' he says, 'I might live to get 350, but if ye kin get 335 fer me now I'll sell 'em and much obliged to ye.'

(Continued on Page 129)

CURTIS WOODWORK

Your boy deserves a home and a yard

IT need not be an expensive home, yet it can be beautiful, comfortable and convenient. Your wife can have a home with all the improvements. Yet it need not cost a fortune.

You can get excellent suggestions on home planning and building from magazines and newspapers. The advertisements offer plans also, from which you can borrow ideas or build a complete house. The Curtis plan books have helped thousands to build charming homes in every part of the United States.

Where to build depends, of course, upon local conditions of work, transportation, neighborhoods and schools. When to build depends largely upon wage and material costs.

Size does not matter

No matter what size house you plan to build, or of what material, the woodwork will form an important part in the "house bill" and in the home you live in. Curtis Woodwork—trademarked "1866 Curtis"—is highly recommended not only by home owners but by architects and contractors who have more than satisfied their clients by using this trademarked material . . .

In woodwork, price is not cost. The cost of woodwork takes in extra fitting, sanding, and finishing. When you buy Curtis Woodwork it is so well finished at the factory that there is no extra work for the mechanics whose wages you pay.

Curtis service available everywhere

Every piece is inspected before it is trademarked. *And Curtis Woodwork is carefully wrapped or crated before shipment.* Thanks to large scale production, Curtis Woodwork is made from the finest designs at quantity cost and with certainty of "on time" deliveries.

Curtis Woodwork is made only from carefully selected materials, and improves with age. Curtis Woodwork includes both exterior and interior doors, front entrances, exterior moldings, windows and sash, frames, interior trim, cabinet work, stairways, screens.

Curtis Companies, Inc., Clinton, Iowa

Curtis Bros. & Co. Clinton, Iowa	**Curtis Sash & Door Co.** Sioux City, Iowa	**Curtis, Towle & Paine Co.** Topeka, Kan.	**Curtis & Yale Co.** Wausau, Wis.
Curtis, Towle & Paine Co. Lincoln, Neb.	**Curtis-Yale-Holland Co.** Minneapolis, Minn.	**Curtis Door & Sash Co.** Chicago, Illinois	**Curtis Detroit Co.** Detroit, Mich.

Sales Offices in **Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore, Md.**

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law however does prevent others from using our trade mark which consists only of the name "Curtis" and the year "1866," taken from the window sign. Make sure that the woodwork you buy—sash, doors, moldings or interior woodwork—bears that mark.

Curtis Woodwork is sold by retail lumbermen east of the Rockies. The illustration carries the sign of the Curtis dealer. Consult the nearest Curtis dealer about your building problems. Write us for information and for the dealer's name if you have trouble finding him. Curtis Companies Service Bureau, 147 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

BEGINNING where ordinary wheel qualifications end—Hayes Wheels offer the following additional and exclusive advantages—save one-half usual time in making tire changes; will not squeak, slip and tear the valve stem or shift and cause undue tire wear. All this is possible because of the Attached-Lug Rim. These extra time and money saving advantages are standardized and made interchangeable in wood, wire and disc. It is no wonder Hayes Wheels are *standard equipment on practically 50 per cent of all the cars made in America.* Find the Attached-Lug and you know a Hayes Wheel. Find the name "Hayes" on the lug and you know it is the genuine. Request Hayes Wheels on your next car.

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, Jackson, Michigan

Factories: Jackson, Albion, Flint, St Johns, Mich.; Anderson, Ind; Nashville, Tenn. Canadian Plants: Chatham and Merriston, Ont. Export Office: 30 Water Street, New York City

HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 126)

"'You say you have the stock with you?' I asked him.

"'Right here,' he said, and he took out a stage wallet duly tied round with string. He produced the certificates and I saw they were all hunky, so I went back to the specialist and earned my $37.50 by bluffing him into giving me 335 for two hundred shares and 340 for one hundred, or $500 more than the customer was willing to accept.

"I went back to him, told him the glad news, took him over to the office and introduced him all round as the man who bought three hundred shares of Lake Shore at 40 because he got an inside bear tip and then waited until his investment of twelve thousand dollars, after paying handsome dividends for many years, had turned into $101,000. He was the bargain-hunting type. He had a farm near Poughkeepsie.

"We had commission brokers then who thought their mission in life was to induce customers to trade as often as possible. There was the firm of William Whitworth & Co. Bill was a shrewd cuss who traded for himself or bought blocks of bonds and marketed them among his customers who wanted investments or suggested purchases and sales of stocks for the speculatively inclined without waiting to be asked. He frankly told me one day that his theory was that customers always wanted to be pushed into trading so as to have somebody to blame if they lost. Also that if he was to tell people when they should buy stocks it was his duty to tell them when to sell. Experience showed that the customers were bound to lose their money anyhow, so it was better for a nice man like him to get it in commissions than for some unworthy person to take it away from them in big gobs.

"His method of inducing his customers to trade consisted of delivering speeches to them. He was a pretty good orator and as he had scores of customers he had to use wholesale methods. The harangues ran something like this:

"'Gentlemen! I wish to go on record as expressing my unbiased opinion of the man who refuses to heed the counsel of a friend. The man who will not buy Missouri Pacific this instant is guilty of a heinous crime against his family. When he sits tight and does nothing, he isn't playing safe. He is simply depriving his children of an education, of comforts they might easily have if he took good advice. Not to buy M. P. is simply not to buy your wife the things she has been asking you to buy for a long time. You know what that is; but you may not know that the way to buy it is to take on as much M. P. as you can carry. There is a reason for all things. If there isn't then your actions become blind impulses, and that is not what a careful man should do. I'll tell you something in strict confidence and it must not be repeated outside this office. You owe that much to me. I rode downtown this morning with Jay Gould, and he assured me that the earnings of the company were increasing by leaps and bounds. They show large gains daily. The stock is now only 68. You have heard me. You now know what you ought to do, and why. I will add that failure to accept my advice to invest in this low-priced stock will be regarded by me as a personal affront!' He let his accusing eye linger for a moment on each face before him and then walked away to his private office, from which he did not emerge until it was time for another harangue. The time depended on how the customers took the first."

Playing it Both Ways

"On the next day William Whitworth, frowning his disapproval, came into the customers' room and confronted the men he had advised to buy M. P. at 68. He began:

"'Gentlemen, last night I did not go home at all, but spent nearly nine hours in this office going over the reports of the Missouri Pacific. I have carefully studied them and have analyzed the business so as to get a clear idea of the profits. That is the only way to approach this problem; the only safe way. The easiest way is to take a tip from a highly placed insider. That is the unsafe, the costly way to trade. Gentlemen, as the result of my analysis I say to you that I see nothing but lower prices ahead. The company's earnings are inadequate for maintaining the road properly, and the management can't starve it forever. As it is, the road is not far from being in that condition described as two streaks of rust and a right of way. Dividends cannot be maintained when the fixed charges are not fully earned. Gentlemen, unless the ingenious directors of the Missouri Pacific Company find a way of capitalizing the deficit and declaring it in dividends, I can't see how they will distribute anything to the holders of their high-priced stock. I ask of you but one thing: Remember that I pointed out to you what was bound to happen when the stock was selling around 70. Just remember this talk and this date. I say this so you will blame no one but yourselves. Remember!'

"Well, the stock went up, and he promptly reminded those customers he met of what Jay Gould, in the kindness of his heart, had told him that day when they rode downtown together and how he had passed the confidential information to his clients. Possibly six months later, Missouri Pacific was very weak and the Street was filled with rumors that the dividend would be passed. William Whitworth walked into the big room. He had a huge scrapbook in his hand and a look of melancholy triumph on his face. He orated like this:

"'Gentlemen, just a moment. I wish to ask you to consider one point—that's all: Kindly ponder on the kind of information that you get in this office. Compare it with what is handed out in other offices. There you get tips. Here you get facts! Exactly six months and two days ago I stood here and told you what you might expect Missouri Pacific to do in view of its slender earnings and the appalling physical condition of the road. I told you an exhaustive analysis of the company's business compelled me to conclude that unless the ingenious directors found a way of capitalizing the deficit there would be no distribution to the stockholders. The dividends, I asserted positively, could not be maintained. I asked you to remember my statements. I recall my advice to you. It is all here, in black and white. When I told you, the price was 70 and strong. It is now 32 and weak. That is all, gentlemen.'"

An Alarming Greeting

"Of course he was importuned for more advice that would mean thirty points profit, and he reluctantly consented to give it, and with equal reluctance accepted the commissions for so doing. His was one type of commission house.

"In some ways, I must admit, we did business more carelessly than they do now, although I sometimes doubt it when I read about the disappearance of messenger boys with thousands of dollars of securities. I believe the fact that most houses carry blanket insurance against all kinds of losses makes them and their clerks rather careless. Of course, there were things that were liable to happen then that couldn't happen now. I remember the day Hatch & Foot failed. I think it was in a panic we had in 1886. I happened to be passing by their office on the way to mine. There was a crowd before their door and I stopped to talk to Peter Bennett, the financial reporter. He told me the firm had gone up. As he was talking to me Hatch came along. He saw the crowd and saw us. He asked me, 'What's that crowd doing here? What's the matter?'

"I looked at him in surprise. I couldn't believe he didn't know. But Peter Bennett answered cheerfully, 'Why, you are busted. That's all.'

"'What!' yelled Hatch. 'How can that be?'

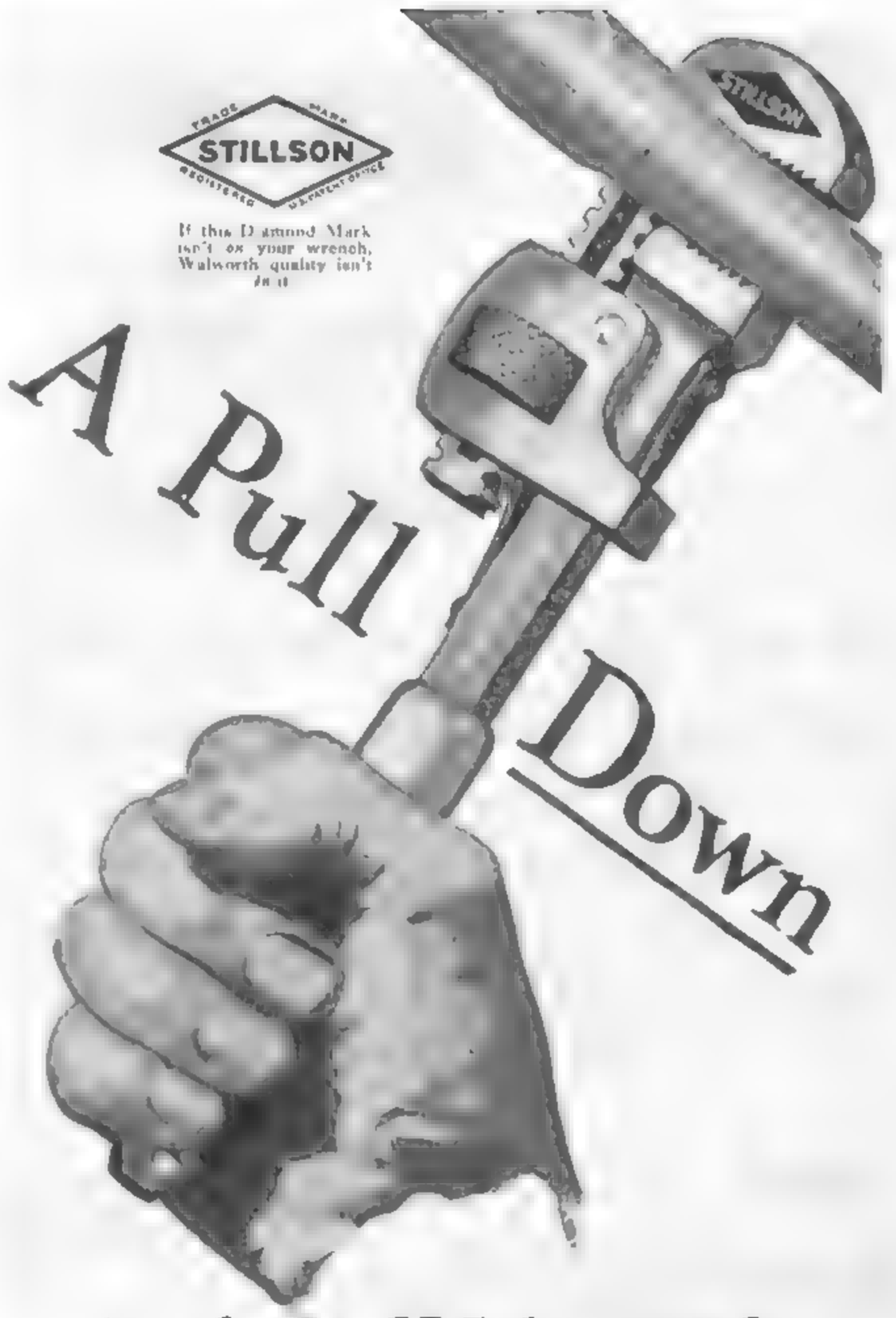
"'You had a lot of St. Paul,' explained Peter.

"'Yes, but we had 20 per cent margins on it,' objected Hatch.

"'Yes, but your star customer was ordered to close out his St. Paul in another office, and the price broke 20 per cent.'

"And sure enough, the firm had gone under, and the senior partner, returning after a few hours' absence from New York, did not know anything about it. Imagine the head of a big commission house coming to his office these days and being greeted with 'You're busted!'

"I can tell you another story of the same kind of carelessness. It is about the firm of Decker, Howell & Co. They were running the transactions in Northern Pacific for the North American Company and Henry Villard. I don't remember what happened, but they failed. They got their lawyer, William Nelson Cromwell, to look over their books. I don't know how they were kept, but somehow Cromwell discovered that the firm had a credit balance of twelve million dollars, so the firm promptly


STILLSON
TRADE MARK
STILLSON
REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

A Pull Down

locks a Walworth Stillson's grip on *anything!*

DAN STILLSON invented the wedging bite of his famous wrench especially to handle pipe. When you need to use the full power of its mighty grip and leverage, pull the wrench *towards* you. This locks the slanting teeth on either side of anything you want to get a hold on—whether it is round, square or hexagonal in shape. Then the grip of your Walworth Stillson won't slip even if you're using a piece of cloth between the jaws to protect a soft or highly polished surface.

For dozens of household jobs and automobile repairs a Walworth Stillson wrench is the handiest all-round tool you can buy. Why not get a pair of them while you're about it?

WALWORTH

Stillson Wrench

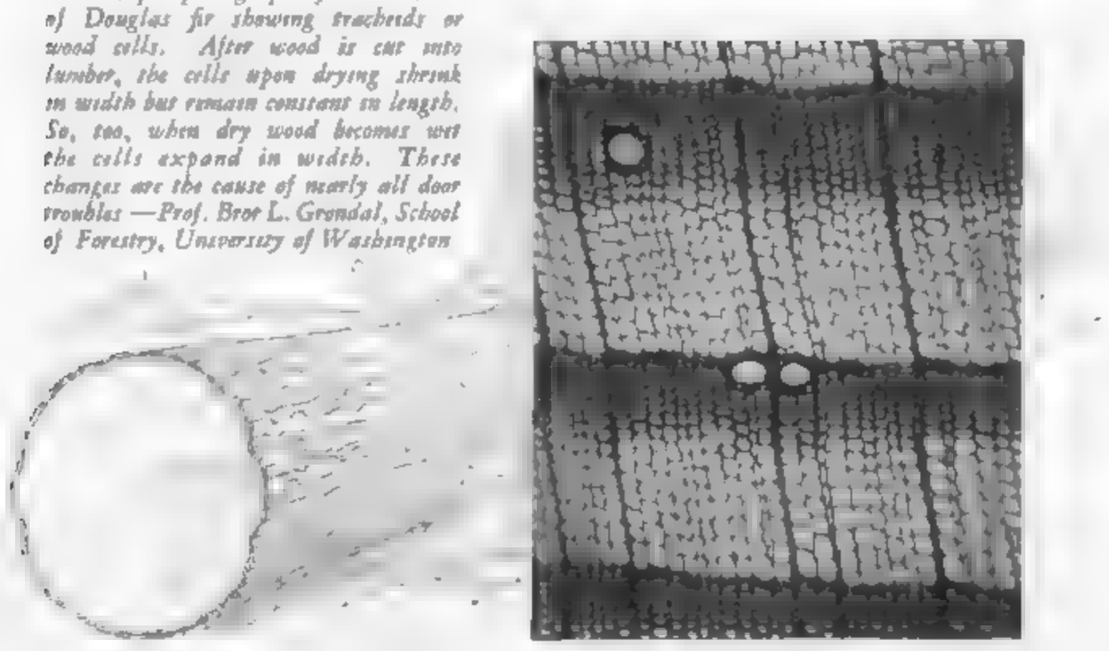
"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

A complete line of Valves Fittings and Tools

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO.
Boston, Mass.
Plants at Boston and Kewanee, Ill.
Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World

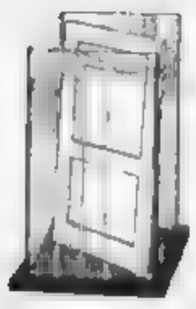
23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

Microscopic photograph of cross-section of Douglas fir showing tracheids or wood cells. After wood is cut into lumber, the cells upon drying shrink in width but remain constant in length. So, too, when dry wood becomes wet the cells expand in width. These changes are the cause of nearly all door troubles —Prof. Bror L. Grondal, School of Forestry, University of Washington



How we correct the natural faults of doors

Laminex construction prevents shrinking, swelling and warping



WATER TEST

Prof. Grondal soaked Laminex doors in water for 24 hours at the Forest Products Laboratory, University of Washington. Maximum absorption, 3 lbs., 2 oz. No warping, checking or separation. Maximum expansion, 3-100 inch

You've always taken door troubles for granted. Warping, twisting and sticking make rehanging or replacement often necessary. This is because certain climatic conditions are notoriously hard on doors. A *solid* piece of wood, by the very nature of its growth, must shrink or swell with changes of moisture content. The wood cells, or *tracheids*, shrink or expand in width but remain constant in length.

HEAT TEST

Laminex doors were subjected to heat of 181° Fahr. with humidity of 30 per cent, in a commercial dry kiln, by Prof Grondal. No effect on parts or joints. No shrinkage cracks Maximum loss of moisture, 1 lb., 2 oz.

After 35 years of research, The Wheeler, Osgood Company, the largest builders of doors in the world, have perfected the Laminex process. We build up all of the parts that go into the construction of a door, using a secret-formula waterproof cement, squeezing the whole together by tremendous hydraulic pressure.

Thus the grain and wood cells of the adjoining sections are so "crossed" that it equalizes all expansion and contraction holding the whole in check, for wood cannot shrink in length

Laminex doors soaked in water for 24 hours, absorbed 3 lbs., 2 oz. of moisture, *without a sign of warping, checking or separation* of parts. Maximum expansion was 3-100 of an inch. Over a million Laminex doors are now in actual use, with a record of success everywhere

STRENGTH TEST

Prof. Grondal subjected the panels of Laminex doors to a test in 200,000 lb Olsen testing machine at Forest Products Laboratory, University of Washington. Average load before rupturing, 912 lbs. In no case did the Laminex cemented panel or molding strips holding the panel show signs of failure

These doors are built of old-growth Douglas fir, an unusually durable wood. All the popular and standard designs—one-panel doors, two-panel, French doors, Colonial, bungalow and the "Belle Porte," a beautiful new sub-frame design. Natural flat grain throughout or with vertical (quarter-sawed) stiles and rails

Ask your building material dealer, or write for valuable booklet, "The Door is Important." Special monograph for architects, on request.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington
"The Lumber Capital of America"

Sales Offices: Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane

WOCO

Manufacturers of "Woco" Douglas Fir Doors and Fir Sash

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

resumed business. I call that legal ability of a very high order, don't you?

"The firm failed again, this time for keeps, and sometime after, poor Joe Decker died. I heard a story at the time that a committee of bankers who were carrying loans for the firm went up to Decker, Howell & Co.'s office for a conference. They knew that the failure of such a prominent firm would have a pretty bad effect in the financial markets and they were to get together to prevent a panic, as befitted public-spirited custodians of the community's funds. In the meantime the Street had got word of the meeting and everybody was waiting to learn what the bankers would do—help or let go. We knew there would be a lot of urgent liquidation if the bankers decided not to extend aid to the brokers.

"Well, the bankers met and looked over the books of the firm. I imagine things were pretty bad, but for all that, something might have been done if old Grosvenor, president of the 'Steenth National, hadn't got an awful toothache and said he had to go downstairs to the drug store on the first floor and get some toothache drops. The other public-spirited bankers looked at one another and pretty soon another complained of hyperacidity and excused himself to go and get some bicarbonate of soda in order to stave off a stroke. He went out, and passing by the drug store saw Grosvenor getting his toothache drops by telephone. So he got his bicarbonate through the same agency. Then the rest of the bankers developed all kinds of ailments and went to the drug store for medicine that was delivered by telephone wires to their brokers' offices. You see, each banker wanted to help the situation all he could, but, to make sure, decided to sell out the collateral on his loans before the Street got wind of the exact state of affairs or before the other bankers pusillanimously sold stocks. By the time the bankers were back in their banks the stock market was so weak that the Street knew Decker, Howell & Co. were bankrupts and everybody began to sell. That is what I was told that aid committee did for the good of the community.

"Speaking of the North American Company, which was the old Transcontinental, I remember Elijah Smith, who was in control when Henry Villard started to capture the Northern Pacific. Smith was fighting Villard. As a result of the stock-market duel the price went up fifty or sixty points, and just before the transfer books closed for the annual meeting there was naturally a big demand for the stock. I heard at the time that Smith could have sold out his holdings at a personal profit of a million dollars. But he wouldn't do it. It would have been disloyal to his party. In the panic of May 9, 1901, the representative of an interest supposed to be on the Morgan side couldn't resist the temptation when he saw the price of the cornered stock go up to 1000, and he sold out. He made several hundred thousand dollars, but he ceased to be an associate of the Morgans and never again sat on the directorate of any of their companies. Elijah Smith had a brother, Prosper, who was the author of the saying, 'You cannot stand in the past, stick a pin in the skin of the present and pay rent in the future.'"

The First News Agencies

Those stories, resumed Mr. Wing, are typical of what old brokers had to tell. To hear them you would think they happened a couple of centuries ago, but it was only the other day.

The old broker referred to Peter Bennett, an old newspaperman. Well, Bennett is still on the job. Probably no other man living, certainly none in his profession, has known so many of the big operators of the past forty years, and few have been so familiar as he with the Wall Street public. His memory is excellent and he has a knack for instinctively selecting the picturesque high lights of incidents. I shall try to give you as closely as I can what Peter Bennett told me one evening at my house:

"When I first came down to Wall Street I went to work for old Bob Cunningham, delivering his fake news. Bob knew all the big operators like Cammack, Newell, Cable, Keene, Woerishoffer, S. V. White, Charley Osborn and others. He called his shop the American & European Financial & Commercial News Agency. Abbott issued foreign-exchange quotations on yellow flimsy, tissue-paper manifold sheets. He also reported the sales of gold and purchases of government bonds that were announced in the rotunda of the Subtreasury. The only other news agency was the Commercial News Department of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

"The first real news agency was started by J. Kiernan. His first office was in what now would be 18 Wall Street. Later he obtained control of the Western Union service. He had no real competition until Dow, Jones & Co. appeared on the scene. They were a remarkable combination, Charles H. Dow, Edward D. Jones and Charles M. Bergstresser. As I heard the story, Dow was working in a print mill, and a phrenologist went through the works reading heads. Dow paid him fifty cents and had his examined. The phrenologist told Dow a lot about himself that was true, and he ended by saying, 'Everything about the shape of your head points to journalism as the right profession for you!' Dow believed it and began at once to study shorthand. Later on he went into newspaper work and then associated himself with E. D. Jones and C. M. Bergstresser and founded the well-known news agency and the Wall Street Journal. He told me once that what first turned his mind to financial news gathering was the extremely long name of Bob Cunningham's alleged agency. Later we had other news agencies, and the New York News Bureau came into the field."

Railroad Candor

"Financial news gathering has been developed enormously, keeping pace with the growth of all our other industries. It is today an expensive business necessitating complicated machinery, a staff of specialists and correspondents everywhere. I remember, though, when the St. Paul weekly statement of earnings was the big item. Or a pool might be operating in some stock and every scrap of news or gossip about it was in great demand. When Harvey Kennedy's office was running a pool in Northwest, Harvey used to summon the reporters in order to give out some very important statement. When the reporters appeared he would emerge from his private office, an impressive frown on his face and a slip of paper in his hands. He would then state:

"'I have here, gentlemen, the Northwest earnings for the second week of September. They show an increase of 48 per cent. Gentlemen, this is one of the best railroads in the United States.'

"One day a green reporter asked him, 'Mr. Kennedy, are you really bullish on Northwest?' Harvey, who was running a big pool at the time, merely looked at him and walked back to the private office.

"They were free with their news then. We used to call at the Northern Pacific offices in the days when Harris was president, before Henry Villard captured the control. When we asked for news they used to trot out the minutes and read them aloud to us, so we could know what happened at the directors' meeting. Nowadays the procedure would be to give the newspapermen a slip with valuable information typewritten on it, like this: 'The Board of Directors held a meeting today of routine character.'

"The big men used to talk freely with us. Sam Sloan kept it up to the end, and he was the last of the old guard. The late Newton Sharp, of the Evening Sun, and I once interviewed C. P. Huntington about Southern Pacific. There were a lot of rumors about it. The old man confessed, 'I owe fifty million dollars and I don't know where or how I'm going to pay those notes.' And he shook his head.

"'I imagine you walk the floor of nights,' said Sharp.

"'Who, me?' said Huntington. 'No, I let the creditors do that. I can't afford to have my sleep interfered with. Too much to do. What else do you want to know?' He was a great hand for talking fluently to newspapermen and managing to say very little. Nowadays everything is official statements. The newspapermen print what is furnished them or else they must publish rumors or gossip or unofficial opinions. There is less mystery than there used to be and much less accessibility to the leaders.

"Of course the brokers have improved their methods of doing business. With the expansion in the volume of trading and in the number of customers the machinery for handling the business has been developed tremendously. There was, for instance, the case of Eugene Robinson, before they had the Clearing House. Stocks and checks passed in and out through the little windows in the brokers' offices and everybody had to

(Continued on Page 133)

Significant!

A few buyers of Early *and* Late Model Sundstrands

Standard Oil Co.
In 1916 bought 1
In 1924 own 149

Eastman Kodak Co.
In 1918 bought 1
In 1924 own 46

Procter & Gamble
In 1919 bought 1
In 1924 own 31

S. H. Kress & Co.
In 1922 bought 1
In 1924 own 100

Texas Company
In 1919 bought 1
In 1924 own 110

Sears Roebuck & Co.
In 1916 bought 1
In 1924 own 132

Johns-Manville Company
In 1917 bought 1
In 1924 own 38

Chicago & Northwestern Ry. Co.
In 1916 bought 1
In 1924 own 48

International Harvester Co.
In 1917 bought 1
In 1924 own 45

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
In 1916 bought 1
In 1924 own 43

T. Eaton & Co. (Canada)
In 1917 bought 1
In 1924 own 86

Mentor Company
In 1919 bought 1
In 1924 own 44

Mayflower Stores Co.
In 1916 bought 1
In 1924 own 128

London Guarantee & Accident Co.
In 1916 bought 1
In 1924 own 48

RE-ORDERS

Back for more–is proof conclusive

Every manufacturer awaits re-orders as the one infallible sign of public approval, also as an accurate gauge of the success of new models. The New Marvel Model 20 Direct Subtractor Sundstrand is now approximately one year old. Significant indeed is the fact that re-orders for it have been booked from the following, as well as many other leaders in the business world:

Standard Oil Co.
The Crane Co.
U. S. Gypsum Co.
The Quaker Oats Co.
Amer. Bond & Mortgage Co.
The American Brass Co.
Fuller Brush Co.
Nebraska Power Co.

International Harvester Co.
City of Minneapolis
The Texas Company
City of Los Angeles
W. R. Pickering Lbr. Co.
Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
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U. S. Tires are the only tires in the world made of cords solutioned in raw rubber latex

USCO CORD

(Continued from Page 130)

hustle around delivery time and try to get the stocks into or out of their offices as the case might be. Robinson didn't have much capital, but he built up a big business. He managed to do it by using a method something like this: The boy delivering stock that Robinson had bought would slip the certificates in the proper window and wait for a check in payment thereof. The moment the certificates were received one of Robinson's clerks would dash madly for the bank next door with collateral and wait for a check to be certified and rush back to the office to complete the transaction. This system worked until one day the clerks couldn't make connections quickly enough, and the firm failed. Robinson had bought more than thirty thousand shares that day, which was too much for a broker without capital to handle.

"Harvey Kennedy also failed about that time. Eugene Robinson owed Kennedy twelve hundred dollars, and Kennedy owed Robinson eight hundred dollars. Robinson settled with his creditors for thirty cents on the dollar, while Kennedy settled in full. Well, Kennedy went around talking to people about it, trying to figure how it was that while Robinson owed him twelve hundred dollars, and he owed Robinson eight hundred dollars, he now had to pay Robinson four hundred dollars, to settle the account. All Wall Street talked about it. To the best of my belief Eugene Robinson was the first man to be called the Napoleon of Wall Street. This was not prompted entirely by his stock-market strategy or operations, but because of his physical resemblance to the great emperor.

"Those who have grown accustomed to the Federal Reserve System will scarcely believe how numerous and easy bank failures were. It was no trouble whatever for a bank to bust in those days. You must remember that some of the financiers promoted all sorts of enterprises and did a lot of juggling with the stock, and later they would reorganize the companies and do a little more thimblerigging. The process was frankly described as construction, destruction and reconstruction. The stock-buying public helped to swell the financiers' profits by getting loaded with securities later found to be worth a little less than nothing. Well, that tradition endured long after the practice was abandoned.

"Bond issues were manipulated no less flagrantly. If the bonds could not be placed the underwriting brokers resorted to the complaisant banks and hypothecated the unsold bonds there. Then, if or when the bonds turned out to be no good the bank closed its doors."

John Silver's Loans

"For a long time the case of John Silver and the American Loan & Trust Company and another institution kept tongues wagging. John Silver was a persuasive Westerner who succeeded in inducing these banks to lend him a great deal of money. The loans were secured by securities of divers industrial companies. The enterprises didn't pan out and the institutions that had carried John Silver closed their doors. The bank examiner came down to investigate and the newspapermen waited for his report, for he said he was ready to work all night.

"About midnight the examiner came out to where we were and in a singsong tone announced: 'We have completed the examination of the accounts.' There was a pause. Then: 'The accounts, we find, are absolutely correct.' Then he went back to the inner office, where the safes and the accountants were.

"At daybreak the examiner made his appearance a second time. We awoke and sat up. When he saw that we were ready to hear, the examiner, in the same slow, singsong tone as before, announced: 'We have completed' the examination of the securities.' There was a pause. Then the droning voice resumed: 'The securities, we find, are absolutely incorrect.' None of the collateral was any good, and the trust company failed for keeps.

"A curious feature, that people today must find difficulty in understanding, was the persistence of the public's faith in banks that were capable of such criminal negligence. Why, tips would come into the news agencies about the impending suspension of some bank. They used to come in almost as a matter of routine business.

"Word came to us one day that a certain bank was about to go under. It was the bank at the corner of Broadway and Pine, where the American Exchange now is. Several of us newspapermen went up before ten A.M. to report the dying moments faithfully, as if it were the end of a race. We stood by the paying teller's window, watchfully waiting. A few customers came in when the bank opened for business. One of them handed in a check for a hundred and twenty dollars and got his cash. A second man, we learned, had a check for eight hundred dollars. He got it indorsed. One of the reporters said to him, 'You'd better be next.' But the wisenheimer said, 'Next, nothing!' A third man had a check for five dollars. He turned it in and got his V. Then as though that were the cue, the inside window dropped. The chap with the eight-hundred-dollar check ran up to the window and tapped feverishly on it. Too late!

"Over and over again we reporters went to some bank or another and watched the paying teller pay out cash on checks as they were presented to him until word came from somewhere within and the paying teller's window dropped, and that would be the end of that bank; in plain sight of the newspapermen who had been sent there for that very purpose. Think of it!"

Failures and Tragedies

"Brokers also failed rather easily. We had all sorts of failures, big and little, during the panics—and there were plenty of these. The minor failures were frequent and happened in any sort of financial weather. In those days brokers thought it was a disgrace to fail, and Wall Street bankrupts took to the pistol for ending their troubles. In my early days as a reporter there wasn't so much specializing. I had to cover the Wall Street district for all kinds of news, and also the Stock Exchange, the Customhouse, the Barge Office and the First Precinct Police Station. That meant I had to cover the suicides. There were enough of them. Once, as I was passing the building where Russell Sage's office was, I heard a shot. It came from the office of J. Creighton & Co. I rushed in, followed by others. In the middle of the floor of the private office lay a man, dead. On a table was a piece of paper. On it was written: 'My head cannot stand it. Everything is gone. Good-by forever, JACK CREIGHTON.' Poor Jack!

"Another I remember was Jim Hutting. He ran a famous Northwest deal. He lost his money. One day he called at a friend's office. The friend was busy, so Jim sent in word that he'd like to borrow twenty dollars from this broker, to whom he had in his prosperity given a lot of business. The broker friend came out. He began, apologetically: 'Say, Jim, things are awful dull around here and ——'

"That was enough for Jim, who had just made his first touch. He pulled out a revolver and shot himself through the head.

"There were many others. I don't mean victims of the stock market, though the preachers always utilized the suicides on the following Sunday. These men were more of the ruined-gambler type, like the Monte Carlo kind. Men who have for years lived on the fat of the land do not take kindly to park benches and ragged clothes, and also easy money is apt to encourage habits that are not conducive to steady nerves. Modern bankrupts do not resort to suicide. They are sturdier, and even prefer to live at their wives' expense.

"The commission houses were not ubiquitous then. They were to be found along the Atlantic seaboard, a fringe of them, and not in every city in the United States, as today. It was a long time before the idea penetrated very far inland that stocks and bonds might be quite as safe and far more profitable than real-estate mortgages. Millions of people distrusted securities. It was the same about the banks in the wildcat days. You never knew when they would bust. That is how James J. Hill, they tell me, came to be an expert on gems and precious stones. He couldn't trust the banks, so he carried his capital with him in his inside pocket, in the shape of unset diamonds.

"Of course, there were big houses that had big customers, but if you went into the smaller houses you were not so apt then as you would be today to run into a lot of retail merchants, professional men, retired business men, and so on. Everywhere in the United States you will now find all classes of people in the brokers' offices. In my day, in the big houses, one was more

"look at your shoes!"

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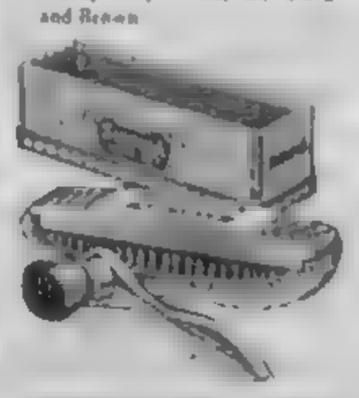

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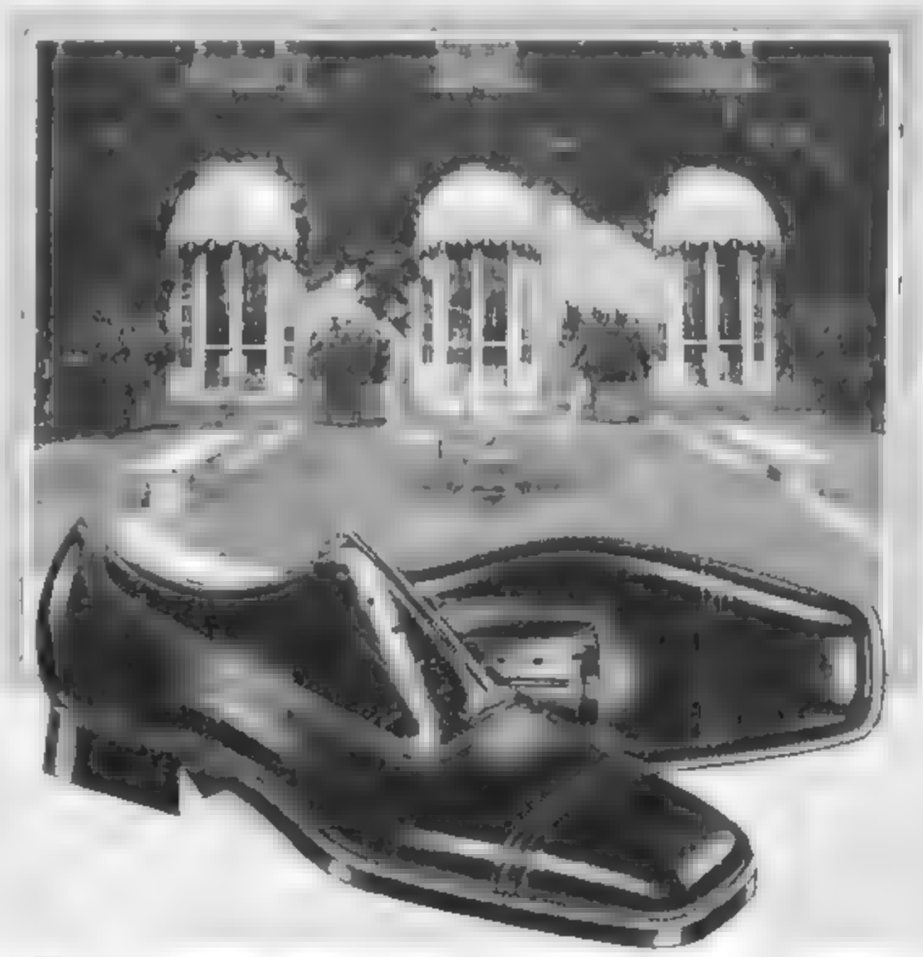

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Chicago A. STEIN & COMPANY New York

Time for a fresh pair?

uable to meet a few millionaires. Certain houses were identified with certain stocks, and pools were formed to operate on their specialties. A great deal of the business done was thus necessarily in the nature of tong warfare, one rival gang of strong-arm men against another. One clique would load up. That would be a signal for another clique to maneuver to lighten that load at a profit to the attacking philanthropists. They were always trying to unload on one another instead of on the general public. They used the banks in their deals much more brazenly than they would dare do today. Once in a while the banks did not fail, even if the clique lost money. But, for the most part, the banks' depositors did the losing for the cliques.

"Let me tell you how raw the work was. There was a road, which you can call the Dixie Terminal, because it consisted of a consolidation of several Southern roads. These smaller roads had been put into the consolidation by various capitalists who expected to have a great deal to say about the management and about the market destinies of the consolidated road's stock. Well, you may rest assured that there was considerable internecine fighting and the control passed from one to another in turn. Finally it lodged in the hands of Colonel Irving, and he was responsible for some market pyrotechnics that made him a good source of news for months.

"One day I went to see Colonel Irving, accompanied by the late Newton Sharp, financial editor of the Evening Sun, a brilliant writer, highly esteemed by all who knew him. We asked Colonel Irving how things were going with Dixie Terminal, and he, as usual, was as frank as Captain Kidd or Pancho Villa would have been. He said, in a matter-of-fact way, 'There is a fellow by the name of Bardwell, an ironmaster, from Pittsburgh. He is long forty thousand shares of D. T. He has ten thousand margined down to 40 and ten thousand down to 30: ten thousand down to 20, and the last ten thousand, I think, he has got outright.' And Colonel Irving nodded as though he had given us a fine story."

Great Expectations

"'And what then?' asked Newton Sharp.

"'And then I reckon we are going to get him.'

"'And the news has yet not developed beyond the prospective stage?'

"'There must be a first chapter,' replied Colonel Irving gravely, and bowed us out with true Southern politeness.

"Some time after that I called again on Colonel Irving and asked for news. He told me, 'We got that ten thousand at 40.'

"Sharp told me a couple of days later that the colonel ran across him on Wall Street and announced, 'We got the ten thousand at 30.'

"Well, the Irving gang got Bardwell's third ten thousand, and then he was compelled to sell his remaining stock in a market completely dominated by Colonel Irving. In the end poor old Bardwell failed. He lost the millions he had made in the iron and steel business. When I would go into brokers' offices and hear some of the customers speak about stocks like Dixie Terminal, I used to ask myself, 'What business has any human being to monkey with that kind of game?'

"Of course the market-milking process was in great esteem in those days. Everybody practiced it. They had done so from the days of Jacob Little and Daniel Drew, even before the Civil War. Of course, what Drew and Fisk and Gould did in Erie, even against so redoubtable an opponent as old Commodore Vanderbilt, was not feasible later on. I recall Calvin Brice and General Sam Thomas and their operations in American Cotton Oil. It was a good, active trading stock. But tips would begin to circulate and the stock would act like higher prices. Traders and the commission-house customers would buy it. The bull tip by this time had taken the shape of intimations that a dividend might be declared at the next meeting of the directors. The intimations became stronger and the stock went up. Finally it touched 35. The advance slowed up then. Presently it was officially announced that at the meeting of the directors to be held on the following week the matter of declaring a dividend would surely be acted on. The price thereupon resumed its advance. At 40 the Street began to guess the rate of disbursement. On the day the directors were scheduled to meet the price touched 42.

"After the meeting Calvin S. Brice would linger to speak to his friends, the waiting reporters. You know, Brice had been United States senator from Ohio and chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee. He was a very smart man with a wonderful sense of humor."

Milking the Market

"'Boys,' he would tell the reporters, 'the situation is just this: I insisted that the stockholders who have stood by the company so patiently all these years ought to be rewarded now that we are making money. I took the position that they ought to get 5 per cent annually. But General Thomas didn't agree with me. He thought we ought to be conservative and he would not listen to any higher rate than 4 per cent. That was the highest he'd go. And there you are!' He would shrug his shoulders and wave both hands in the air.

"'Well, what did you pay?' I asked him.

"'I told you we couldn't agree on the rate. I wanted 5 per cent and he wanted 4 per cent.'

"'And so in the end you agreed to pay how much?'

"'No. We haven't agreed on any payment. I wanted 5 per cent, but he wouldn't hear of it. Simply couldn't agree.'

"'But 4 per cent was better than nothing.'

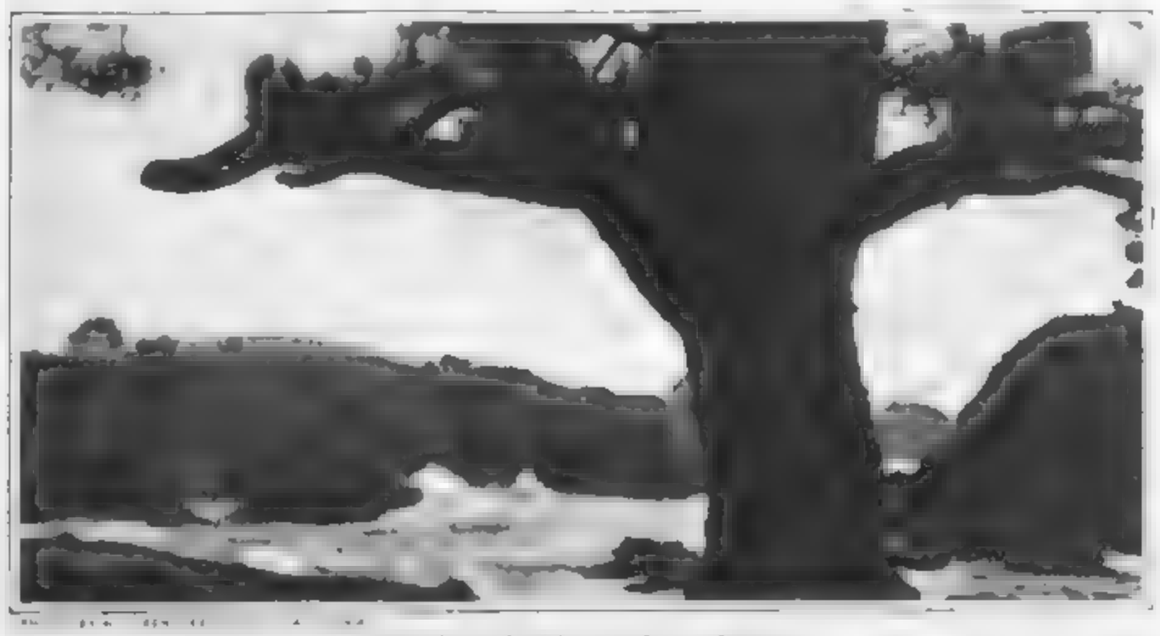
"'But 5 per cent was only fair.'

"'And so you don't pay anything?'

"'Couldn't agree. Stubborn as a mule!' And he walked away, shaking his enormous head. And of course the price of the stock promptly went down, back to where it was before the dividend talk began a few weeks before. A few months later, then war and the bull movement. Same result.

"The late H. O. Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, did some masterly market-milking in his stock, or that was the belief widely held in his day. You must remember that in such cases the principal beneficiaries and also the chief victims were the speculators. But while there isn't so much milking nowadays as there used to be, I have heard it said that for skill, audacity and success, none of the old milking records could equal that of a world-famous oil operator and his market specialty. You should also bear in mind the operations of the man to whom Larry Livingston referred as John Prentiss because his name is nothing like it."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.



Northern California Coast Scene

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Coupon Bond A strictly First Grade, Pole Loft Dried Paper, made from new white hard rags. Will retain strength and color indefinitely. Supremely impressive in appearance, with the 'feel' and crackle found only in the very highest class of Bond Paper. *Made in White and Six Colors*

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AS CITIZENS THEREOF

(Continued from Page 7)

entirely to the discretion of the court. If you can say yes and no you are able to speak English.

William M. Ragsdale, chief examiner in the Pittsburgh district for the Bureau of Naturalization, is testifying before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives:

MR. WILSON: Do you have any cases where the applicant for citizenship cannot speak the English language?

MR. RAGSDALE: It is very rare that a man cannot speak the English language to some extent. Sometimes he can say only a few words, or, as we say, shake his head in English.

THE CHAIRMAN: Does the head-shaking process go for the English language at Pittsburgh?

MR. RAGSDALE: I mean no disrespect to the court, but very nearly, Mr. Chairman.

All the lenities and omissions of the American law from the beginning have reflected an impatient desire for population One of the grievances cited in the Declaration of Independence was that George III had "endeavored to prevent the population of these states, for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners." However, the laws were various and in some instances imaginary. Connecticut, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Georgia apparently had none at all. A search for the dim beginnings of citizenship was made in 1905 by the Roosevelt Commission of Naturalization and Citizenship of the United States. Sidney S. Rider, of Providence, prepared for its record the following quaint bit of Americana:

"The men who planted Providence and then the colony held from the first the power of admitting citizens to their incorporations and of conferring upon these citizens the rights of freemen." A distinction there between economic and political participation, evidently. All voters were citizens, but not all citizens were voters.

"In order to a correct understanding of the working it will be necessary to describe briefly the planting of the towns and the kind of government which followed. Roger Williams came here in 1636. Within a few months he saw by the numbers coming here to settle that some kind of government was necessary to be established. He formulated a plan in his own mind and in 1637 submitted a draft of it to Governor Winthrop. This plan consisted of a signed union between the first planters and a compact to be signed by all who were afterward admitted. The government resided in the fixed inhabitants. No tramp was admitted. A man must be a master of a family before being made a voter, or freeman, as the people then called a fixed inhabitant to whom were given political rights."

A Curious Oversight

Thus Rhode Island, which "singular little commonwealth," says James Bryce in his American Commonwealth, "is of all the American states that which has furnished the most abundant analogies to the Greek republics of antiquity and which best deserves to have its annals treated of by a philosophic historian." Today one person in every three of its entire population is foreign born, what the politicians call the foreign vote is a majority, and from Federal Hill in Providence you may walk directly into a busy street where English is a strange tongue.

Massachusetts appears at that time to have had a very high standard. Naturalization was granted only upon petition to the legislature.

The authors of the Federal Constitution, having so many greater perplexities, gave little thought to citizenship. They did not define it. The only references they made to it were these: "Congress shall have power to establish an uniform rule of naturalization," and "The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." Nothing about what an American citizen was

The idea of the Congress at first apparently was, under its constitutional power, to formulate a general rule of naturalization that would reconcile with the law and practice of all the separate states. The original law, enacted in 1790, merely provided that any free white person of good moral character might be admitted to citizenship after two years' residence by applying to a court of record and taking an oath of allegiance. No state law required less.

Five years later the law was tightened at the top and relaxed at the bottom. It was tightened by requiring five years' residence instead of two and a declaration of intention to be filed at least three years before admission. It was relaxed wherein it instituted the principle of derivative citizenship. It said that when an alien became naturalized all his children under twenty-one were by that fact made citizens of the United States—by no election of their own then or afterward, but once for all simply by the act of the father.

In 1802 the law was rewritten again, under the injunction of President Jefferson to make sure that "the general character and capabilities of a citizen be safely communicated to everyone manifesting a bona fide purpose of embarking his life and fortune among us."

Foreign-Born Women Voters

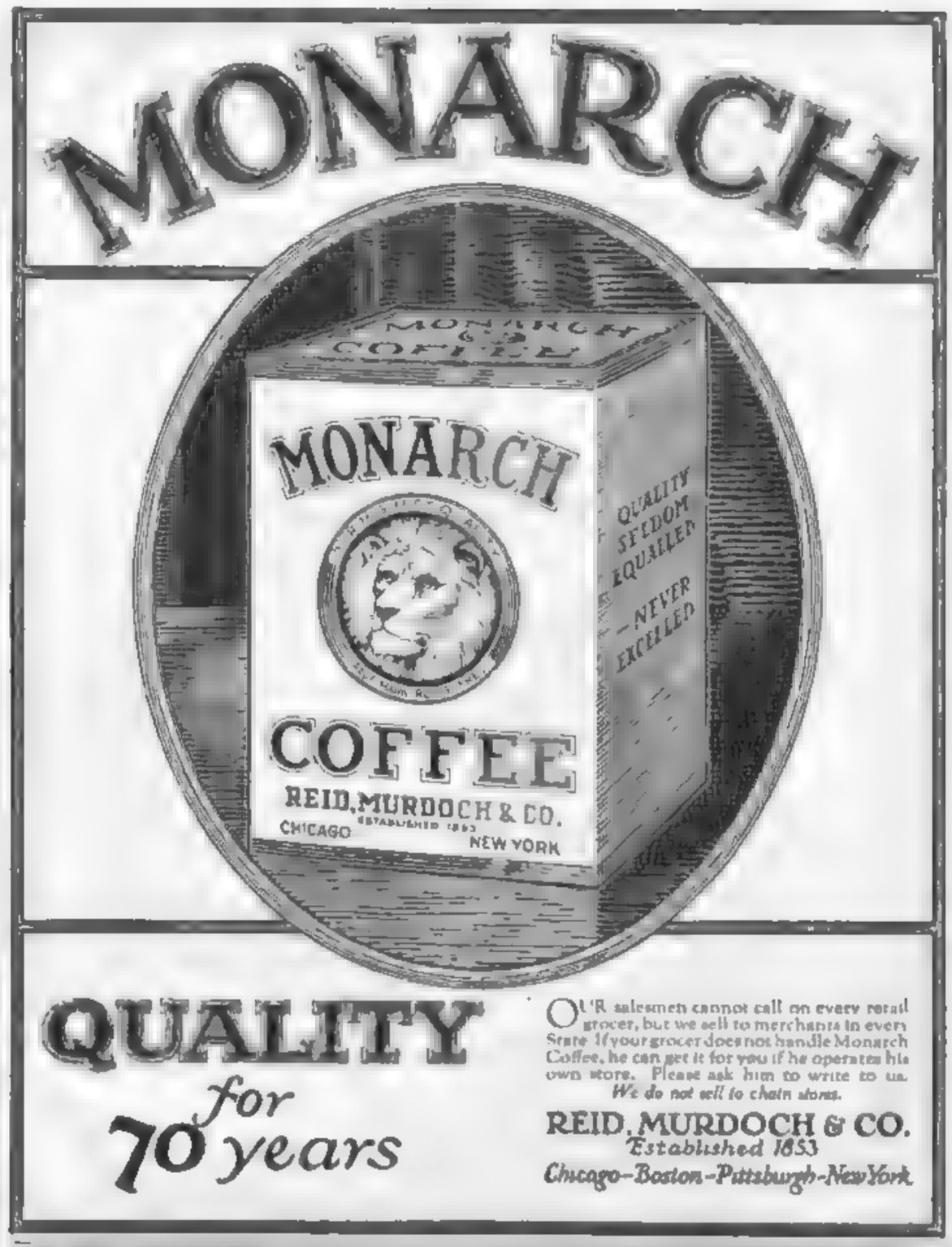
What was henceforth required that had not been required before was not a great deal—namely, a specific renunciation of former allegiance and some evidence, nature unparticularized, of attachment to the principles of the Constitution. That might be an assenting nod of the head. Jurisdiction, as before, was left in both state and Federal courts, which was perhaps as it had to be then, some states seeming very jealous of their own power to make citizens; but that jurisdiction should have continued to be so divided down to the present time, with no standard of practice, no definitions, no restraint whatever upon the court that will admit an applicant who can only shake his head in English—that is one of the wonderful curiosities of American government.

For more than a century the law was never tightened again. Repeatedly it was loosened.

In 1824 the interval that must elapse between the act of filing the declaration of intent to become a citizen and the final ceremony of admission was reduced from three years to two. At the same time there was written into the law the disastrous minor's clause, which provided that an alien who arrived in this country before he was eighteen need not file a declaration of intent. It was necessary only for him to swear in any court that he was over twenty-one, that he had lived in the country five years, and that he had arrived before he was eighteen, and he might become a citizen on the spot. Under this provision of the law amazing frauds were perpetrated continuously thereafter.

In 1828 a provision of the law which had required any alien who wished citizenship to report himself—or, if a minor, to be reported—on arrival in the country, was repealed. Then there was no door at all to frauds under the minor's clause; for there was no record of arrival.

In 1855 the principle of derivative citizenship was extended to include the wife. That is, a woman derived citizenship from her husband. Any alien woman herself eligible to become a citizen was made a citizen automatically by the naturalization of her husband. This was the law for sixty-seven years, until the Cable Act was passed at the instance of organized women in 1922. Since the Cable Act a woman no longer derives citizenship from her husband. She has an independent status. If she is an alien and wishes to be a citizen she must become naturalized on her own initiative. But this act, of course, changes nothing that went before. It was in 1920 that the Constitutional Amendment conferring suffrage upon women took effect. At that time—two years prior to the Cable Act—women still derived citizenship from their husbands, and as they did, the wives and widows of all naturalized alien men in the United States were suddenly enfranchised. Before 1920 they were merely citizens—involuntary citizens because their husbands were citizens. After 1920 they were voters—foreign-born voters. They had never taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. They had never forsworn allegiance to foreign states and potentates. They had never taken upon themselves an obligation to support the laws of the United States.



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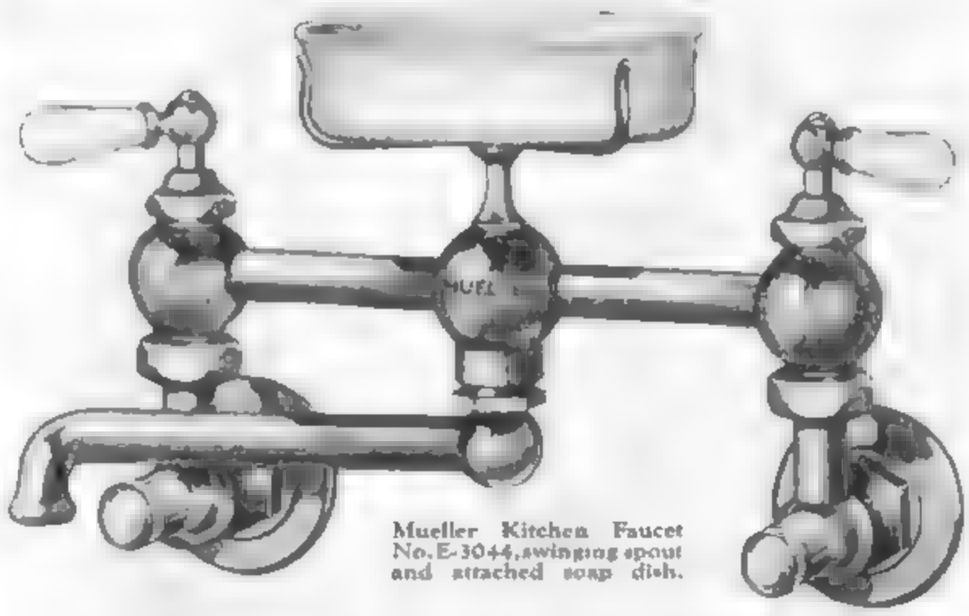

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No court of naturalization had ever seen them. They were an unknown addition to the foreign element in the political body. And their number was nearly three million. They are there still, of course; they cannot be removed. Moreover, during the two years that elapsed between the effective date of the suffrage amendment to the Constitution and the enactment of the Cable Law by Congress every married alien man naturalized brought into citizenship with him an unknown, unexamined, unsworn foreign woman voter. Of those there could not have been fewer than two hundred thousand.

When Congress declared in 1855 that the wife of a naturalized alien was a citizen also, as a sympathetic fact, woman suffrage was not thought of. And when in 1920 the suffrage amendment was affixed to the Constitution nothing could be done about it. At least nothing was done about it. And so probably more than three million foreign-born women, as to whose qualifications there was nowhere the slightest color of evidence, were carried headlong into the electorate.

In 1868 there was added to the Constitution the Fourteenth Amendment, saying: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside."

The phrase "and subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States, is to exclude the progeny of foreign diplomats and enemy aliens. Other exception there is none. Chinese or Japanese children born on American soil, though their parents are ineligible to become citizens, are citizens by fact of birth in their own right.

Thus in the Constitution of the United States, after three-quarters of a century, citizenship is defined in words exactly according to the ancient law of the soil. Only now the same words have not their old meaning at all. They mean a political privilege. American citizenship is a political inheritance. And as such its responsibilities are undefined.

In 1870 the law of naturalization was extended to aliens of African nativity. In 1882 it was amended to exclude Chinese from citizenship. In 1903, after the assassination of President McKinley by an anarchist, it was written that any person who disbelieved in organized government, or belonged to an organization opposed to it, or who advocated political murder, should be ineligible to become a citizen.

Frauds and Abuses

Such was the body of the law from 1790 to 1906—one hundred and sixteen years. Within it, outside of it, because of it, despite it, American citizenship was incredibly debauched. Fraudulent procurement of naturalization and criminal sale of citizenship were notorious evils from the beginning. The callous indifference of public opinion to the facts through all these years cannot be adequately explained. Henry Adams, in his History of the United States, 1801-17, writing of the year 1802, said:

"The captain of any British frigate which might happen to run into the harbor of New York, if he went ashore, was liable to meet on his return to the wharf some of his boat's crew strolling about town, every man supplied with papers of American citizenship. . . . No pretence was made of concealing the fraud. They were issued in any required quantity and were transferred for a few dollars from hand to hand."

And never for more than a century was it otherwise, except in degree, which increased, or in method, which was according to the circumstances.

Until 1906 there was nothing that could be called a record of American naturalization. Citizenship was conferred by more than five thousand courts—Federal and state courts—and there was shameful competition among them for the traffic because the clerks got the fees. There was no standard form of certificate, no standard of practice, no standard fee. In New York City the fee for filing a declaration of intent to become a citizen went to twenty cents; the fee for a certificate of naturalization to fifty cents. The ward bosses in the cities naturally wished fees to be low, for they paid them wholesale to naturalize the aliens in blocks of hundreds. The business had its regular rhythm. Twice a year, immediately preceding the spring and fall elections, it touched a high peak in the cities; then it fell off to nothing again.

The minor's act of 1824, which stood for more than three-quarters of a century, bore the worst fruit of all. The alien had only to swear that he came to the country before he was eighteen and had lived in it five years. He hadn't even to do that. He had only to hold up his hand as one of fifty or a hundred in a group and nod his head as the clerk intoned "You do solemnly swear," and so on. Hundreds of thousands who became citizens in this way did not know what they were doing. The boss who controlled their jobs at the steel mill, or who made them believe he did, or who perhaps arranged with the managers of industry to pretend that he did in order that he should be able to manage and vote them as everyone concerned wished them to vote—the boss, he gathered them in herds, provided professional witnesses if the court required witnesses, told them when and how to nod their heads, paid all the fees, and marched them off to the polls.

Everybody knew it. Both political parties did it. In one city it would be the Democratic machine. In another it would be the Republican machine. In its most outrageous form fraudulent naturalization did not even pretend to be a court ceremony. Certificates of naturalization were made up at leisure in quantity, signed by the clerk of the court, names to be filled in as required—nicknames would do, and often did—and delivered in bundles to the ward workers on election day.

The Scramble for Fees

Prosecution occurred only in very flagrant cases. The attitude of the courts was shocking. C. V. C. Van Deusen, special examiner of the Department of Justice, reported: "After careful study of all the contributing causes of naturalization frauds I am fully convinced that the largest contributing factor is to be found in the judges of the courts in which the judge is an elective official."

Politics, that was to say.

He added: "In a majority of the state courts visited by me the clerks and judges were unprovided with the Federal statutes and were unacquainted with the requirements of naturalization except in a general way."

This was in 1905. In that year sat the Commission on Naturalization and Citizenship appointed by Roosevelt. He was not the first President to call public attention to the great evil and recommend its removal; he was the first aggressively to attack it. His success may have been owing partly to the fact that the politicians at last were sick of their own work on purely sordid grounds. First, as the practice increased, the cost tended to become prohibitive, with both sides doing it competitively; second, the secret ballot had made it impossible to tell whether the alien delivered his vote. He was often dishonest.

The Roosevelt Commission paid its respects to the courts, saying: "An important reason for the deplorable conditions now surrounding the administration of the naturalization laws is that there is competition among the courts to secure the naturalization business so that the clerks may enjoy the fees. One court bids for business against another; and a court which is strict in enforcing the law loses the fees which a more lax court gets."

American citizenship debased by the courts! Say by whom it shall be esteemed. Always there were jealous courts. But it made no difference if a majority of all the courts, both Federal and state, were jealous courts. Citizenship was dispensed in courts that were not—more in one of these than in all the others together.

Public opinion did at last become scandalized. In 1906 it was possible to accomplish a measure of reform, thanks to the initiative of Theodore Roosevelt and to the work of his Commission on Naturalization and Citizenship in the United States. The law was entirely rewritten that year; and as it was made then, so it now stands. The principal reforms were these:

(1) Fees were standardized—one dollar for filing a declaration of intent to become a citizen, and four dollars for the final petition and certificate of naturalization, of which the clerk of the court gets one-half up to a gross of six thousand dollars in one year.

2 The iniquitous minor's clause was abolished.

(Continued on Page 141)

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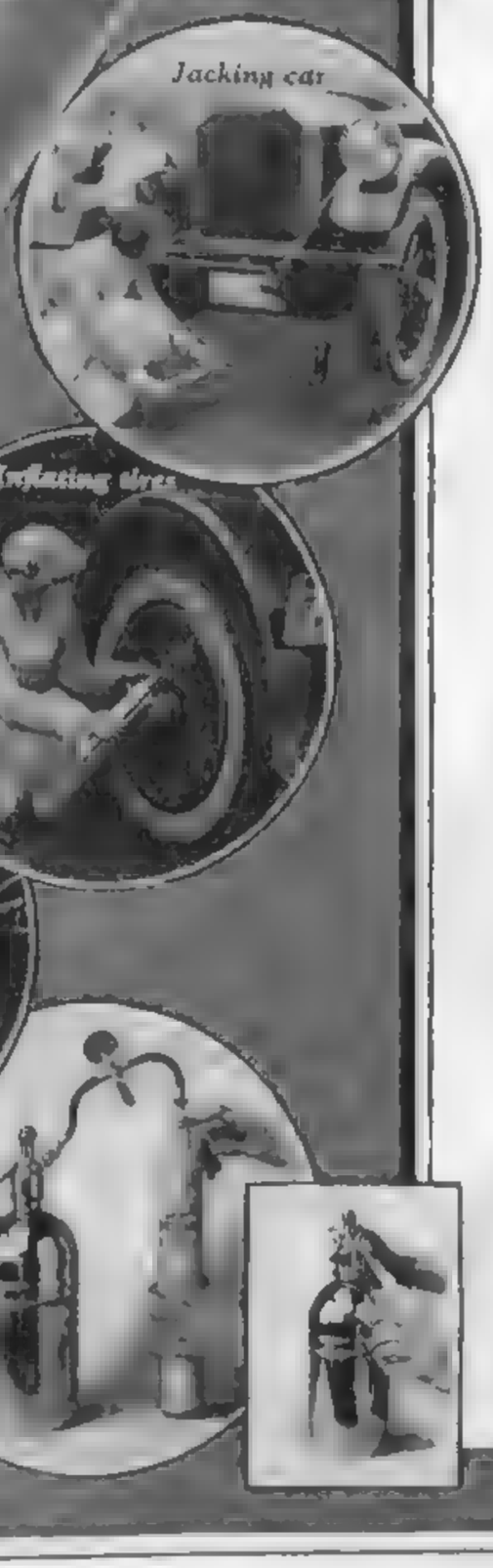

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(Continued from Page 138)

(3) Jurisdiction was left divided as before between Federal and state courts, but confined to state courts having unlimited jurisdiction in civil actions at law or equity, so that the total number of courts conferring citizenship now is only a little more than two thousand where it had been more than five thousand.

(4) A certificate of arrival was required to be filed with the petition for citizenship

(5) No application for citizenship to be granted by any court within thirty days of an election, nor without ninety days' notice posted in a public place

(6) There was created a Federal Bureau of Naturalization to take under its direction and control broadly "all matters concerning the naturalization of aliens," with the right to appear in any court to cross-examine the candidate for citizenship and to be heard in opposition to his admission.

The principle of derivative citizenship was retained. It still holds, limited only by the Cable Act of 1922, which gives the woman an independent status. The wife no longer derives citizenship from her husband. But minor children still derive citizenship from the father; so that under the law as it is you have the possibility of this extreme absurdity:

Yesterday an alien was naturalized. Today his foreign-born wife arrives at the American gate with ten foreign-born children. The youngest child may be, say, six or seven; the oldest may be twenty years, eleven months and twenty-odd days. All these children are citizens of the United States because yesterday their father was naturalized. The eldest is old enough to be an anarchist, a man of such morals and ideas as would oblige any court to deny him citizenship if he presented himself as an alien; yet upon landing he is already an American citizen—because he is legally a minor, his father has been naturalized and all minor children derive citizenship from the father. But the mother of these ten children is not a citizen, for since the Cable Act a wife does not derive citizenship from the husband.

Mark that the present law of naturalization—the law of 1906—is the most exacting that has ever existed. And its exactions are these:

Physical and legal conditions—*(a)* Five years' continuous residence in the United States, two of which must have elapsed between the date of filing the declaration of intent to become a citizen and the final ceremony of admission; and one year's residence within the state. *(b)* Age, twenty-one or over. *(c)* Two supporting witnesses.

Moral conditions—*(a)* Behavior "as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same." *(b)* An oath that one is not an anarchist, not a disbeliever in organized government, not a polygamist and that one intends to reside permanently in the country. *(c)* An oath of allegiance to the United States and at the same time an oath specifically forswearing allegiance to any foreign prince, state or sovereignty.

Capabilities of citizenship—*(a)* One only. That is to be able to speak English

Knowledge of the Language

Among the recommendations of the Roosevelt Commission the second was "That no one be admitted to citizenship who does not know the English language." And it went on to say: "The child of foreign parents, born in the United States, is by our fundamental law a citizen of the United States from the moment of his birth. If he grows up in the United States it rarely happens that he remains ignorant of the English language and he is in fact as well as in law an American citizen. But an immigrant is in a different case, and if he does not know our language he does in effect remain a foreigner, although he may be able to satisfy the naturalization laws sufficiently to secure our citizenship. . . . The Commission is aware that some aliens who cannot learn our language make good citizens. These are, however, an exception; and the proposition is incontrovertible that no man is a desirable citizen of the United States who does not know the English language."

As English is understood, to know the language is a much larger requirement than to be able to speak it. But Congress could not make that grade all at once. It said to speak it instead of saying to know it, with the result, as you might suppose, that the one capability of citizenship required by the law—namely, that the applicant shall be able to speak English—becomes a legal abstraction. In some courts its meaning is altogether lost. This varies with the court; but not necessarily by any relation to the honesty or good faith of the court. Discretion is there, and the court will exercise its discretion according to its own view of citizenship, predetermined thereto, as some might hold, by the shape of its own head. It is not always a simple question. Imagine a case:

There appears before the court a man concealed in whiskers and a kind of long cape, wearing peasant shoes—a Russian, no doubt. The court in a perfunctory manner asks: "Who makes the laws of the United States?"

The man in fluent English, almost without accent, answers: "You may expect me to say the Congress of the United States. That is true only in a naïve sense. Laws represent the will of the people. Therefore people make the laws. The Congress writes them. The courts interpret them. The President enforces them."

The court sits up in a startled manner and looks again at this man. It sees him differently. An intellect, a will, an unsuspected presence within that greasy cape. Is there anything sinister here?

The court asks: "Can you swear unreservedly to uphold the laws and institutions of this country?"

The man answers: "Not unreservedly except as to one."

"What one?"

"That one wherein the people reserve to themselves the power in a legal manner to change or abolish any of the existing laws and institutions."

A Poser for the Judge

The court moves uneasily. It asks the man questions that would bother any lawyer entitled to practice here. He answers them brilliantly. He knows the law; he knows the history and theory not only of this government but of all the governments in the world. There is nothing against him. His papers and witnesses are in perfect order. He satisfies the law in every letter and calmly knows that he does.

Yet the court is uneasy and turns relievedly to the wide, rosy face of the next candidate. He is a baker, with a grand, blond mustache. He smiles all the time and keeps nodding his head in a most expectant manner. He doesn't understand any of the questions about government; but he smiles and smiles and keeps nodding his head. When the court asks him about his business and his family he answers beamingly. The court hesitates and looks toward the examiner from the Federal Bureau of Naturalization, who says: "It is clear, your honor, this man knows nothing whatever about government. Therefore, how can he take part in it?"

"No," says the court wearily, "he is not a Constitutional lawyer. We know that. But he's an industrious baker. He owns his own home. He has eight children growing up in our ways. He will make a good citizen."

As between these two which is the way of wisdom? And why is it a dilemma as to either one?

One idea has dominated all the law and practice of American naturalization. The idea is that anyone, in Jefferson's words, "manifesting a bona fide purpose of embarking his life and fortune permanently among us" is for that reason entitled to citizenship. Which turns out to be the old original law according to Ezekiel: "In what tribe the stranger sojourneth, there shall ye give him his inheritance, saith the Lord God."

That inheritance now is a political status, entailing rights and duties of participation in the complexities of popular self-government. But this fact never has been ratified in the idea or suffered to modify it, because, for one reason, the distinction between citizenship and suffrage, now totally lost, disappeared in a gradual manner; and as there is nowhere a controlling definition of what capabilities are necessary to enable one properly to exercise the political functions of citizenship, that follows which you would expect. Two thousand courts have two thousand minds. Each one exercises its own discretion, and it is final.

In one of the eleven Americanization studies prepared at the expense of the

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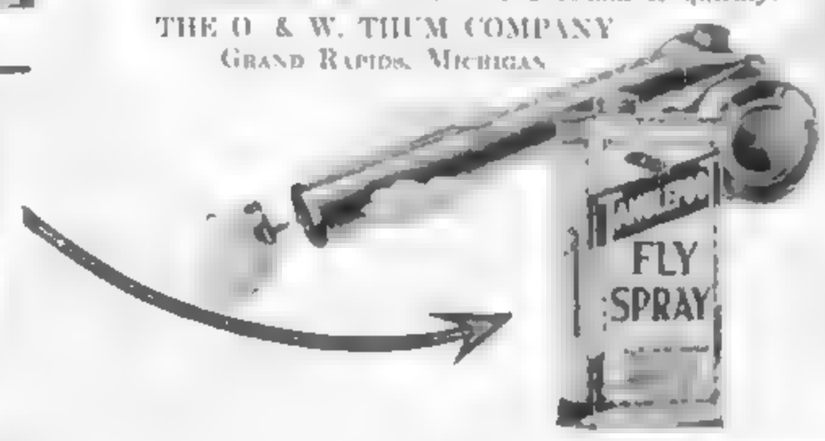

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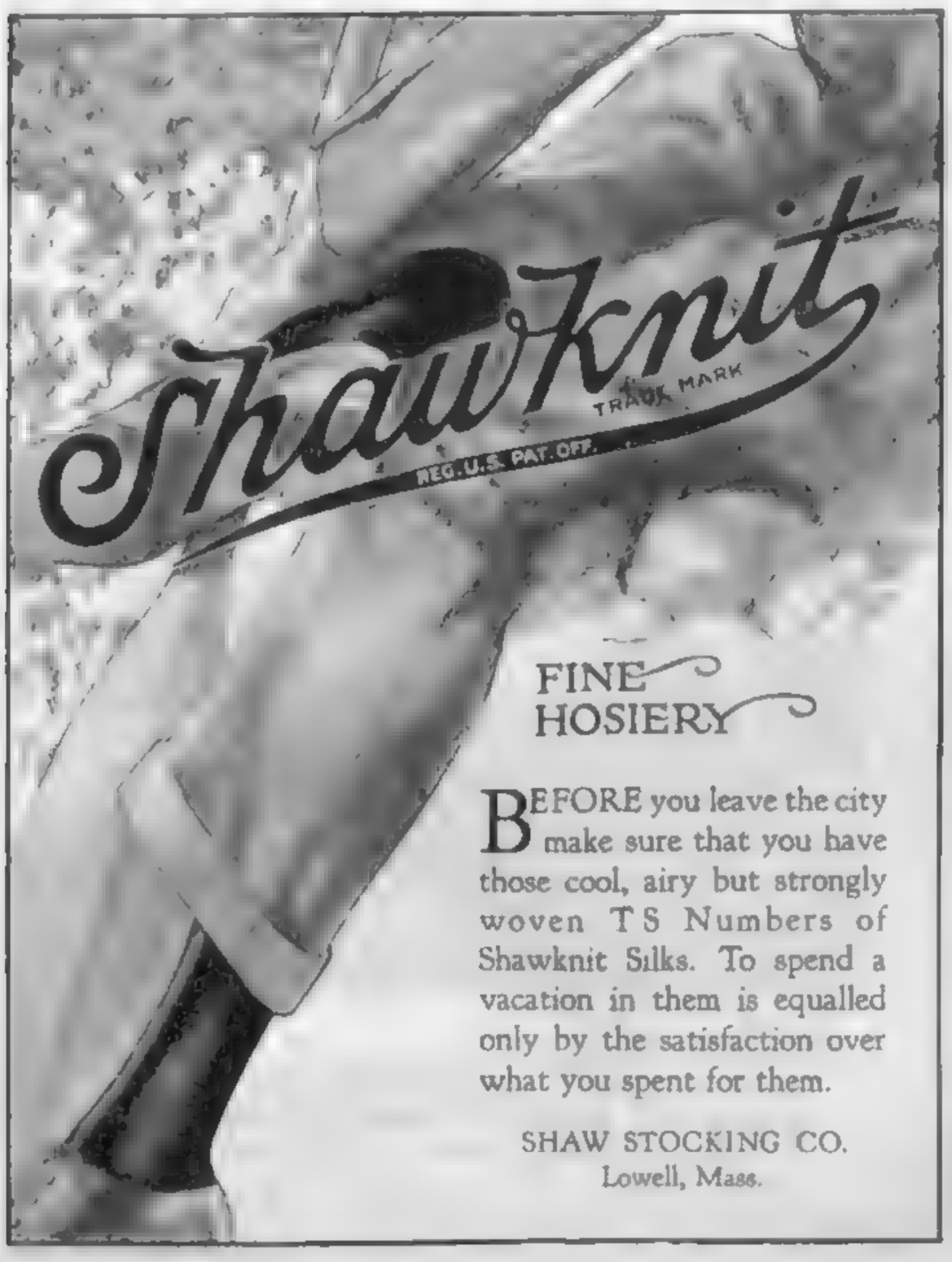

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Carnegie Corporation of New York—Americans by Choice, by John Palmer Gavit—there is the record of a questionnaire sent to fourteen hundred Federal and state judges having jurisdiction in naturalization cases.

Fewer than one-third of them answered at all, and those who answered were not of one opinion about anything.

To the question, "Do you regard the present requirements for naturalization as too strict or not strict enough?"—328 answered as follows: About right now, 185; too strict, 26; not strict enough, 97; noncommittal, 20.

To the question, "Would you write into the naturalization law a specific educational or intellectual test for admission to citizenship?"—349 answered as follows: Yes, 167; no, 157; noncommittal, 25

To the question, "Would you favor applying the same standards and tests to all prospective voters, native and foreign born alike, before endowing them with the suffrage, with suitable ceremonies of induction into active voting membership, so to speak, in our society?"—326 answered as follows: Yes, 180; no, 102; noncommittal, 44.

To the question, referring to their own practice, "Do you require applicants for naturalization to prove that they can read as well as speak the English language?" 334 replied as follows: Yes, 179; no, 155.

A judge in Missouri who has not more than two naturalization cases a year, says: "Every applicant shall satisfy the court that he is familiar with and attached to such sentiments as are expressed in such writings as A Man Without a Country, America, Declaration of Independence, etc., and that he is possessed of reasonable opinions on the necessity of government and the duty of citizens to support the government and its laws, the freedom of the press, liberty of speech, obtaining redress for grievances and a firm opposition to rioting, violence, force, and secret societies teaching overthrow of the government."

A Nebraska judge says: "The intellect is not a good test. I know many people who cannot read or write who are excellent citizens; and many others highly educated who are too crooked to make good citizens."

A California judge says: "My observation is that many of our best citizens are those who possess no extended education, and some of the most dangerous are of those who possess high educational qualifications."

A judge in New York State who makes many citizens says: "Too much stress is laid upon information concerning the details of our governmental system and not enough upon the candidate's personal record, endeavors and results. An Italian laborer who has been unable to learn the number of Houses into which Congress is divided but is hard-working, steady, possessed of a desire to own his own home and bring his family up in our ways, is more useful to us than some of more intelligence."

The Bureau of Naturalization

Here is hopeless confusion in the judicial mind, precisely where the final discretion lies. Every question raised by this discord of opinion may be on its merits debatable. You may think what you like. But whatever you think, you are obliged to think that and not something else at the same time. Courts may disagree as to what a law means until the one of last resort says what it means and that is settled. There could be no other way with law. But they disagree as to what citizenship means, and apparently that cannot be settled at all. More. Under the Federal Government at Washington there is a Bureau of Naturalization spending a great deal of money, time and imagination to teach the alien his A B C 's and the elementary facts of government, thinking such knowledge indispensable to good citizenship; yet half the courts do not require it, some because they hold it for less than character which is inherent in the man, some because they hold citizenship itself in low esteem. The courts that do not require it may be right; only, if they are, the Bureau of Naturalization is wasting its time and that of twenty-five hundred communities holding citizenship classes under its direction.

In creating the Bureau of Naturalization by the law of 1906 Congress for the first time gave thought toward setting a check at the door. It was a belated thought, inadequately embodied; yet this organization, with no great beginnings, became at once the only fixed point in chaos.

At the head of the Bureau of Naturalization is a commissioner. Its powers nominally are very broad—namely, under the direction of the Secretary of Labor, to have "charge of all matters concerning the naturalization of aliens." But of course it has no authority over the courts, who at last make the citizen. And it has never had the means really to master its task.

Its activities have had several phases. Its first business was to make naturalization clean. This it fairly did with the aid of the Department of Justice, which provided the field force and attended to the prosecutions

Fraudulent naturalization as an organized industry was ruined; it was reduced to the plane of petty bootlegging.

After 1909 the bureau got its own field force and entered upon the second phase of its work, which was to make the process of naturalization uniform. Immediately on coming to that task it was confronted with the crude dilemma. More than two thousand courts, each with unlimited discretion, each with a rule of its own, and nowhere in the law any definition of the capabilities of citizenship, beyond the one mandatory requirement that the alien must be able to speak English. There were courts that required a candidate for citizenship to know more than the Federal examiner knew, and these made very few citizens. There were courts where to be able to shake the head in English was enough, and these made citizens in great quantity.

Night Schools of Citizenship

The Bureau of Naturalization at length broke this dilemma into two major problems. One was the attitude of the courts that willfully admitted citizens over a low threshold. The other was the problem of a court which, though sincerely distressed in its own mind at the shabby, undignified spectacle of making citizens, was yet unable to reform its practice, owing to the press of business. It could give only one day of its time now and then to the work—and what could it do with four or five hundred candidates in one day except to pass them in groups or reject them all? There was, for example, a Federal judge in Massachusetts who took this so much to heart that he invariably apologized to the new citizens, telling them why it was necessary to conduct the proceedings in that manner, and begging them not to be scandalized at the quick dispatch of the business.

As to the first problem—that of the courts who willfully received citizens on a low plane—the bureau realized that it would be easier to act upon the raw material of citizenship than to act upon the process through the minds of the courts—almost, that is to say, easier to educate the alien than to educate such courts.

Without funds of its own to carry on a national work of alien education, it appealed to the communities, especially at first those having a large foreign population, and said to them:

"This is your business, really. What we need to begin with is contact. You have night schools for the education of your foreign born; but you have no way of contact with the alien seeking citizenship. We have contact with him because when he files a declaration of intent to become a citizen, anywhere in the country, we get a record of him. But we have no night schools. Therefore, set up citizenship classes in your night schools. The Bureau of Naturalization will send you the name and address of every alien in your district who declares his intent to become a citizen; it will also give that alien the address of your citizenship class and urge him to attend. In that way we are pretty sure to get him. The undertaking is to get some English on his tongue and some elementary knowledge of government into his head before he becomes a voter in your midst."

So there grew up a kind of extra-legal procedure, like this:

The Bureau of Naturalization divides the country into eleven naturalization districts, each with an office, a chief examiner and a staff—that is, an equipped field bureau. There is a Boston district, a New York district, a Philadelphia district, a Pittsburgh district, a Chicago district, and so on. Now in one of these districts an alien desiring to become a citizen applies either at the bureau or at a court for first papers. If he applies at a court the clerk sends him to the naturalization field bureau, saying: "Go there first and get fixed up."

(Continued on Page 144)

This dining-room owes its beauty to the rug on the floor

And it will last for years and years—for all its moderate price

THAT the beauty of a room should be built from the ground up is the opinion of many interior decorators. They accordingly think of the rug as of first importance—and you should do so too.

Whether from the viewpoint of beauty or comfort, wear or price, you will find a Sanford Beauvais Rug to be without peer or equal in its class. For looks, you have only to glance at it to remark how beautiful it really is. For wear, it has often worn for twenty-five years—sometimes even for thirty-five years. To begin with, it is seamless—and that in itself means wear. Then there is its deep, pure wool pile to be considered; and this is not only good in itself, because wool wears long, but because it is resilient and springs back under the foot tread. And that means vitality, too. Its finely woven, substantial back means further wear and helps the rug to hug the floor firmly. Step on it. It won't wrinkle. Then feel how soft and luxurious it is under the foot. That is the result of the soft, deep pile.

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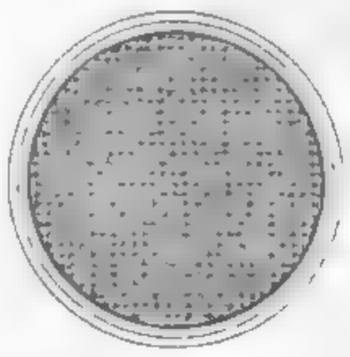

An actual reproduction of the back of a Beauvais Rug. Note the close weave

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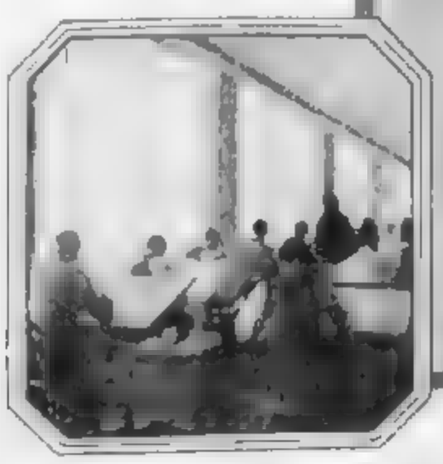

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LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

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Impatience with present facilities, a restless searching for perfect things—these have driven men to discovery and invention. They possessed the early voyagers who turned their backs on the security of home to test opportunity in an unknown land. They explain the march westward that resulted in this settled, united country. And they have inspired the activities of the Bell System since the invention of the telephone.

The history of the Bell System records impatience with anything less than the best known way of doing a job. It records a steady and continuous search to find an even better way. In every department of telephone activity improvement has been the goal—new methods of construction and operation, refinement in equipment, discoveries in science that might aid in advancing the telephone art. Always the road has been kept open for an unhampered and economic development of the telephone.

Increased capacity for service has been the result. Instead of rudimentary telephones connecting two rooms in 1876, to-day finds 15,000,000 telephones serving a whole people. Instead of speech through a partition, there is speech across a continent. Instead of a few subscribers who regarded the telephone as an uncertain toy, a nation recognizes it as a vital force in the business of living.

Thus has the Bell System set its own high standards of service. By to-day's striving it is still seeking to make possible the greater service of to-morrow.

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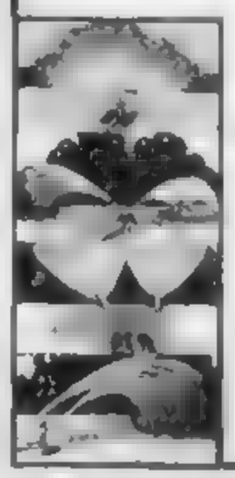


(Continued from Page 142

At the bureau an examiner interrogates both the alien and his witnesses, satisfies himself that the candidate is prospectively all right and sees that his declaration of intent is properly made out to be filed with the court. Then the examiner says to the applicant: "But you cannot be admitted to citizenship as you are. You need to learn English and something about the Government. Here is the address of a free citizenship class. Go there." At the same time he sends the alien's name and address to the citizenship class; and if the alien does not appear the school authorities look him up and urge him to come.

In this way the Federal Bureau of Naturalization coöperates with public-school citizenship classes in twenty-five hundred communities throughout the United States. The cost of keeping the classes is borne by local school funds, by state appropriations and by private contributions of money and time. The bureau provides citizenship textbooks, literature, aid and counsel, and keeps field men about, to examine and promote the work. There is also a very wide community work of Americanization and citizenship training among alien women, both those who have become citizens by no volition of their own and those who, since the Cable Act, may seek citizenship on their own account; and with this the Bureau of Naturalization actively coöperates.

All this is what is meant by acting on the raw material of citizenship before it reaches the court.

Then the other problem. The Naturalization Bureau says tactfully to the court: "You obviously have not the time to handle these cases as they should be handled. You cannot deeply examine two or three hundred candidates in a day. Nor have you any way of investigating them. The bureau has both the time and the organization. Let all applicants for citizenship come first to the bureau. We will examine them, investigate them, take their affidavits, see that their papers are all in order before they are filed with the court, including also the affidavits of the witnesses, so that on the day of hearing in court each case will have a number, a place in book, a vital record and a notice attached from the Bureau of Naturalization that it is satisfied with the candidate as he stands, or that it isn't and opposes his naturalization, or that it is in doubt."

Naturally all the courts and the courts' clerks were favorable to the plan, since it relieved them of a great deal of work and deprived them of no fees.

Mr. Bevington's Testimony

The plan is sound in itself. Unfortunately it tends to break down in the educational part precisely where the need of it to work is greatest—namely, in the great cities, especially New York, where it is difficult to make the alien attend citizenship classes. Moreover, the machinery of the bureau is inadequate to perform those noneducational functions which are strictly its own. For example: Naturalizations now are running at the rate of more than two hundred thousand a year, the highest point in number ever touched since a record began to be kept in 1906. Well, that means two hundred thousand candidates and four hundred thousand witnesses to be interrogated and investigated. Along with that are two hundred thousand hearings in more than two thousand courts, each of which should be attended by an examiner. And for all this work the Bureau of Naturalization has one hundred and thirty examiners in the whole country.

The work obviously cannot be done in a thorough manner. There is time really to investigate only such cases as excite doubt or suspicion on the face of the evidence. M. R Bevington, chief examiner in the St. Louis district, testified before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives: "The work is not handled as it should be, and never has been. A petitioner and his witnesses come in and the examiner listens to them tell their story; and if the story is told smoothly and plausibly the case is O. K.'d, and this is as much examination as is made. There is no time to go out and interview the petitioner or his witnesses at home or to make inquiries in the neighborhood."

THE CHAIRMAN: Does the court take hold of the witnesses and examine them?

MR. BEVINGTON: Some do and some do not. Some courts are very conscientious and some go on the theory that if they dismiss or find fault with these people it means that they are going to lose their vote later on, and so, the Government having raised no objection, they do not raise any, and the man is naturalized regardless of how ignorant he may be or anything else.

That was said in 1921. It was the last word left with Congress on the subject.

In its efforts to elevate court practice the Bureau of Naturalization has encountered continuous resistance. There is the resistance of inertia and circumstance. There is the resistance of the aliens' friend, who is often politically powerful. Much harder to deal with is the passive resistance of the courts themselves. That is baffling. Every court knows its own mind, and the path by which instruction may be brought to it is no way of sweetness and light. The Federal Bureau of Naturalization walks therein with deep circumspection. In his last annual report the commissioner of naturalization said: "At the annual meeting of the American Bar Association held in San Francisco last August, Judge N. P. Conrey gave an address before the judicial section, in which he called the attention of the judges to the necessity for maintaining a higher educational standard of qualification for citizenship. In order that the inspiration of Judge Conrey's address might be made as effective as possible the bureau had copies of it distributed to naturalization judges throughout the country."

Delaware's High Standards

A circular to American judges containing thoughts on American citizenship!

Only recently was it possible to bring about an agreement among the courts of Washington, D. C., to require that a candidate to be eligible to citizenship must be able to read a newspaper printed in the English language. There are courts that hold very high standards of their own devising. There is one that will not admit an alien to citizenship who could not qualify for jury duty.

In Wilmington, Delaware, the making of citizens has been elevated to the plane of a civic ritual. There is the high exceptional example. Not only the candidate for citizenship but both of his witnesses also must have read the Constitution. They must understand it. For how can witnesses satisfy the court that their candidate is attached to the principles of the Constitution unless they know it altogether? They must be able to pass an examination on the Bill of Rights, and to say why neither the President nor the Congress can revoke or modify those rights. Then they go on a pilgrimage to Washington. And when the ceremony of admission is over another follows. The newly made citizens entertain the older members of that society of citizenship into which they have been received It is not that Delaware has the time to do this. She has a high theory of American citizenship, and she takes the time.

There are courts that will not admit an alien who pleaded his alien status to avoid military duty. There are others that make no point of such fact, or overrule it if it is raised in the name of the United States Government by the Naturalization Bureau's examiner. There is still the court that takes down the name and address of every alien naturalized and sends him a friendly letter at election time. There is the Southern court that says to the Federal examiner: "A negro can vote. Why shouldn't any white man vote?"

The rule is that the standard is lowest where the pressure is highest. Naturalization in the New York district is about one-quarter of the total for the whole country. The best procedure in New York is in the Federal court.

It is naturalization day. Hearing on final petitions for citizenship. There are one hundred cases; that means three hundred persons. Each petitioner must be supported by two witnesses. They crowd the back of the court room. Present, besides the court, are three officiants—the clerk, the examiner from the Bureau of Naturalization and the crier. The clerk and the examiner are matching papers. First will come those candidates whom the Bureau of Naturalization recommends for admission. These must be grouped according to nationality in order that they may swear in unison. That saves the court's time. The crier begins calling them by name. They detach themselves from the crowd at the back of the court room and come forward—all Russians, all Italians, or all of any one nationality.

The candidates are formed in one group and their witnesses in another. First the witnesses are told to raise their hands and the crier watches to see that the candidates at the same time do not hold up their hands. If they do he puts them down.

The clerk intones their names, and continues: "You have made certain affidavits which are on file in this court. Do you still swear the contents of those affidavits to be true?" They nod their heads. That is all. They are excused in a body.

The candidates are left. They hold up their hands. The clerk intones their names and continues: "You have made certain affidavits which are on file in this court. Do you still swear their contents to be true?" They murmur and nod their heads. The clerk continues: "You do solemnly swear that you absolutely and entirely renounce all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, particularly to"—here he makes sure to mention the state or sovereignty appropriate to the group in hand—"that you will support and defend the Constitution of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and that you will bear true faith and allegiance to the same?"

They murmur and nod.

"This way," says the crier; and they go out to receive their certificates of citizenship.

When seventy or eighty have been admitted in this expeditious manner, by groups, the clerk looks at the examiner, saying: "That's all of the easy ones. The rest are hard cases." The examiner assents. The rest are those whom the Bureau of Naturalization does not recommend for admission. They will have to be examined. One by one they are brought to the bench and there interrogated by the court.

Examined by the Court

"Who makes the laws for the United States?"

"Congress."

"Into how many parts is Congress divided?"

"Parts?"

"Or houses. Into how many houses is Congress divided?"

"Congress make the law."

"Yes, but how many houses of Congress?"

"Ah! Two."

"What are they?"

"Senate."

"That's right. What is the other?"

"Assembly."

"No. You are thinking of the legislature. That is at Albany. What is the other house of Congress?"

"Senate."

Impasse. . . . The court resumes:

"Who makes the laws for New York State?"

"Legislature."

"That's right. Into how many parts is the legislature divided?"

"Senate."

"Yes. What else?"

"Council."

"No. You are thinking of something else. What business are you in?"

"Tailor business."

"For yourself?"

"Myself."

"How many children?"

"Six."

"All in school?"

"All by school. One high school."

The court looks at the examiner, who says "Lack of knowledge, your honor."

"Have you anything against his character?"

"No, your honor."

"He ought to know more about government, that's true," says the court, reflecting. "But he seems a worthy man. Six children. Girl in high school. Been in this country twelve years. Good character. I'll admit him."

This in New York is good practice. Almost anything different is worse. It happens that in this court everyone is dissatisfied with the procedure. The court is, the clerk is, the examiner is chronically dissatisfied with all procedure. They discuss it together. They wish it were better. They know wherein it might be very much better. They know how desirable it is that admission to American citizenship should be a true and impressive ceremony. But what can they do? There is first the physical fact of one hundred cases to be handled in four or five hours. And what are the facts represented in the case of the tailor? He is able to speak English. The law does not require him to know anything about government. In his neighborhood are hundreds like him who are citizens. If he is denied in this court for lack of knowledge he will only go to another court and pass, as his neighbors did. Therefore is it fair, or of any point, in fact, to deny him here?

What you do not see—back of the Congress that leaves the law as it is, back of the courts that must enforce it in their own discretion, back of the Bureau of Naturalization trying to make the threshold higher than the law requires it to be, affecting them all—is the pressure of seven million aliens to become naturalized.

Naturalization in Brooklyn

This pressure now is higher than was ever the case before, statistically about 40 per cent higher. It has several principal sources. It rises from the alien himself, who, since immigration began to be seriously restricted, is much more anxious to become a citizen because of the advantage it gives him about getting his relations into the country. It rises increasingly from all the foreign elements in the population, whose importance is made more by accretions to their voting number. And perhaps most of all it rises from a country-wide sentimental and patriotic impulse to Americanize the foreigner by moving him as fast as possible into citizenship. That now is a highly organized sentiment, with a vast body of literature and great means of publicity.

Some idea of how this pressure tends to realize its object may be had from the following news item out of The New York Times of June eighth:

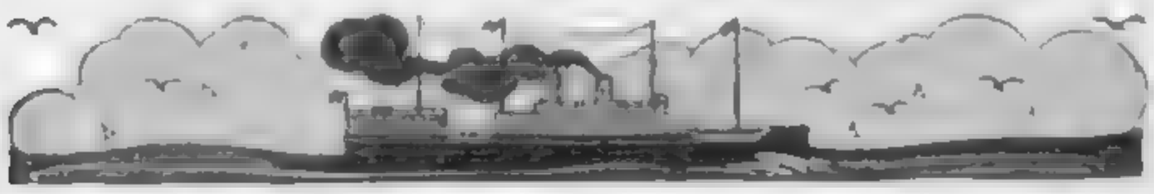
"Seven thousand aliens in Brooklyn will become citizens before July 4, according to plans for hearings made yesterday by Supreme Court Justice Selah B. Strong and County Clerk William E. Kelley. Justice Strong will hold hearings daily from 9 A.M. until night for the next three weeks. Approximately 450 aliens will receive their final papers each day."

The obvious point is patriotic. Citizenship as an Independence Day gift to the alien. You cannot imagine anything more appropriate. Yet here will be citizens making at the rate of one a minute. Mass production. The raw material in this case is very abundant. Nearly every third person in Brooklyn is foreign-born.

The citizenship drive, as a kind of group compulsion systematically organized by municipalities, societies and the welfare departments of great corporations, is an activity that had its origin in a wartime psychosis. Previously the only such thing known was the ward politician's semi-annual election-day drive.

Greatly must the alien have been astonished, perhaps also a little embarrassed, at the interest so suddenly conceived in him immediately on the outbreak of the war in Europe, long before it was supposed that we should get into it. Then for the first time there was some idea of what it meant to have in the body of American citizenship powerful foreign elements that could not help reacting with hot emotion to political events abroad. The first official impulse was to quiet them. They were admonished to be neutral. They couldn't be neutral of course. They were human. They not only were human, they were American citizens, and so didn't have to be quiet.

Thus in a day the country became aware of its foreign agglomerate. Measures were thought of; many were taken. The word "Americanization" invented itself. What was to be Americanized? Citizenship? No. The alien becoming a citizen—he was to be Americanized by precept and exhortation, as if the doors of the process were held apart



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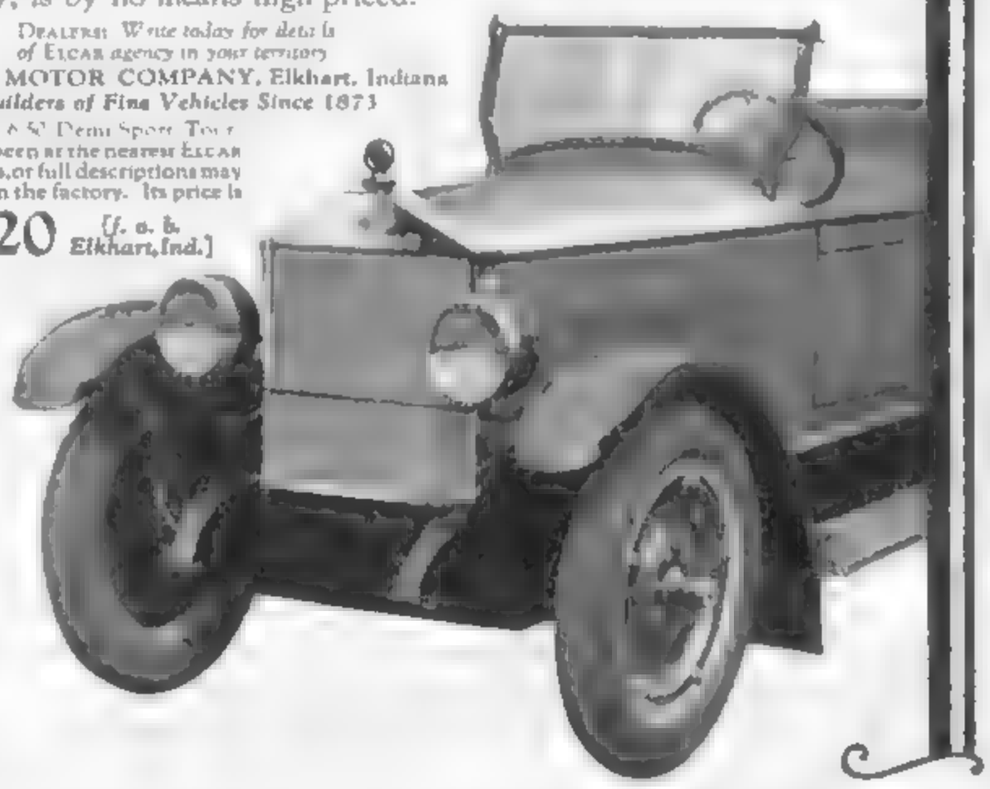

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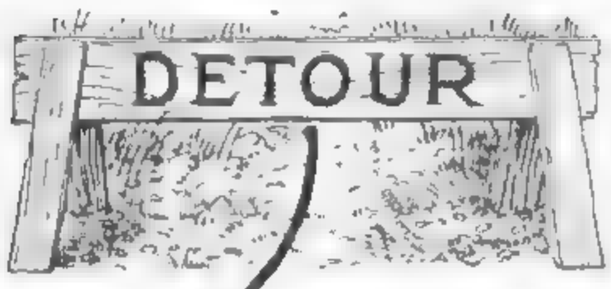

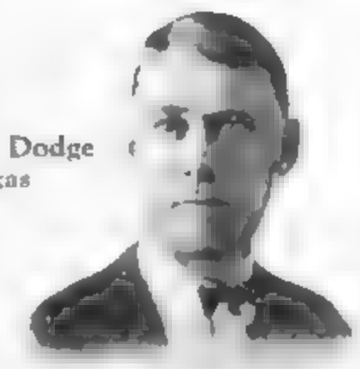

Mr. Ira D. Dodge of Texas

ONE of the easiest things in the world for most of us to do is to spend money before we earn it—to order some furniture or an auto in anticipation of a coming pay-day. Sometimes it works out all right; but sometimes everything goes wrong and we lose what we so much desired.

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Mr. Dodge has made *over $7.00 in a single day*. That he earns his money before he spends it is evidenced by the fact that he banks his Curtis profits so that he can some day put his two boys through college. But for all the details of our cash offer, mail the coupon.

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Gentlemen: Please describe to me your detour towards easy extra money. I'll consider the trip, though I cannot promise anything definite.

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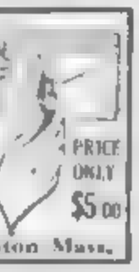

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by the press incoming and the only hope lay in acting upon the material itself.

It would have been interesting to see the inside of the alien's mind at that time. It was perhaps somewhat bewildered. For instance, on May 10, 1915, a celebrated naturalization reception was held at Philadelphia. The President of the United States came. Nothing like this had ever happened before. On his way through the streets of Philadelphia to the Commercial Museum, where eighty-five hundred newly made citizens were waiting, the President wondered at the silence. The reason for it was that people were thinking of the Lusitania. She had been sunk three days before, and the American Government had not said anything to Germany about it.

But the eighty-five hundred newly inducted citizens at the Commercial Museum were tremendous in their enthusiasm for the President. Each one of them waved a flag. And the President, who was deeply moved, said to them: "The example of America must be a special example. The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight."

A few months later, under a special law providing for military naturalization, aliens by the tens of thousands were being inducted into citizenship, with no preparation whatever, solely upon the ground that they were willing to fight. Under another special law which made an honorable discharge from military service in itself a passport to citizenship, until a year after the last American soldier had been returned to American soil, nearly three hundred thousand more aliens were naturalized without other preparation.

There will be few to quarrel with the theory of doing this, which was that any man who had fought for the country was entitled to be a citizen thereof, regardless of anything else; but what happened, in consequence, to citizenship in the abstract, with or without anybody's thinking about it, is another thing. The Bureau of Naturalization's chief examiner in the St. Louis district, Mr. Bevington, testified before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives as follows:

"I happened to be in Leavenworth, Kansas, attending a hearing not long after the Armistice, and officials told me that some four hundred convicts, soldiers who had been sent there for long terms, some for as long as twenty-five years, for disloyalty, and so forth, had been ordered honorably discharged by Mr. Baker, given their back pay, clothing allowance and bonus. And all those men can now come in with those honorable discharges and demand immediate naturalization, and there will be absolutely nothing in existing law which will prevent their being admitted to citizenship."

So it would happen that an alien who had fought for the country and one who would not fight for it come out at the same place, both honorable American citizens, both with a very dim notion of what American citizenship means.

Glowing through the whole history of American naturalization, now more than ever, is the thought, mystically implicit, that citizenship is a transforming agent, acting upon the individual. However it happen to him, like salvation, it will change him. Of late there has been added a sense of moral obligation on the part of the country to confer it. The state owes it to the man to complete him with that attribute. The view is not politically scientific. It does not pretend to be rational. It is emotional, as no doubt it should be; but it reaches far, even into the feelings of the Bureau of Naturalization, unawares. On Page 21 of the last annual report of the Federal Commissioner of Naturalization, one may read:

"The promotion of the organization of English and citizenship classes in the Federal penal institutions was authorized by the department during the year, with the result that the classes in 27 state and 3 Federal penal institutions have been organized."

Citizenship classes in thirty penitentiaries! If you speak of it, the answer is, "Why not?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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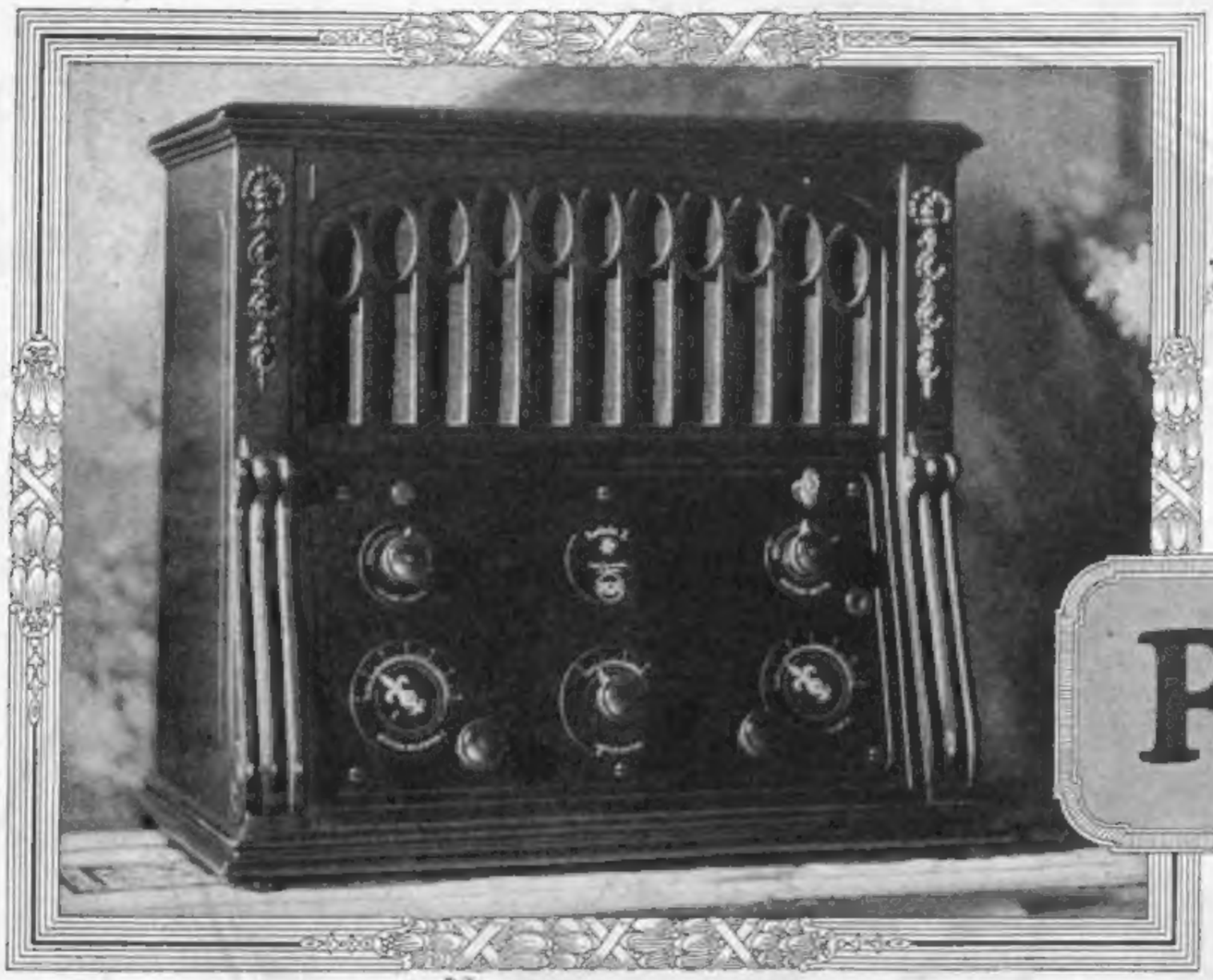

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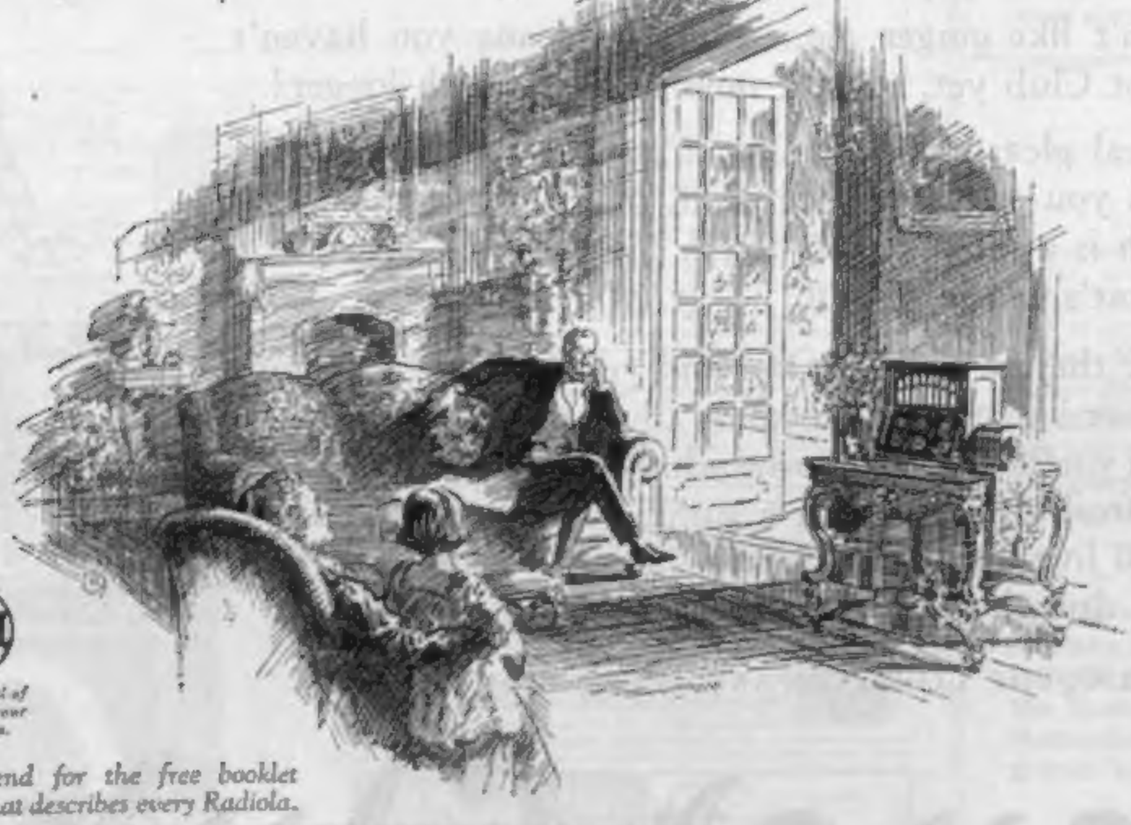

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